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TEMPERATE CHILE

INDIANS OF THE ISLAND OF CHILOE.

TEMPERATE CHILE

A Progressive Spain

BY

W. ANDERSON SMITH

AUTHOR OF

'LEWSIANA,' 'BENDERLOCH,' 'SHEPHERD SMITH, THE UNIVERSALIST,' ETC

LONDON

ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK

1899

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TO THE MEMORY

OF MY DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,

SIR JAMES GIBSON MAITLAND, BART.
(*Of Sauchie and Barnton*),

THROUGH WHOSE MEDIATION I UNDERTOOK THIS MISSION.

As the author of 'The History of Howietoun' my late fellow-member of the Fishery Board for Scotland would have been remembered mainly as the greatest of fish-culturists, had not his remarkable administrative capacity and charming personality taught his world to forget the MASTER.

PREFACE.

If in seeking to depict this remarkable State I have done injustice to a really amiable people, with whom I found myself much in sympathy, and from whom I received kindly consideration, I deeply regret it. It is so easy to be critical, so difficult to be just; for the warts on the face of a strange country show so prominently that they withdraw our gaze from its beauties.

The serious floods and storms that have this year visited 'Temperate Chile,' from Valparaiso to Puerto Montt, are quite exceptional; and I trust that the earthquake that has again looked in at Concepcion will be long of returning.

In desiring to avoid personalities I have failed to acknowledge generous aid and friendly assistance from many individuals of all nationalities. May Chile and my friends show me still further consideration by magnanimously pardoning any unintentional wrong!

Ledaig, Scotland,
November, 1899.

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TEMPERATE CHILE

I

'THE ENGLISH OF THE PACIFIC'

'THE English of the Pacific' is the proud title claimed for themselves by the 'toy republic' of South America known to the world as Chile. To most of us the resemblance does not strongly appeal. To the world-wide nation that has been the apostle of honesty, cleanliness, and truth, the claim seems somewhat preposterous. We are apt to quote the prophet Thomas —not the rhymer, but the proser—and speak of them as 'lovers of lies and haters of soap,' and ask, Whence comes the similarity? But our haughty disbelief in any race of Spanish descent either showing or acquiring the robust qualities of the sturdy northerners who have replaced them, as conquerors and imperialists, does not prove the Chilians' inadequacy for the task of eventually representing us, at least in South America, in some of our most marked and valuable characteristics. Boyd writes in 1881: 'The conduct of the people of Chile is, indeed, so conservative and law-abiding that they have been denominated the English of South

America, and they have hitherto always selected honourable men to represent and govern them.' Since then they have passed through much tribulation, and it is for us to look at the country as it has emerged from the great struggle of the civil war that resulted from the capable, if somewhat imperious, domination of Balmaceda. We have to compare the previous statement with the half-assertion, half-prophecy of Hervey in his 'Dark Days in Chile': 'That was my last interview with the "Bogie man" of London journalism—the great leader who stood between the Chilian people and the triple curse of a bankrupt oligarchy, a depraved Papist clergy, and the insatiable greed of *parvenus* foreign nitrate adventurers.' No critic of their country and politics more objectionable to the Chilenos has left the shores of Chile than this *Times* correspondent, who took a view of the situation opposed to the prevailing sentiment of the successful Congressists, the foreign population, and the local animus 'heliotroped' across and mirrored in the home press. Yet if Balmaceda had not in his temporary despair destroyed himself, he would in all probability have now been President of Chile with greater power than ever. His name is even yet a power in politics; and those who opposed him most violently have come, when too late, to look back with longing eyes to his honest and capable, if somewhat autocratic, administration, as the only one suited to their country in its present state of advancement. While the '*parvenus* foreign nitrate adventurers' have lost caste as well as influence with all parties, the backbone of the country ask with anxiety whether the 'bankrupt oligarchy' and the 'depraved Papist clergy'

are improvements on the strong hand of the honest administrator they deposed.

It is alike difficult and dangerous for strangers in the land to decide between complicated political parties, and take sides in great national questions. Yet at times their views are clearer because more unprejudiced; and ere they became inoculated with the prevailing spirit of a community, and too sympathetic towards the *status quo*, they receive impressions that afterwards fail to influence the mental plate spoiled in the glare of custom.

The valuable qualities of confidence and pride are carried to ridiculous and injurious lengths amongst the ultra-nationalists of Chile. They desire to work out their own salvation, but without either fear or trembling. They are well aware that the development of their country, even to its present extent, could never have been conducted without the knowledge, the energy, the capital, and the persistence of the foreigners whom they utilize while they dislike. The English and German elements more especially have done wonders in Chile, but they have failed to obtain the affection or sympathy, while they have occasionally secured the grudging respect, of the native population. This, to an extent, is racial; for the French, as more allied in blood and breeding, have secured the influence—without the added confidence or respect! As in old Spain, French civilization, with its dainty veneer, appeals to the rude descendants of the courtly Dons, with their love of polished surfaces and dislike of disagreeable truths. The life of Santiago de Chile is a rough reflection of Paris. Its very rudeness and real barbarity is a saving clause.

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They have not yet sought to make vice picturesque and fascinating, or to hide it under false colours. Enough that their *flâneurs* wear French clothes, and French millinery commences to oust the old mantilla. This, however, may be only temporary, for a Chilian above all things is as Chilian as circumstances will permit. They have chosen the Condor as their national emblem, a huge and hideous bird of carrion, and seek to believe it is the largest bird in the world, and especially Chilian, although it is neither the one nor the other. A vigorous and typical Chileno engineer declared to us that he had refused to learn English, or attempt to speak it, because when in England he found no one who knew Spanish. Yet they do not call their language Spanish, but Chilena, and seek to individualize it all they can. So far it differs mainly in rudeness and barbarity, as does a Chilian from a Spaniard. The nobler families amongst the conquistadores went to Peru, where they have retained more of the old culture and grace. Chile, while less refined, is more robust. A Spanish lady in a mantilla is a graceful creature; a Chilena wears the mantua drawn tight round her face, in such a manner as severely tries a fine face, and badly frames and makes the worst of a plain one. And, truth to tell, while the Chilian female of all classes has a prevailing kindly expression, she is essentially homely. With large vitality, the better classes of both sexes eat largely; and the women having little to do, and doing even less, become what can only be honestly termed fat. The general complexion is pasty, and to remedy this the whole population employs cosmetics in such a manner as would in Europe consign them in public

opinion to a class more noted than regarded. This may largely be due to the fact that society is bourgeois. In spite of great skill in the more delicate manipulative arts peculiar to their sex, they have, perhaps happily, not yet developed a refined nervous system. The absence of sanitation or sanitary arrangements, the impossibility of a real home life, the crudeness of sexual relationships, all tend to make especial physical or mental refinement a drawback rather than an advantage to the individual female in the struggle for existence. For where women are in a most serious majority, and poverty a constant pressure upon the multitude, refined nervous systems and delicacy of mind come as an additional tax and an added cruelty. So ladies of family and position 'snatch' in place of receiving articles from the hand of the donor, be they purchased or gifted. They talk with the freedom of the great dames of the age of Elizabeth, or the commoner country wenches of our ruder counties. The men treat them with nominal courtesy and real barbarity, as if they were the captured squaws of the earlier centuries. It is for a gentleman first to recognise a lady; and the manner in which they are ogled and talked at on the streets and plazas would be impossible in a refined community.

All which means that the community has not yet had time to acquire wealth and culture; that most people are poor; that the constant slaughter of the men in public and private frays has left an unhappy predominance of the other sex without proper means of subsistence, or the training necessary for combining for their protection and cultivation. Women must be to an extent as men make them and desire them to

be, and refined angels, or even fairies, would be most unsuitable mates (we will not say companions) for Chilians.

> 'For as to fairies that do flit
> To make the green sward fresh,
> I hold them exquisitely knit,
> But far too spare of flesh.'

The Chilena is not!

Filtering steadily into this community for more than half a century, at different ends of the narrow strip, have been the two elements of English—mainly Scottish—commercials and German agriculturists and manufacturers. Both elements are rather unsympathetic and alien; and while undoubtedly advancing the material prosperity of the country along with their own, they have not had the beneficial influence that might reasonably have been expected. They as a rule remain strangers in a strange land. They do not usually or commonly intermarry with the Chilians, or become citizens of the little republic. It is always compared unfavourably with the land they left for their physical and financial welfare; and the *civis romanus sum* of a Britisher especially aggravates a native, who would have been willing to accept him as a citizen. He certainly labours under some disabilities, but these would soon disappear did he enter into the public life of the country, and identify himself therewith. This was markedly the case with those who went down to the frontier and accepted grants of land from the Government. They one and all wished to eat their cake and have it. They accepted the land and the facilities advanced, but always with the hope of one day returning *home* with a competence. They were in no sense settlers: they were simply raiders

upon Chile, without a due sense of the duty they owed to a land that wished to be generous and to receive them graciously. Foreigners have thus little influence in refining the country where they are birds of passage, and the Spanish oligarchy that governs the country is incapable of refining it, having only the superficial gloss of Spaniards. They govern the country for themselves, and not for Chile, which is no doubt natural, but is certainly unsatisfactory.

II

HER DIFFICULTIES AND EFFORTS

'You must not suppose because we wear good clothes and live in fine houses that we are yet civilized,' observed one of the most capable and cultivated Chilenos with whom we had the pleasure of interchanging views. 'Don't be too hard on us,' said a charming and patriotic Chilena; 'we are very young yet; just see what Valparaiso was when my father first came here.' And a glance at the silken map produced by dainty hands was a somewhat pathetic reply to our crude and tentative criticism. The rebuke was one that would equally apply to most visitors to the uttermost parts of the earth, where their fellow men and women are seeking to create comfortable and graceful surroundings under more trying conditions than we in the old, secure, and rich homeland are well able to appreciate. We cannot do the most elementary justice without accepting the principle that, whereas it is impossible for us to look at other lands except from the standpoint of Englishmen, and with the English standard as our measure of conduct, our point of sight is somewhat untrue. We shall therefore endeavour more to discover what has been done, to appreciate the point reached in the upward

development of this bold little State of some three millions of very mixed population, rather than seek for the motes that manage to lodge with amazing pertinacity in the eyes of nations as of men.

After the completion of her War of Independence against Spain, now some seventy years ago, Chile found herself the owner of a strip of territory extending along about seventeen degrees of latitude, with Valparaiso more or less as the centre of the coast-line. But the War of Independence had never ceased from 1818 till 1832, during which time the destruction of life and ruin of cities by fire and sword had continued. This territory was only nominally Chile; the region from the Rio Bio Bio to the southward, for some two or three degrees of latitude in the centre of the country, had never belonged to Spain, and consequently did not become part of the new republic. It remained *Araucania*, in the hands of one of the most indomitable Indian races the civilized world has known, until quite the other day. For 300 years the Spaniards had raided and built forts on this territory, only to be pertinaciously driven back again beyond the Bio Bio, which was the Indian frontier at the date of independence. Some of the Indians had sided with the Spaniards; others took no part in the struggle.

Immediately following the cessation of hostilities against Spain, the Indians in 1834 recommenced raiding on Chilian territory, and the hands of the little republic, with occasional short rests, have been pretty full ever since. A war with Peru and Bolivia followed in 1838-39, and in this latter year the situation was aggravated by the failure of the harvests in the south, both colonists and Indians being in utter starvation,

while the absence of Indian roads—not to say the normal condition of all roads in Chile—did not permit the arrival of assistance. In spite of its reputation as a law-abiding population, a civil war broke out in 1851, continuing until 1859; and, as in the rebellion, the Indians took part in the struggle on both sides. So recently the republic was no further advanced towards an Indian settlement than when the Spaniards first arrived in the country; and thus in the centre of their country remained established an *imperium in imperio* endangering her peace, and a possible nucleus for an enemy in time of war.

The minor incident of a war with Spain in 1865-66 was followed by the first Peruvian-Bolivian War of 1879 to 1881, constant struggles with the Araucanians having intervened. But this was the beginning of the end on the Indian frontier. The indescribable barbarity of the soldiery towards the Indians living peaceably in their immediate vicinity, that seems to be an inseparable concomitant of the contact of the Spanish race with aborigines, produced a final rebellion, only settled by the return of the wiser pacific leaders from the Peruvian War, in 1882.

Here, then, we have a republic variously estimated in 1840 as having a population from 600,000 to over a million, with the traditions of Spanish maladministration and autocratic indifference to the rights of the people, with a 'frontier question' in the heart of the country, with open foes to the north, and jealous neighbours across the great divide of the Cordilleras. Yet they are to-day one of the most successful of the races of Spanish origin, and they undoubtedly possess qualities that render them superior to their neighbours

on every side, and have made them feared on their own continent, as well as secured them the confidence of distant Europe. The Peruvian War found them unprepared, but it ended in the extension of their territory to the north as far as latitude 17°, with the rich guano islands and nitrate deposits that formerly belonged to Peru; while to the south they have absorbed the wild unpopulated islands and wastes as far as Cape Horn, with a port on the Atlantic, and the control of the Straits of Magellan. Patagonia, considered valueless until Scotch shepherds pioneered it with sheep, was lost to Chile because Argentina took advantage of Chile's engagement with the northern powers to take possession of it herself. In any case, she has now arranged satisfactorily with her Indian population, and extended her coast-line from 1,200 to some 2,400 miles in length. During the same period her Budget has increased from about 8,000,000 dollars to 80,000,000; and owing to her extension of territory over the desert regions of Peru, she has hitherto been able to carry this expenditure without undue pressure upon her population. Many of the wisest of her sons, however, do not look upon this as in any sense a national gain, and the inflated values of the properties boomed by the Nitrate King and his followers threaten to leave disastrous results upon the administration of the country. This is a very serious question for European financiers interesting themselves in Chile, as well as for the country itself. So long as the principle followed by Balmaceda continued, and this additional income was mainly looked upon as national capital, to be expended in permanent works, in naval and other schools and

lyceums, in well-built barracks and prisons, and the necessary administrative erections for the conduct of an ambitious and progressive State, all went well. But too much ready money came into the hands of the various departments; appointments of all kinds were made without due consideration, and a general demand to be appointed a public servant now threatens to demoralize an impecunious oligarchy that does not consider a sense of responsibility or public duty as in any way connected with office. 'When our Budget was under eight million dollars we were a poor but honest and hard-working people; now it is only under eighty million, we are neither honest nor hard-working,' said a capable and honest senator, with a sigh over the decadence of true public spirit amongst the official class, and the filtration downward of indifference to *meum* and *tuum* amongst the formerly reliable peons.

We are not disposed to take such a gloomy view of the situation, bad as it is undoubtedly, at present. Much of what occurs administratively, objectionable to the northern mind, arises from the business incapacity and want of training of the ordinary official, as well as from the easy-going style of the country, into which style a European is naturally obliged to fall in order to accommodate himself to his surroundings. His energy is soon exhausted driving against the unsystematic inertia of social and official life, and he is asked by everyone, with an amazed shrug of the shoulders, What really does he want? A professor is appointed from Europe to some special work—say to teach agriculture in a defined centre, and of a defined class. His salary has been voted, but nothing further to carry on the work. There is no money for any

appurtenances, no land for experiment. His pupils, should he have any, can only be talked to. The position is a sinecure, and cannot be more for years. By tact and persistence he may manage by the end of his agreement to obtain some of the necessary adjuncts of his position. In the meantime he kicks his heels, and is in despair because he cannot fulfil his duty to the Government and people who have called him there. 'What do you want?' asks all the Chile world. 'Are you not paid your salary? If the Government do not complain, why should you?' In vain, as a rule, facilities are asked for; a specialist is appointed and forgotten, probably the senator or Congressist who obtained his appointment is out, or, if in, is quite satisfied with what he has done, and will not trouble further in the matter. It is such a nuisance, after all, and the machinery is so difficult to move! The number of such appointments has been many, and the country has come to lose faith in specialists who do nothing, because wholly unsupported and forgotten. Naturally, the system that permits this sort of thing must be as faulty as the officials who ignore it. These latter are probably struggling in the throes of new Ministries and fresh faddists. They are fighting for their own hand in a land of no continuity of policy, and an absence of security of tenure of office. They are struggling in the midst of a strange mingling of plentiful red-tape and looseness of administration. This may partly arise from a lack of business faculty as aforesaid, partly from its convenience for hiding delinquencies. Here a petty payment has to pass through a dozen checks; there a youngster has the entire responsibility for, and

control over, great sums of money which he misappropriates.

While it is difficult for an Englishman to appreciate the official standpoint of the country, he is at least forced to take cognisance of certain possible explanations. The Government had not a clean sheet to commence with as a republic, and, indeed, could not properly be called by a title that demands an educated and intelligent, as well as a free, people. Her administration is neither the result of the normal and steady development of national institutions, as in our own country, nor the thorough re-arrangement of officialdom on republican lines. She inherited the ways as well as the traditions of centuries of most autocratic and corrupt rule. The semi-aristocratic families who guided her destinies as a vice-royalty continued to guide them as an independent State. Their almost palaces had to be kept up after, as before, the Revolution. They could not condescend to struggle in the rude arena with the vulgar mob. A republican name and appearance veiled what was merely a modification of the old system, opposing tenaciously but unostentatiously the increasingly vigorous advance of the new. So that in place of a fresh new republican tree we have a weak republican graft on the old oligarchy, that remains still mainly in evidence. The wealth seized from Peru has aggravated rather than relieved the situation. It has increased the number of parasites removed from the possible workers in the more beneficial paths of industry and commerce. Like a hive of bees that has robbed a neighbour, Chile is in danger of becoming a nation of professional thieves, rather than

steady developers of its undoubtedly valuable resources. It will demand the guidance of its best citizens and the utmost self-control to prevent it being carried away by overweening confidence in its fighting powers, and the indifference to human life resulting from centuries of almost continual fighting. If their national wealth is insufficient, and the plunder available inadequate to the demand, why should they not seize more, rather than labour for it? This danger is all the greater because, although the navy is a favourite service with the gilded youth, the more aristocratic families do not enter the army, preferring the more remunerative and less perilous paths of politics and law. The governing class therefore do not now necessarily risk their precious persons or their relations in an ordinary war, and the fighting *roto* requires oftener to be restrained rather than led to the assault.

A restraining and modifying influence is, however, apparent in all the growing centres of population. The educated and struggling middle class is increasing at a far greater ratio than the lower, with which insanitary surroundings and ways of life, aided by the knife and aguardiente, wage continual and effective war. The public press is outspoken and increasingly liberal, education advancing on sound lines, and every act of government criticised keenly and discussed with heat in every bar and café. For a Chileno is nothing if not a politician, but mainly in the sense of being a violent partisan. Still, the fierce light that beats upon a throne here beats upon the general administration, but as yet without sufficient influence to check gross misapplication of funds and general maladministration. This will eventually come, and the outside, non-official

conscience have its weight and due effect in the polling-booths. There is also a leaven of honest and capable men, above grosser personal considerations, ready to serve their country unselfishly, and earnestly desirous of emulating the progress of the more advanced nations of the Old World. Even many of those who are not above putting their hands in the national pocket, as that of their virtual 'papa,' are not disloyal, and have a certain pride in, and not always selfish affection for, the bold little State they claim as their fatherland.

Are there sufficient just men in Chile to save it from the system inherited, and from the band of harpies who have recently fallen upon it, according to the least venal and most capable of the native press? In defiance of the depressing backward development of recent years, we believe there are signs of better times. They have courageously and at great sacrifices placed their currency on a sound gold basis, and consequently their monetary system is an example to their neighbours and a source of confidence to their friends. This in itself is a great step in advance, and, taken and courageously pursued in face of a falling income and so soon after a vital civil struggle, says much for the State that has successfully conducted it to a conclusion.

III

AN IMPOSSIBLE REPUBLIC

WHEN Chile threw off the Spanish yoke, like all other liberated colonies of Spain she became nominally a republic, and drew up her constitution on republican lines in 1834. But a real republic was an impossibility. While the spirit of personal and national freedom permeated the educated classes, these were comparatively scarce, and the bulk of the nation was composed of ignorant *rotos*, who earned a scanty subsistence by labouring on the very extensive haciendas of those who were descendants of the conquistadores, or rich old families of Spain. The country was fighting Spain until 1832, and even then was a small community, with jealous, suspicious, and combative neighbours, and a more serious Indian question than that of the United States—a question that was not finally settled until 1882. She passed naturally into the hands of those accustomed to govern, the rich and dominant class that looked to office as their birthright, and red-tape as the bow-string that strangled protesting outsiders. Such a restricted body could not of itself control a sturdy people, accustomed to fighting, regardless of their

own lives, and not too particular of the lives of others, and knowing they had a legal right to a large say in the management of their country under the new constitution. But their natural allies were ready to their hand, in the successful soldiers, who had the confidence of the people and the genius for handling men, and the Roman Catholic clergy, who held the masses in the hollow of their hand, and possessed vast territories and great wealth in the State. It is true that, in the wake of France, the Chilians sought to free themselves from priestcraft, as they had freed themselves from monarchy, and many of the extensive estates nominally passed from the Church. But the Liberal party could not reach the uneducated and widely dispersed masses as could the more Conservative oligarchy, who saw their own security for retention of power lay in a more or less tacit agreement with the Church, whose untiring agents were in every hamlet, whose influence and pressure was never-ceasing, and who, through the women, exercised a never-failing influence even in the homes of the most liberal. Conditions were really unsuitable for any other result; and although the growing liberalism of the commercial and trading middle class was strong enough to impose conditions, and to frequently control the government absolutely, they were always well aware that the rude multitude were mainly the creatures of the Church. They therefore set about to introduce the main antidote, education; and after some fifty years of struggle they have arrived at a fairly progressive system of education, considering the extent of the country and the strain on the finances for other and more immediately vital purposes. Not only have they good

Universities, but admirable secondary schools, such as the various *liceos*, supplied with costly apparatus, and typical specimens as object lessons in the various departments. Where there are also, as in Valparaiso, proprietary schools of high character, the natives are found to take the fullest advantage of the opportunities provided. Hitherto public opinion and the essentially liberal instincts of the people have proved too strong for the reactionary Church, and restrained its sympathizers. A large body of free-thinking German teachers were spread through the country, and their efforts were supported by a press that is frequently very liberal and free-spoken. Indeed, well-written, well-conducted, and courageous little prints are issued regularly in the very least expected localities, and their circulation is assisted by the liberal postal arrangements that enable the newspaper press of the country to be carried *free* throughout the length and breadth of the land. The failure in carrying out this liberal principle is individual, and not systematic. All papers are supposed to reach their destination, although frequently the supposition is a little wild. It is true that a Government is now in power considered to be antipathetic towards such progress, and the quarrel that resulted in the wholesale departure of some seventy or eighty German instructors is looked upon as part of a reactionary policy that seeks to rehabilitate a decaying oligarchy, *pari passu* with the resurrection of a decadent Church. If so, it can only be very temporary. For the power of the Church even in Santiago has had a severe blow dealt it in the eyes of the people. A Radical and anti-Catholic organ started three or four years ago, written with marked

courage and ability. The Church denounced it publicly, and brought all the known means of pressure to crush the young print. All who bought it, or read it, or circulated it were *anathema*. In the same category were all advertisers in its columns, and all those who purchased from the advertising individuals or firms. All in vain was the thunderbolt hurled. The circulation continued steadily to increase, its finances to become more assured, its columns to become more courageous and outspoken against the ways of the Church and its debased priesthood, as well as against their supporters. All this came somewhat as a revelation to the general public, many of whom were previously afraid to confess their liberal leanings, and were unaware of the wide extent of the subterranean dissatisfaction that had kept steadily growing against an openly profligate and dissolute class, to whom the people looked otherwise for guidance.

In the meantime, the oligarchy of descent were suffering severely from the old traditions and inherited demands upon them, combined with the new and more severe conditions. With family palaces that were only possible under great inherited wealth, or autocratic rule and cheap labour, they found their haciendas less productive and costlier to work, their servants more difficult to maintain, the standard of living rising yearly in face of successful merchants and rich *parvenus*. Republican institutions also demanded a liberal and open hand, to maintain the ascendancy of the bureaucracy, towards the many itching palms extended to them at election times. It was an all-round steady increase of expenditure and a decrease of income.

The drop in the real value of the dollar, that went down under the shilling, enabled them to carry on for a time at the cost of the poor peons, who still received so many cents per day, no matter what the actual value of 100 cents might be. Capital had left the country in the days of its enforced unrest. A disbanded soldiery did not add to the security or producing power of the country. Even when turned into colonists on the new frontier lands, 'colonist' proved but another name for bandit; and bands of men with rifles in their hands, and the knowledge of how to use them, continued to add to the difficulties of the executive and the want of confidence of the general public. The so-called 'rich' who were land-owners got deeper and deeper into debt, as land-owners nearer home, who failed to appreciate the march of events, have done. But the result was more rapid and disastrous where interest on their mortgages was 15 per cent. Even the great nitrate boom did not aid those who were not in the swim. The demand for labour on the barren nitrate lands of the north drew away the agricultural labourers throughout the country. Common haciendas could no longer be worked at a profit. Chile could not even supply cattle for its own consumption, and had to draw upon Argentina and its vast pampas to supply the great deficiency. South of Valparaiso the country grew steadily poorer, while the peons who went north spent their largely increased earnings on foreign produce, and worked mainly for foreign capitalists. The Peruvian War, and the plunder which followed, supplied a temporary means of distributing money and stimulating industry, and the nitrate boom gave an unwholesome and unstable belief

in the national wealth, which came into the hands of the few too suddenly for them to handle it with wisdom and sagacity. The immediate result was beneficial in the strong hands of Balmaceda, as we have seen, but the penniless oligarchy did not obtain what they considered their fair share of plunder, and an honest attempt at 'promotion by merit' did not appeal to the greedy 'noblesse' who had none, and hoped as red-tape-worms to live on the body corporate.

It was under these circumstances that Balmaceda seems to have made the unfortunate mistake natural to a strong man, and been somewhat too strong. Had he known when to yield, and permitted his opponents to show their essential weakness and inability to supply his place, he would have saved all the horrors of a civil war, and have returned after an interregnum stronger than ever. But he gave his unscrupulous opponents their opportunity by acting unconstitutionally. Strong in his consciousness of personal honesty, he sought to govern in defiance of Congress. In this he probably would have succeeded but for the foreign element in the country, and the dishonest oligarchy fighting for themselves were placed in the position of obtaining the aid, both moral and financial, of the equally self-seeking foreigner, as well as the more honest of Chilians and foreigners who were imbued with the ideas of Europe and the faith in Chile as a 'republic.' England as a Government, which ought to have been absolutely neutral, gave through her fleet more than moral support to the rebellious Congress. The German soldiers of fortune, who had been his protégés, deserted and betrayed the President. The Nitrate King, whose bribes he had

declined, went over to the enemy, and in the nitrate north Congress rendezvoused, and from it drew its material support and supplies.

Perhaps all this was fortunate for Chile, as more rapidly ending a civil war. Congress emerged victorious from what was considered a constitutional struggle. An honest and amiable sailor was chosen to succeed the dead administrator, and Chile set about repairing her wounds. The nitrate boom still aided her with funds. The impecunious oligarchy was bolstered temporarily with the backsheesh of place. The trading foreigners showed their practical confidence in the success of the side they had favoured, and a rapid recuperation ensued. This was greatly aided by the continuity of the measures initiated or supported by Balmaceda, and the presidency of Pedro Montt was, on the whole, that of a good physician, tenderly considerate of his bleeding country. That he had to employ men who had betrayed his predecessor, and would quite as readily betray Chile, for filthy lucre, was his misfortune, and not his fault. He had to find recompense for those who had suffered for Congress, and did so. All government is, to an extent, one of compromise, and still more so a South American government. But personally he was admittedly honest and safe, and tided Chile wisely over a trying time. His successor has not yet gained the confidence either of the Liberals or the Balmacedists, and has had to bolster up his Liberal following with the influence of the Church. His Ministries are remarkably kaleidoscopic, and he himself may have been forced into uncongenial company through the marked antagonism of the bulk of the Liberals. He at least deserves a little

time to get out of a difficult situation, and we can call no President happy or the reverse until he dies as leader, and merges into the multitude. Having thus stated the difficulties and examined the situation, let us see what this plucky little 'republic' has done during the last twenty years, in spite of its numberless disadvantages.

IV

REMARKABLE PROGRESS

A COUNTRY claiming more than 2,000 miles of length from north to south would be an almost impossible country to handle under ordinary conditions. But there is nothing ordinary about Chile. It is, fortunately, so narrow that it is nowhere difficult to reach, if it were not for the impenetrable forests that cover great areas in the southern regions, and the almost impassable desert of Atacama in the north. Her sons may at the same moment be traversing with parched tongues the lands of the rainless north, and shivering in the vicinity of the great glaciers of Magellanes, or vainly seeking the sun in soaking Valdivia, or under the ceaseless rain-clouds that sweep across the noble Gulf of Corcovada. No more marvellously varied region than Chile is covered by a single geographical expression. If she is not surrounded by the sea, she is at least unable to get very far away from it. The antarctic current that sweeps along her shores brings life of fin and feather to mingle the semi-arctic regions with the semi-tropic. The humming-bird follows the fuchsia down to the Straits of Magellan, and the penguin follows the

sardine and the atherina to the Bay of Valparaiso. Along this same sea the gasping dames of Valparaiso seek the limpid waters and evergreen shores of the Gulf of Reloncavi; and the rain-washed daughters from the fatherland drift northward to bask in the sunlight they so long look in vain for in the south. Thanks to Yankee enterprise and English money, this stretch of coast has long enjoyed an admirable system of steamship transit, and the native has been thereby stimulated to join in the harvest that English-built ships and English-born captains skilfully aid them to gather. A narrow strip of territory with a well-traversed sea-board should not be seriously in want of transit, and to a certain extent this is true. But there are some serious disabilities of a physical character not yet overcome. Besides the main Cordillera of the Andes, there is a coast range practically running parallel therewith from Valparaiso to the island of Chiloe in the south, and forming a barrier to ready intercourse landward from the sea. Enclosed between these two ranges is the great rich central valley of Chile, now traversed by the main railway from Santiago to the south, with various minor offshoots accessible to the rail. As yet these two main lines of communication —the sea-coast and the rail—although parallel and at no great distance apart, are strangely out of touch. This arises from the character of the rivers of the country. For the most part, they are of no great volume, and from the rude treatment received on seeking an entrance into the Pacific—doubtless misled by the friendly name of this gay deceiver—they find their mouths shut against a too inquisitive public. With the exception of the fine river of Valdivia, all

the navigable streams have either bad bars or other obstructions. From Valparaiso to Talcahuano—perhaps the finest harbour on the Chilian coast—over some 440 kilometres (274 miles), there is no really good landing for steamers, although smaller boats than the ordinary coasting steamers run the bar of the Rio Maule into the beautiful district of Constitucion. Similar boats run up the river Imperial as far as Carahue, and from Valdivia as a centre the fine river Bueno, worthy of its name, is penetrated up to Trumao, where the completed portion of line to Osorno touches the riverside. An English-owned branch line from Concepcion to the mines of the company at Curanilahue also touches the coast at Coronel, the Newcastle of Chile in the Bay of Arauco, protected to an extent by the island of Santa Maria, while the coaling and gold-mining port of Lebu receives a call when weather permits. But over many hundred miles of coast the natural difficulties are great, and intercourse conducted at such risks that several of the small, clever little coasting steamers, ably commanded and well handled, disappeared from the visiting-list during our stay in the country.

While, therefore, private enterprise is doing its utmost to overcome the natural difficulties of the coast, and local steamers and launches run everywhere in such rivers as Valdivia and Rio Bueno, the central railway keeps advancing, already runs regularly and with speed as far as Temuco on the Rio Imperial, and will within a period reckoned by months be completed to the important, but hitherto isolated, town of Osorno in the south. Hence a further portion of little over 100 kilometres will take it by the beautiful Lake

of Llanquihue, already a prosperous German colony, to the thriving and secure terminus of Puerto Montt. Here there are no serious difficulties in the way, but an industrial community awaiting facilities, and ready to take advantage of them.

For all practical purposes, therefore, Chile in a few months will only lack 100 kilometres or so to complete her central vertebrate line of some 1,400 kilometres, right through the heart of the temperate, agricultural, valuable, workable part of her territory, with spurs to the coast, and various minor feeders. This in itself is a great and important work for the little State to have accomplished, with bridges such as the Malleca over her rivers. Yet in spite of very low fares, and the customary maladministration and malversation, the State lines are made to pay. The same may be said of the telegraphic communication; and although the sum paid over for the completion of the system by a cable to Punta Arenas, in the Straits, has since been misappropriated, yet over the great extent of habitable country a cheap and fairly-well conducted system exists, that suffers in its conduct from individual weakness, not from original inception. Considering the extent of ground to be covered, for which we have no parallel in Britain, it is marvellous how wires can be forwarded for the public at a minimum cost of less than fourpence a message, and with the address *gratis!*

The postal arrangements are on an equally liberal scale. The cost of the postage of a letter within a city such as Santiago or Valparaiso is only 1 cent, less than a fifth of a penny; within a department 2 cents, little over a third of a penny; while throughout the 2,400 miles of the State it goes for 5 cents, less

than a penny at the present fixed exchange of eighteen pence a dollar. Yet with newspapers carried gratis, the postal service is not a charge upon the State. This is probably due to the fact that letters are not delivered throughout the country, but if delivered 5 cents are charged for delivery. In such an extensive range of territory domiciliary visits would be impossible, while in towns all the business community have *casillas*, or boxes, for which they pay a small fee, and receive a private key. The worst managed post-office in Chile we found to be that of Valparaiso, the principal commercial city, from which we could rarely obtain a letter even when addressed to a box (or *casilla*), and from which both letters and papers were religiously returned to England, to save the careless and indifferent employés the trouble of looking for them, or handing them over when called for. We have known similar inattention on the part of impudent young women nearer home, without the same excuses or temptations; but how such conduct would be received in Liverpool or Glasgow, or how long it would be endured, is not difficult to guess. Truth to tell, it would have been more excusable in the little country offices, where, following English example, the postmasters were miserably paid, and yet showed more attention to their duties than in the larger towns.

The telegraphic system is no doubt aided by cheap labour and cheap wood, as well as by simplicity of construction, the wires being often affixed to insulators on the trees and through forests, where the wonder is that the interruptions and breakages are not more common than they are. One wire leaps at a great height across the Rio Bueno with a span of more than

a mile, but we did not learn that it had given way more than once, despite the enormous strain and the pressure of the severe gales that occasionally sweep down this noble waterway. Altogether, considering the difficulties involved, the telegraphic system of Chile is a credit to the State.

Besides these purely Government establishments, brought down to meet the requirements of a poor people, we find facilities for which we are indebted to enterprising strangers who have received concessions from successive Governments or municipalities. The claims of the general public being more considered than the questionable rights of individuals, and vested interests not having obtained the home foothold in a comparatively new country, cheap and well-conducted tramway companies are to be found wherever a population promises support. Even such a town as Talca has a satisfactory service at a cost of 5 cents per journey. In Santiago this neat little silver penny (5 cents) will take you about two miles, and on certain lines to a very late hour at a double rate. These conveniences are the more taken advantage of as they have really preceded good roads throughout a great part of Chile, being actually easier to construct and maintain amongst the richer and wetter agricultural regions, where good macadam is almost impossible at a reasonable price.

This difficulty of communication, even on horseback, amid the rains of winter and the intolerable dust of summer, has also facilitated another important introduction, namely, the telephone.

To those of us who know the slight use made of the telephone in this country, even compared with the

Continent, its advanced position in Chile comes as a surprise. Two rival companies compete for the suffrances of Santiago, and the enormous posts studded with wires have no equal in this country in our experience. They suggest a grave danger if one should come down with its weight and length of 80 feet along the crowded thoroughfares. At the same time, they must be well supported financially as well as physically, and, indeed, whether in hotels or warehouses, they seem in universal use, not only intercity, but with Valparaiso in the north and the minor cities of the south. As far south as Osorno we found them in regular employment, and although there the instruments had become somewhat antiquated, and difficult of communication, say, with the German settlement of Valdivia, it only proved their early installation and the progressive instincts of the population, as well as the enterprise of the entrepreneurs. They have proved not only of marked value, but almost a vital necessity, in a scantily-populated land, more especially for police and administrative requirements.

It is unnecessary to add that the electric light took early hold of a people of a progressive turn of mind, unhampered by the vested interests of Europe; and the principal cities have installations of old standing, continuing to give facilities for improving companies. The general absence of good roads does not so much strike a community of horsemen and horsewomen; although to a stranger the above modern facilities and luxuries appear, without good highways, like putting the cart before the horse. But they are really the pioneers and forerunners of civilization; and the appearance of the bicycle fiend, if the craze should

catch on, may act, as in Europe, as the best stimulus to the national creation and maintenance of traversable highways. The horse is getting rapidly dearer and more costly to maintain; and the industrial population, like the bourgeoisie, are finding it an unnecessary luxury in place of its late absolute necessity. The best roads in Chile are those originally made by the conquistador Pedro de Valdivia himself, and the difficulty throughout the country is more one of proper maintenance than of construction. The rail and the tramway demand to be kept steadily in thorough repair; while the road money, if raised from the community, has many ways of outlet besides through the legitimate highway. Broken bridges over streams on the common thoroughfare do not appeal to the general public as they do on a railway; and if the horseman can scramble through, he will not trouble an executive that only behaves as usual. Neither does he complain if he disappears in the attempt!

The country is not satisfied solely with having railways; they have an extensive establishment in Santiago for the construction not only of locomotives, but of carriages on the American principle, while Pullman cars, at a small extra cost, accompany all the through trains. The luxury of foreign engineers, in addition to a few native, is therefore indulged in, and the North-Countryman will find Clyde-trained artificers and Clyde-bred tongues plentifully in evidence afloat and ashore.

Steam flotillas afloat, a thousand miles of rail ashore, tramways in abundance, telegrams chasing you through the 'impassable' forest, and telephones dodging you

should you seek to escape, with the electric light turned on under the shadow of the giant Cordilleras, the visitor begins to think he is in the centre of civilization, and that he had better move out of the line of the electric rays that throw their vicious illumination on the cosmetics of the ladies, and even reflect from the diamond on the little finger that is so often turned up in the recesses of the bar. But we are seeking to show the remarkable physical progress made, and will not here touch upon the *per contra.* We have not yet finished with the advance of the country. For, as we near the end of our journey by rail, we are civilly asked by an elegant gentleman in French attire for our excuse for sitting where we are. We are disposed to ask as civilly what business it is of his, when it dawns upon our awaking intelligence that possibly he *may* be the conductor! Of course poor England could not dream of supplying her railway system with professional men as guards, any more than she could dream of her railway servants putting up to auction the cars at her railway-stations, and selling the freightage to the highest bidder when demand was pressing—in excess of the regular freight dues—for his own special behoof! We do not say it is impossible to provide such resplendent officials under normal conditions; but even Government contractors have to pay big backsheesh above the freight, or their goods would never reach their destination.

If all the official world is elegantly attired, a further sign of advance is seen in the tramway conductors, whose dress points to their belonging to the gentler sex. For women have a freedom in Chile in marked contrast to Old Spain; and as education is free,

although not compulsory, country schools and post-offices are found under female management as at home, and even in the capital the branch telegraph-offices are well conducted by intelligent women, whom we have invariably found civil and obliging. A remarkable advance, this, in a country of Spanish blood and Spanish traditions.

Apart from the public offices that were the legacy of Old Spain, the Government of Chile shows a remarkable confidence and faith in the future of the country throughout. Their Government buildings are not only worthy of a great State, but are upholstered and furnished with a luxurious and elegant comfort that would make an average Englishman insist upon bringing the uncalled-for extravagance before Imperial Parliament. Needless to say, the ordinary official who finds himself in such surroundings is greatly stimulated thereby to add to his already sufficiently pronounced airs of authority, precarious as his position may be, and empty as may be his exchequer. For want of foresight and business training, other than that of the red-tape of office which comes so natural to them all, and saves wear and tear of brain, constantly leaves their most important departments without a dollar to go on with. Meanwhile, it is most creditable to the country that the great civilizing influences of railway, tramway, postal, telegraphic, and telephonic communication should occupy such an important position of advancement, and that the education to enable the population to make use of them should be both free and progressive. If more honest administration and a higher sense of public duty are lacking, to place all these systems on a

sounder platform, these qualifications are a growth, seriously checked for a time by the disturbed state of the country, and the long-continued and recurring struggle for national existence against both external and internal foes.

V

SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE

THE climate of Chile is remarkably healthy; men over 100 years of age, who fought in the War of Independence, are still living in good health. The Chilian death-rate is exceptionally high, well over 70 per 1,000 in Valparaiso and Santiago, its foremost cities. Active men over sixty, full of vitality and vigour, without a white hair in their well-thatched crowns, are not uncommon. 'Nothing surprised me more than the youthful character of the men in England, dancing lightly at sixty and seventy, when our Chilian gentlemen are helplessly decrepit.' What can be the meaning of these very contrary statements of fact?

In the first place, if our home-land stretched from the Faroes to the heart of Algeria, we should have some still more remarkable discrepancies; and yet over the whole length of the Pacific coast of Chile well-living men of ordinary strength of constitution will find the country exceedingly healthy. The Chilians as a race, whether more than half Araucanian, as in the south, or with a considerable mixture of the more delicate and refined northern Indian, tempered with an amalgam of all the races of Europe, as in

the hot desert lands, are strong and hardy. The ordinary *roto* is as tough and capable of prolonged fatigue on the poorest of food as the admirable little horse he bestrides. The statement so commonly vouchsafed, that 'all the weak die out,' that conditions are so hard such cannot survive, will not explain the situation. The causes of the discrepancies are partly physical, as stated, and partly moral and social. The indifference of the coast to sexual intercourse, and its widespread evil result, according to their own statistics, has a deadly influence upon the health and well-being of the population. Although through centuries they have become to a certain extent inoculated, and the results are not commonly so directly disastrous, many of the truest and most disinterested friends of the country look upon that public regulation of vice that causes a moral shock to the purer circles of our own land as the only hope of re-establishing a wholesome physical standard amongst the people. However this may be, the results of moral impurity amongst all classes and both sexes is acknowledged by themselves to be more than serious. The subject is a dangerous as well as an unpleasant one, many worthy persons seeking to make more of it than the facts will warrant, and not displeased to feel 'good all over' because they are not as these other people are. Many men of disreputable lives, on the other hand, judge of others by their own experience, and, as 'birds of a feather flock together,' they are not likely to go out of their way to seek out the pure in heart and life.

Minimize the results as we may, however, this whole Pacific west coast seems worthy of its evil reputation in this respect; and the unsolved social evil of the

older settled regions of the world is here less concentrated, and consequently more vital and widespread in its consequences. The extreme precocity of the youth, partly climatal and partly racial, aggravates and intensifies the evil. The absence of any strong moral sense or any social ban on the slips of either sex interposes no barrier of a strong, restraining character. Add to this a race with the traditions of conquerors amid subject and tributary races, and love, sentiment, and passion, with their consequent habits of intrigue, become the mainspring of the lives of the women, and the leading influence not only among men of leisure, but amongst those who ought properly to have none. The facility for getting rid of illegitimate children in the national 'nurseries' is not to the advantage of the richer classes of the towns, and does not prevent a heavy rate of infanticide that a thinly-populated country and deficient legal control prevents ever influencing the statistics.

Not that this barbaric crime is connived at by the authorities, or in any way stimulated by severe public sentiment. Quite the reverse. The country desires children, illegitimate or otherwise, and only poverty, as a rule, is the cause of their untimely disappearance. It is not uncommon to see in a family children born out of wedlock living with the legitimate arrivals, the said natural children being either the progeny of mother or father by previous intrigues. We commend this fact as a step in advance of our deplorable system that condemns the unhappy female to ostracism, if not to infamy, and ignores the unfortunate results of woman's weakness and man's brutality. The poor woman is not cast forth because she has loved not

wisely, but too well; and, indeed, the manner in which relatives are supported and the claims of blood recognised in Chile shows a kindly, patriarchal spirit that has, no doubt, also its disadvantages.

Family pride and a growth of absenteeism on the part of the owners of large haciendas, who concentrate in the city and hanker after political 'jobs,' does not increase the physical stamina of a race. The absence of a higher education or a habit of reading amongst the women of the middle classes prevents anything approaching a home life, and sends the men to spend their evenings outside. The café life of Paris, with its cheap and simple pleasures, does not suit a ruder race accustomed to excitement, and the Chilian not only drinks alcoholic stimulants, but drinks hard. The climates of the south and north both conduce to this, and the centre sails in valiantly. With all their 'civilization' and 'progress,' the sanitation of all populous centres lags deplorably behind. The careless and filthy habits of the common people add to the danger of the situation, as well as to the difficulty of improvement. The absolute necessity for improved sanitation and the conveniences of a civilized people has only commenced to reach the more progressive and cultivated of the higher classes, or those who have travelled in Europe or the States, and come in contact with improved conditions. A proper sense of public and private decency has not yet become a national characteristic, and the crude simplicity of manners in this direction contrasts strongly with the outward courtesy and gracious speech of the higher classes. Indeed, in the absence of what we consider a proper sense of shame, as

regards the ruder and grosser demands of animal life, the Latin races generally are somewhat in the condition of children. So that it need scarcely be matter of surprise that this distant branch, that, with all its palaces and splendour, has lived largely face to face with Nature, and passed through centuries of trying times and rough experiences, should not have cultivated this special side of life.

So the national indifference to evil smells, and the other results of unsatisfactory sanitation, the absence of personal cleanliness of a radical kind, and the extreme poverty and low standard of life of the masses in the cities, adds largely to the death-rate, and initiates infectious diseases that rapidly spread to those classes living under somewhat better conditions, but physically even less able to combat them. Their carelessness as regards their sick children arises more from the cost of medical advice than from any real indifference.

The masses live with great simplicity. A handful of beans or pulse, with an occasional cup of maté-tea, costs little, and preserves existence in its warm and temperate regions. But, like other peoples who live on very simple and non-stimulative diet, the Chilian has a strong penchant for aguardiente. This strong spirit, made from wheat or other coarser vegetable production, is unhappily sold at a very cheap rate, and the first establishment to be found in all the newly-settled lands is a distillery. The competition was so great that the price fell below the rate that could alone make it remunerative, and a combination of distillers raised the selling price 5 cents, from the previous rate of 35 cents per litre. When a large bottle of very strong and fiery alcoholic spirit can be purchased

for about sixpence, and living is otherwise cheap, the natural consequence is a large consumption. It readily takes effect on even iron constitutions, and the first effect of this pioneer of civilization in wild lands is the rapid demoralization of the people. A notable Southern senator, and one of the industrial wooden gods of Chile, had the cool and cynical audacity to brag that he had done more than the troops to control the Indian population, and bring them under 'civilized influence,' by building distilleries on the frontier, and selling them cheap and bad aguardiente! But if this has happened to the Indians, the Chilian *roto*, with much of Indian blood in his veins, has not failed to provide them with an evil example. Although arms are not allowed to be carried secretly, the law is commonly evaded, more especially by the questionable classes against whom it is specially enacted. A revolver is a necessary part of the equipment of every native and traveller on the frontier, and, indeed, generally throughout Chile; and a knife is even more requisite to a Chilian than to a sailor. As this is often in the central provinces the cruel and brutal *curbo*, not unlike a short heavy sickle—their 'disembowelling' knife—aguardiente and the knife or the revolver account for the heavy diminution of the adult population. Scarcely a day passes in Santiago without two or three murders; and it is commonly asserted and believed that 1,500 to 1,800 men are annually victims of violence in the district between Valparaiso and Santiago!

Certain it is that, if aguardiente has controlled the Araucanian, it has not mollified the Chilian, and Congress has had before it seriously the question of

controlling this deadly liquor traffic. It used to be said that as many lives were lost in a Spanish fair as in a decent battle, and the loss of life in Chile in private feud must cause a sad drain upon the manhood of the country. If not as quick or fiery as the Spaniard, the cross with the Indian keeps them at least as passionate, and aguardiente is more stimulative than the wine-cup of Old Spain. We are constantly reminded of Breitmann's visit to the Irish quarter of New York, and thinking, 'if all these little fights could one great battle be,' what a rough time the neighbours of the pugilistic little State would have!

This failure to increase normally has an unfortunate influence on the country and society. It causes a deep anxiety to the authorities, and an unwillingness to add to the diminution by slaying the slayers. The last penalty of the law is rarely administered. The death penalty is passed, but seldom carried out. We left nine malefactors in the town of Coronel condemned to death. One had acknowledged to twenty-four murders, and gloried in his pre-eminence. A woman had coolly acknowledged to four, including such an important legal and administrative luminary as a Judge of Letters. All the world said the sentence would in no case be carried out, and many months afterwards they were still 'awaiting execution.' Once the excitement had passed over, they would be released, or transferred to some other outlying region, perhaps as 'colonists' to improve the prospects of the European immigrants. A party of condemned men and women of very low type from the further north were thus transferred to Chiloe during our visit to the country.

This condition of matters does not improve a people, as these gentry lose any natural dread of the law; and the contempt of death so general amongst the common class of Chile, as well as their indifference to pain, makes brigandage common, and causes their most uncivilized prisons—with a possible but improbable execution at the other side—to lose their terrors.

The struggle, constantly maintained, between the conservative priesthood and the progressists has aggravated many of these conditions. It is certain that the average *roto* is more influenced by the priests than by any possible lay authority. If he pays up and obtains absolution, what cares he for the law? Chile has become, strange to say, while one of the most intelligent and progressive States, the great stronghold of the Church in South America. When recently driven almost in a body out of Ecuador, the priests swept down in a wave upon the Southern republic. The class, as a body, are notoriously immoral, and their vows of celibacy considered a capital arrangement to provide against the impossibility of their faithful adherence to one wife, under the agreeably trying existence to which their calling subjects them. But this repute in no way lessens their authority, although occasionally vengeance overtakes them, as when a whole monastery was surrounded by an armed band, and a summary and effective cure applied to all the members. A hint that such and such an individual is an enemy to the Church, and the Almighty would be pleased at his removal, in certain districts would most likely be followed very shortly by his atrocious assassination. This on the authority of a Chief of Police. That such an eventuality

is no imagination may be judged by the condition of the important town of Osorno, largely occupied by a prosperous and intelligent population of German extraction. A bigoted Cura determined, with the aid of the Conservative authorities, to crush the Liberal opposition, and set about a series of high-handed operations with this end in view. The Liberal and courageous Judge of Letters, the highest judicial authority in the department, opposed the illegal conduct of affairs. In the meantime, during three months some twenty-five assassinations had taken place, following the appointment of a reactionary Governor to the town. A gang of ruffians was understood to be ready to remove any objectionable party for $50—say £3 15s. Incendiary fires were common, and a chronic condition of terror prevailed in the town. The sergeant of police was assassinated at mid-day in his own office; and when we expressed sympathy for this old public servant, our friends laughed, declaring it was a just end: that he had induced the gang to assassinate an opponent of the powers that were on the promise of the usual $50 payment, and having failed to implement his promise, they squared accounts by assassinating him gratis!

A noted house in Osorno during our first visit was the handsome dwelling of the old German physician, with a very fine garden of choice plants and trees, the joy of the old man's heart. In the grounds was a wooden erection which he had let, and the lessees had employed it as the printing-office of the Liberal organ. In vain he was warned of the danger of such neighbours. He had tried to get them to remove, but they had declined. In this case the anticipated result

ensued. The printing establishment was set fire to, and in the ensuing conflagration the home of the good doctor, with the collections of a lifetime, was destroyed. The scorched and ruined garden alone remained to testify to what had been.

But through immunity giving confidence matters had gone too far. The persistent representations of the Judge of Letters to headquarters at last produced the dismissal of the Governor. He determined to proceed to Santiago and endeavour to have this dismissal recalled. But before doing so a meeting of the principal social conspirators was held, at which were present the Cura, *the Chief of Police*, the commander of the local troops, and the Governor! It was then decided that, if the Governor did not manage his restoration at Santiago, the Judge of Letters was to be assassinated, and $800 was raised at the meeting to pay for this, the Cura supplying $500. A cipher was also arranged between the Cura and the Governor, so that immediate notice could be sent from Santiago, and the connection of the Governor with subsequent operations concealed. The Governor having failed to secure his reinstallation against the averments of the Judge, he wired the Cura to proceed, and a day or two thereafter the Judge of Letters was met as he left his office with his secretary, about mid-day, and shot dead by a man on horseback armed with a repeating rifle, who made 'sikkar' and then escaped right through the town at a gallop.

The overweening confidence of the conspirators must have been great, to think that such an atrocity publicly committed in an important city could pass like their previous ordinary crimes. The horse was recognised, and two men captured—the one the owner of

the animal, the other understood to have then had it on loan. The Liberal press rose in arms. The respectable portion of the community of all parties sided with them, and the story was elucidated: how the criminal had returned some hours after to obtain his reward; how the Chief of Police sought to get rid of him for $300; how he had subsequently returned and demanded, this time enforcing payment of, the remainder; how the horse was found in the stable of the commander of the troops, and all the authorities previously noted were implicated. The ex-Governor, the Cura (the admitted instigator of all), the commander of the troops, and the Chief of Police, were all thrown into prison, there to remain while the law took its leisurely course, and no doubt eventually, in the case of the principal criminals, to be released!

Within a few days of this crime, in the town of Valdivia, we came upon a great gathering of the German population, to raise funds for the defence of a countryman under equally peculiar circumstances, that showed the effect of a delayed execution. Two Chilians more than a year before had left a German beer-garden outside the town together, and one of them had been murdered on the way. The other was arrested, and, in spite of family influence, condemned to death for the murder, which was undoubtedly without extenuating circumstances in any degree. A year passed without the execution taking place, and at the end of that time two witnesses were induced to come forward and accuse the decent German owner of the house they had left. He was accordingly seized and thrown into prison for a crime for which another lay awaiting execution! No one dreamed of the

complicity of the German with the murder in any way. It was merely an attempt to confuse the issues, and give some reasonable excuse for the liberation of a man of good Chilian family, whose death would have been the loss of an educated citizen to the State, and whose family influence could not be ignored! The life of a *gringo*—presumably Protestant and Liberal—could not for a moment be weighed in the balance against that of a Chilian *rico*. While very anxious to have an increase of population from any source, the oligarchy are determined to maintain their ascendancy, and the assistance of the priesthood in this connection, however illegal, is persistently ignored.

A little judicious weeding out of criminals of all or any class, and less consideration for *messieurs les assassins*, would be much more likely to increase the population and stimulate development, by attracting those who would prove an honour and a credit to the country.

VI

LAND AND LABOUR

FROM her readiness to import at great cost colonists from every nation of the Old World, and her unwillingness, as we have seen, to execute the least deserving of her own people, it is evident that Chile is keenly alive to the scarcity of the population in her widely-extended lands. She has shown such marked capacity in the organization of her naval and military resources, in the drafting of her constitution and her laws, and in the more immediate administrative arrangements throughout her widely-extended lands, that her failure in other respects is all the more striking. It is difficult to keep before one the fact that her constitution only dates from 1834, and that, after all, she is 'very young yet.' Habits of wise self-government are a growth, and not a sudden creation, and the practical transfer of an autocracy into a republic, where the masses are neither intelligent nor educated, is an impossibility. The lack of a sufficiency of honest and capable officials to carry out the well-conceived administration is the cause of many of the just causes of complaint throughout her territory. While admiring and thankful for what has been done, we may freely criticise in no

unkindly spirit what remains before the State ere it can honestly claim a position amongst the more civilized communities.

Had Santiago been under better control and more secure, we might have written of the more distant departments as of the pioneer settlements and backwoods of the United States in recent times. But some of the extremities are much more energetically administered, far more secure as to life and property, than the capital itself. During our visit a band of bandits from the vicinity committed murder and robbery in the neighbourhood of the principal railway-station. The facilities for daring horsemen issuing from, and returning to, the surrounding mountains are great. True, on the occasion mentioned the troops turned out promptly, and lives were lost on both sides, but this has not the influence of public executions, and the avenues of escape, whether physical or legal, are so many that the risk is readily taken by bold men. A valiant defence covers a multitude of sins, and the ordinary Chilian points with pride to the courage of his race, even when exemplified by unmitigated ruffians in extremity. This sympathy, so natural to the descendants of conquistadores, has not been lessened by the Peruvian War, in which a regiment recruited from the worst ruffians of their prisons, and licked into shape at the cost of a third of their number by their commander, performed prodigies of valour, and did much to end the war successfully. Yet such recruiting, with similar results, has not been unheard of in civilized lands nearer home. But what is politic in a thickly-populated and well-policed land is not suitable for a wild country and a population living under rude condi-

tions in mountainous and semi-impenetrable forest regions. Severer and less sympathetic treatment of brutal criminals is demanded for a time.

If we leave out of account the vast extent of land under very severe climatal and physical condition between the island of Chiloe and the Straits of Magellan—some 1,100 kilometres (685 miles)—we have still remaining a large proportion of her territory composed of barren deserts, impenetrable forests, and, at present, unworkable mountain-land. Even the great rich central valley is only touched comparatively, and demands a heavy outlay of capital under skilled guidance to be worthy of its situation and possibilities. This land is held, as a rule, by rich owners, who neither utilize it themselves nor willingly sell it. It demands costly irrigation to make even moderate use of it, and this has to be added to the high price of the best situations—some thousand dollars a hectare—which is calculated not so much on the actual value as known, but on the possible finds of gold and other minerals with which the soil of Chile is undoubtedly permeated. This is a dog-in-the-manger policy that will come to an end through the lands falling largely into the hands of the private banks, to be sold to those more likely to work them, when sufficient confidence in the future prosperity of the country is restored.

That these lands are capable of great development may be judged by what has been done where care and capital have been expended. Extensive vineyards, producing a really admirable and wholesome wine, are already a source of wealth to many families. The apple and orange grow together, and both good, on the same lands near the lower ranges. Several crops

of alfalfa are raised annually elsewhere, and vast droves of milch cows give a pleasant aspect and good returns at no great distance from Santiago itself. But the industrial spirit is not a component part of the Spanish intellect. Subtle and often powerful as it is, it generally fails of outward expression. Those who ought to lead in this direction are more given to academic disquisitions than to the logical outcome of their often sound views and clear, practical ideas. So what ought to be a garden and source of national wealth remains largely in a state of nature, awaiting the external energy they hope for, but will not properly encourage.

If this is the case with the central valley in the run of communication, what must be thought of the prospects of the more distant forest lands, where often the soil is poor, as in the coast Cordilleras, and the clearance of the wooding an initial expense that would purchase large stretches of natural pampa across the central range of the Andes? We fear much of this land must await the natural increase of a population that does not yet show much sign of advancing under present conditions. For, to look to a great influx of a valuable foreign element, we must first look to a more sympathetic reception than the Latin race seems willing or capable of according. The wooding that was recently sufficiently valuable to clear for its own sake cannot at present compete with the Oregon pine shipped in sufficient abundance from the Atlantic sea-board of the United States. The cleared land, so soon as it loses its virgin vitality, demands manuring that is not forthcoming, and an amount of labour that is not at present attainable. These forest regions also

are, as a rule, too wet to make even the national supply of nitrate of much avail. The needful capital is not procurable for the national development, so long as what remains in the country can be lodged in the banks at 8 per cent., and even 15 per cent. obtained on bonds with comparatively little risk to native investors. But Chilian capitalists show little confidence in their own country, and their money goes abroad to provide against possible political contingencies, that many look upon as probabilities.

Then, notwithstanding the liberality of the middle class, and the former treatment of Church lands, the all-powerful Church holds a vast extent of the best farm-lands, as well as huge slices of the most favoured town-lots. The Church does not instigate improvement and development, but patiently awaits it, and reaps the result. The wealth of the Church in Chile is as great as it is little known and appreciated. It is often not ostensibly in its hands, but held for it by its votaries. Europe, and even England, has seen, and sees to-day, similar results from a corporation that maintains a consistent policy, and one that has continuity amidst the fluctuating movements of the State.

Besides these stretches of virtually closed lands, there are large portions held by men who purchase in newly-opened districts when the lands are put up to auction, and hold their purchases over in the hope of it rising in value through the labour of others. Often this 'unearned increment' never comes, as the proportion of such purchasers, when too great, destroys the prospects of the district. Forest-clad land of inferior quality; land devoid of irrigation, and of little value without; isolated land out of the line of com-

munication; Church lands and Church town-lots; lands held by speculators, altogether leave a very small proportion of valuable land in the hands of practical agriculturists or skilled graziers. The colonies are, without doubt, in spite of all the failures and all the discontent, the mainspring of sound agriculture in Chile.

We have elsewhere alluded to the nitrate boom, and its influence on the agriculture of the country. Companies were started without consideration, and without regard to the labour question. It was necessary to show dividends with the least possible delay. Labour on the spot being all employed, it was obligatory to obtain men from any quarter and at any price. The 60 or 70 cents per day labourers of the south readily leaped at the enhanced offers from the sunny north, where the price of labour rapidly advanced with the increasing demand of the new companies, until 5 dollars, and even as high as 7 dollars, per day was paid in their desperate need and rush for *results*. These artificial prices could only be maintained by artificial values, and combination, along with dexterous booming at home, enabled them to continue for a time. But even the Nitrate King and his coadjutors could not maintain wholly false conditions beyond a certain time. Shrinkage in values had begun long before his decease, which showed a great diminution in his previously colossal fortune at current quotations. The association clung desperately to prices, and reduced output was resorted to. This meant the throwing out of work of the high-priced incomers, and eventually the return south of the men out of work.

Here, then, was a new situation. These men, having been accustomed for a time to highly-improved physical conditions, could not take kindly to their former state. They had gone amongst a turbulent body of men, still more accustomed than themselves to the knife and revolver, and better able to purchase the latter. For Northern Chile is bolder and more fearlessly aggressive than the south, as well as better paid. A few of the more intelligent and self-controlled workers returned with a few hundred dollars saved from their journey, and then settled down to improved conditions and capacity to maintain them. But the bulk had spent all in riotous living, like our own colliers in the booming times, and returned discontented, quarrelsome, more addicted to aguardiente, and less willing than ever to engage in steady work at the wretched wages prevailing. On our visit nitrate was being cursed as a national misfortune, while an increasing national necessity for the increasing national expenditure had arisen; and the saying was everywhere quoted of the Chilian commander who declared after the Peruvian War that 'nitrate had ruined Peru, and would eventually ruin Chile.' Whether this prophecy will be fulfilled depends upon the wisdom of the Government, and their appreciation of the situation. In the meantime nitrate has not improved agriculture. It has supplied a revenue upon which the country has come to rely, not as a means of providing permanent works that might be considered national capital invested in good securities, but in feeding that demand for excessive officialdom that cannot be satisfied, and grows with what it feeds on. For the public establishments of this little State of

half the population of London are thronged with officials all tumbling over each other, and checking and counter-checking everything except what ought to be counter-checked. With a shrinkage of the revenue from nitrate many things may happen. To carry on the public establishments with a third of the staff, who would be expected to do a reasonable amount of work, would not be difficult, but it would be dangerous. All those unemployed of the influential classes would be ready to revolt against the Government that did without their precious services: and the disturbances that are so readily created amongst those of Spanish blood, every one of whom is prepared to be President, would be too serious possibilities to be risked by anyone during his five years' tenure of office.

On the other hand, the people of Chile are not accustomed to severe taxation. They are willing to make personal sacrifices for the country they are proud of, as witness the National Guard annual turn-out. But the burdens of the country are mainly borne by the national wealth, paid for with the blood of a brave people; and the masses are too poor, and the population too scant, to endure with equanimity the taxation that would be required to maintain the present expenditure. The standing army is not large, but the cost of war material, with arms and all appurtenances for the National Guard, and the necessary arrangements in the different centres, demand a considerable annual expenditure. This has not been diminished since the Peruvian War, when it became evident that Chile might at any moment be called upon to meet in battle jealous neighbours with greater resources, and much larger, if less warlike, populations.

Besides this steady demand on the little State, Chile has felt called upon for many years to maintain the most powerful fleet in South America. The initial cost of this ought to have come entirely out of revenue, but it has apparently felt the urgent necessity of going beyond its exceptional income, and has been obliged to become a borrower on the European, and mainly upon the London, market. There the credit of Chile has been specially good; and her rapid recuperation after the Balmaceda revolution, under the moderate and reasonable presidency of Montt, prevented that unhappy conflict affecting it so injuriously.

Since then, however, her conduct after the last loan has shaken the public faith, and capitalists shake their heads over a State with the population of New Zealand carrying on its shoulders the maintenance of a larger fleet than the United States. Another serious question arises: Is such a fleet necessary for defence, or is it not in a degree aggressive? Even if defensive solely, is Chile capable of keeping it in thorough fighting order for any length of time, or will she be forced to bring about a war in order to utilize its resources when they are fresh and she is thoroughly prepared, rather than bear the intolerable strain of being on the watch against such a surprise as the last Peruvian War? That Peru can scarcely be expected to forget the results of that war, and view with equanimity the enjoyment by Chile of her rich nitrate fields, is true. But of late Chile has shown some desire to soften the asperities between the two countries, while seeking at the same time to bribe Bolivia, with its hardy mountain population, into good humour. The friction with Argentina is not so readily softened. The calling out

of the National Guard of Chile, when relations between the two countries were lately strained, caused a somewhat disagreeable surprise at Buenos Ayres. The character of the Chileno soldier for ferocious courage and endurance has had a marked moral effect on neighbouring States. They are undoubtedly impressed with a wholesome dread of her combative powers both by land and sea. This very fear, however, may bring about a dangerous combination, and she might be glad of a good excuse for weakening Argentina before Peru recovered from her prostration and dread, and before her own fleet became unworkable through disuse, or antiquated through the progress of modern invention. An excuse for a quarrel between the two is lying ready to be taken advantage of, and Chile's confidence in her power to crush her rival is a dangerous element in the case. While a certain portion of her boundary question has been referred to Her Majesty for arbitrament, the remaining portion is much more vital.* To the south Chile has an eye on that section of Patagonia from which her river Palena runs, and of late it is said that land within the contested area has been disposed of to different parties, thus demanding an early settlement of a hitherto latent cause of disturbance. Thus, not even the giant Cordillera seems able to keep them apart. While these possibilities of disturbance are in evidence, the poverty of the mass of the people, and the commercial and industrial depression prevailing, may force them to direct the attention of the disturbing elements of society to external questions, as has often been done

* Financial stress has recently caused her to refer the whole question to arbitration.

in the history of nations more advanced in civilization. So that a rich Government whose resources are unwisely employed, and a poor people whose interests are insufficiently safeguarded, may prove a menace to their neighbours as well as a danger to themselves. The ease of procuring the absolute necessaries of life at a low standard is a certain security when employment is to be found; but the absence of employment, as of late, or the raising of the standard, and consequent discontent, may at any moment counterbalance this.

VII

EMIGRATION SCHEMES

'It is a fact that to judge, with due equity, a colonial enterprise, undertaken in an almost uninhabited district, that has only been recently incorporated in the administration of the State, we must not consider it under the same point of view as if we were dealing with densely-populated countries that for centuries have been strictly regulated by the State and the police.' Thus the official publication for the benefit of those who proposed to make new homes in Chile under the special advantages offered by the Emigration Office.

We here deal with a most difficult and delicate question; and considering the large number of our countrymen who have gone thither — with the customary indomitable ignorance and courage of the race that has enabled it to do such wonders—it is also a very serious question.

The early colonies of Chile in the further south, such as those of Valdivia and Osorno, and around Lake Llanquihue and its neighbourhood, were mainly drawn from Germany. The colonists were mostly poor and ignorant, largely imbued with the spirit of 1848, that drove them forth from kingly domination

and German aristocratic insolence; and yet they have created comfortable homes for themselves, built up prosperous communities such as Valdivia, and, taken all over, have established a relatively rich little Germany on the shores of the Pacific. There is probably in all Chile no more reliably comfortable industrial centre than Valdivia, no more quiet, peaceable, and intelligent population, none on whom Chile can rely with more confidence as citizens, or point to with more satisfaction as a result of their colonizing efforts. The prosperity of the south of Chile has undoubtedly been 'made in Germany,' and neither country need be other than proud of the result. When the last struggle with the Indians was ended, it was decided to endeavour to settle also portions of the territory south of the Bio Bio with emigrants from Europe of agricultural knowledge and skill; and the Colonial Department set about this work with quite remarkable dexterity. The partial failure was due to various causes. The first thing to be done was to make Europe acquainted with the country to be colonized, and a series of pamphlets and official publications was issued with this end in view, as also with particulars for intending or prospective emigrants. The central office of the general agency was in Paris, and the beautiful map with full 'geographical and statistical details concerning the country and the new colonies in Araucania' was printed in Leipzig. The country to be populated was largely unbroken forest, with a rich virgin soil; and the town-lands were laid out on the line of the intended railways through the two conterminous valleys of this part of Chile—rails since completed. Into this region families were im-

ported of all classes without consideration, and from all the countries of Europe. Most of them were wholly unfitted for the conditions to be encountered, and many could only be described as the 'submerged tenth.' Truth to tell, the natural conditions were trying enough to emigrants from the populous regions of Europe, without the added social conditions. The disbanded soldiers from the recent Peruvian and Indian wars were granted large concessions, the sons of the impecunious *ricos* swooped down upon it in numbers, and being generally well armed and mounted, and accustomed both to the use of arms and horses in a wild, hardy-traversable land, they proved to be neighbours the reverse of satisfactory to the well-meaning and industrious, and examples only too willingly followed by those new-comers who readily concluded that might was right. Whole families were murdered by bands of these desperadoes for any money they might have possessed, or any property they might have acquired by their care and industry. A keen feeling of jealousy was felt by these native Chilians towards the interlopers. Their cattle were stolen, their property seized ; and the police, and even higher authorities, being in league with the depredators, no redress was obtainable. The story of many of these emigrants is a very sad one, and sympathy cannot be withheld from them because they themselves often acted without wisdom or discretion. A general feeling of irritation prevailed for a time on both sides. The colonial authorities often kept the promise only to the ear. They could not discriminate always between the just and the unjust. They accused the emigrants, often with reason, of 'giving

too little and asking too much'; and yet population continued to increase, notwithstanding the departure of many of the best and the worst, who equally failed to accommodate themselves to their semi-savage surroundings. The forests were burned down on the various grants, and occasionally the roots removed over considerable areas, while wheat commenced to give such returns that mills were everywhere erected by the more enterprising houses, both foreign and native, and extensive warehouses for storage sprang up in the new centres. Money was coming in, the small owners freely purchased machinery from the great importing houses, or received costly reapers on credit. The so-called 'frontier' in the very centre of Chile began to boom, and the emigrants foolishly acted as if this were to last for ever. The merchants showed no more wisdom or foresight. Wheat fell in value, and then steadily began to fall in yield. The virgin land protested against continuous wheat-cropping without manuring, and the naturally recurring bad harvests aggravated the situation. But the rail had followed the emigrants, towns had sprung up everywhere, and Chile unquestionably reaped a certain advantage from her expenditure in a rapidly progressive region that was so lately the 'forest primeval.' The cost in human suffering during the course of development was no doubt great; and the loudest in complaint, as probably the most sorely tried, were our own countrymen, accustomed to a settled government and peaceable surroundings.

In fifteen years town after town had sprung into existence where the inhabitants are at least well housed, and are able to exist at a reasonable standard

of comfort, if still far from the anticipated wealth. While it is true that much cause of complaint against the Government existed—that promises were unduly delayed in fulfilment, even if ever fulfilled to the people themselves—this was largely the result of the indifference to time, the incapacity to understand that 'to-morrow' is not three months hence, and that constant difficulty of obtaining honest administration that is not a peculiarity of Chile alone. On the other hand, many, if not most, of the colonists were incapable of keeping their side of the bargain. If the Government agent induced them in Europe to proceed to South America under false representations, such as quite frequently he was wholly unauthorized to make, the emigrants often induced the agent to accept them under equally false declarations. Men who had never done an honest day's work in their lives, or men whose hands showed them incapable of outdoor labour, posed as skilled agriculturists. Men without a cent to bless themselves with gave assurance of a sufficiency on arrival. While the better class who paid their own way, and arrived with a solid surplus, were placed amongst a class they could not pretend to associate with, and frequently robbed of their belongings, the Government found itself obliged to supply homes and the necessaries of life to many thriftless paupers who never dreamed of fulfilling, or seeking to meet, their obligations. The simple fact was that a beautiful scheme on paper, admirably drawn up, begged the question of preparations and arrangements that were never made, capable administrators who were not obtainable, and regular supplies that were never forthcoming. The victims were the victims of the cruelty

of circumstances, of conditions they ought to have anticipated, and could not even appreciate, and amongst which their own want of adaptability and ignorance of the situation must also be considered. Add to this a language they did not understand, and which many of them never succeeded in acquiring even a working knowledge of, and it is hardly to be wondered at that bitter dissatisfaction on the one side should have met cruel disappointment on the other. But the Chilian frontier colonies have grown up, and while many colonists have gone, and many more will yet follow, the country has reaped the benefit of the movement, and a proportion of prosperous and capable men remain. Even of those who have moved away from their lands, many have found situations, or other outlets than agriculture for their energies, more in keeping with their training and qualifications. The gravest cruelty was when women accompanied the settlers, as employment for these could not be found unless very superior and well educated. A few of the younger women found good husbands amongst the more reliable of the colonists; but the future of many was dark and hopeless enough in a country overburthened with neat-handed Phyllises living at the lowest standard compatible with quasi-civilization. Fifteen years have indeed peopled much of this region not allotted to the Indians; and, as time has passed, it may be said that the district is now at least as safe and legally controlled as Santiago, and less subject to brutal attacks of brigands than the longer-settled and more self-satisfied north. But the effect of these early days on the frontier is ineradicable from many English hearts. 'Have you seen the two *roto*

horsemen fighting?' asked an English lady of the writer at a period of political excitement. 'No.' 'Oh! it was splendid—one was thrown down, and the other danced his horse over him. But he escaped,' she added regretfully. Our surprise was apparent. 'Oh! when I left England, if even high words were exchanged I used to rush to my room and lock myself in; now I rush out to see the brutes kill each other!' It is a pity for Chile, and for many broken fortunes, that want of preparation and legal control should have left such a sense of bitterness and resentment as the result of their somewhat ruthless colonization of their wildest and most dangerous lands.

Isidoro Errazurez, then Agent-General for Colonization, in his admirable little work on the frontier, 'Tres Razas' ('Three Races'), shows a thorough grasp of the situation. He frankly owns that the native Chilian squatters spread amongst the colonists were jealous and dangerous neighbours, banding together to annoy them, and their cattle overrunning the lands of the struggling colonists. He shows more faith than was warranted in the legal facilities for redress, but otherwise appreciated the difficult position. He writes: 'It is certain that there are amongst ourselves many who scoff at thrift, and even at work. The old Valdivian aristocracy commenced by looking with sovereign contempt at the lively Germans who arrived, in a happy hour, in their sleepy city, while they remained satisfied with the glorious privilege of retaining their *capa* and slippers inherited by them from the colonial gentry. . . . Robberies and assaults have not been absent, especially at the commencement of the colonization, and we doubt not would produce

disastrous effects on those accustomed to the security of populous and country districts of Europe. I believe I do not deceive myself in declaring that, in this respect, the situation has improved (1887), as much because the colonists live more prepared as because the questionable and nomadic characters are moving away gradually in the direction of Cautin, in search of fiscal land not yet occupied. But it is to be feared this comparative tranquillity will not be long continued, the railway navvies being but a few hours from Traiguen, and these are bad neighbours throughout Chile'—as elsewhere.

No stranger fresh from European conditions could better appreciate or explain the position of the dangerous classes amongst the country population than this brilliant orator, who was the John Bright of Chile, as well as an admirable linguist and diplomatist, acquainted with the best results of civilization in European centres. Writing of the floating field population between the desert of Atacama and the Gulf of Reloncavi, he says: 'Without property and without roof, without family and without frugality, without other solace than the dram, or other law than the knife. . . . The nomadic life, like slavery, demoralizes . . . house, property, family, lack enchantment for him who has passed as a wanderer since early youth between the field and the city, between the nitrate works and the army, between the prison and the railway works. How many of these reckless wanderers would have the patience to cultivate, and the strength of will to abstain from drawing from the store the value of the first harvest, and even the value of the homestead itself?' Elsewhere he explains:

'To the Araucanian savagery, conservative of the richness of the land, a system of exploitation not less barbarous has succeeded. If the system of continuous successive cropping continues much longer, the impoverishment of the soil will reach such a point that it will not pay to sow, and the fields will have to be relegated to sheep-runs.' Thus, educated Chilians were not unaware of the serious state of affairs on the frontier at an early stage in its colonization.

Leaping over the longer settled and comparatively prosperous German region, we come down to the important colonies in the island of Chiloe and the neighbouring mainland. Much money has been spent on these colonies, but, like most Chilian money, it has been spent unwisely, and a great portion virtually thrown away. The want of continuity of policy, the uncertainty of supplies, the intermittent character of the resulting efforts, the constant struggles of the minor officials with the unstable executive at headquarters, make satisfactory progress an impossibility. The serious charges of deception on the part of the State, in their tempting published account of the country, we cannot substantiate. Of course, the statements of interested agents in Europe, paid by the head, and personally unacquainted with the country, must be excepted. But a careful perusal of the official documents does not bear out the allegations of the discontents. If the principal pamphlet does certainly present everything *couleur de rose*, and the general reader may confuse the productions of the north with those of the south, we are forced to conclude that the main deception has been on the part of the individual colonist, hopelessly ignorant of his geography

and the disinterested accounts obtainable at home, and aided, no doubt, in his self-deception by the unprincipled conduct of the European agents of the Government.

Darwin tells us of Chiloe: 'I should think there are few parts of the world within the temperate regions where so much rain falls. The winds are very boisterous, and the sky almost always clouded: *to have a week of fine weather is something wonderful.* It is even difficult to get a single glimpse of the Cordillera.' Again he writes: 'I believe everyone was glad to say farewell to Chiloe; yet, if we could forget *the gloom and ceaseless rain of winter*, Chiloe might pass for a charming island.'

In the face of such a deliverance from one of the finest observers of any time, people thronged to Chiloe under the Government facilities as to the orange groves of Florida. We can only conclude that, if they did read the papers provided, they were unable to understand them, and in all probability the average colonist never appreciated that this wind and water swept island of *Chiloe* was not *Chile.* This is an error not difficult to make, and so much is made of the semi-tropical products of the north, and so ignorant are all Chilians themselves of the character of the remoter parts of the country, that some allowance must even be made for the ignorance of agents, who did not wish to know unpleasant truths.

The following figures presented to the proposed colonists can neither be called deceptive nor unfair:

'The mean annual rainfall, according to the observations which have been made during a good number of years, is at Santiago, 0^{m}, 277, Talca, 0^{m}, 527, Valdivia,

2^m, 709, Puerto Montt, 2^m, 535, Ancud, 2^m, 363, Punta Arenas, 0^m, 494, say 17, 32, 163, 152, 141 and 30 inches. The fair and cloudy days are apportioned, after the observations of three to four years, as follows:

	Valdivia. Days.	Puerto Montt. Days.	Ancud. Days.	Punta Arenas. Days.
Fair without cloud	106	48	71	43
Slightly cloudy	89	135	108	103
Cloudy	170	182	186	216

'The mean temperature is:

	Valdivia.	Puerto Montt.	Ancud.	Punta Arenas.
In summer (Dec. to Feb.)	14·76° C.	15·43° C.	14·08° C.	10·97° C.
In winter (June to Aug.)	7·14	8·44	8·35	2·77
In spring (Sept. to Nov.)	10·89	11·72	10·58	8·18
In autumn (March to May)	11·36	11·95	11·24	7·03
Mean temperature of year	11·01	11·79	11·04	7·24

	Valdivia.	Puerto Montt.	Ancud.	Punta Arenas.
In summer (Dec. to Feb.)	58·57° F.	59·77° F.	57·34° F.	51·75° F.
In winter (June to Aug.)	44·85	47·19	47·03	36·99
In spring (Sept. to Nov.)	51·00	53·09	51·04	46·72
In autumn (March to May)	52·45	53·51	52·23	44·65
Mean temperature of year	51·82	53·22	51·87	45·03

'The thermometer never falls below freezing-point, and the highest and lowest temperatures which have been observed in the two provinces in question are 22·26° C. (72·07° Fahr.) heat in summer, and 4° C. (39·20° Fahr.) in winter.'

Again: 'The storms are generally too heavy showers to permit outdoor labour to be carried on. The light rain of Europe is unknown in the districts herein referred to.'

These figures can scarcely be called rosy, and they appear to us fairly stated and honestly put. If successful Valdivia has a few more 'days without cloud,' it has a heavier rainfall, and is very similar otherwise, while the figures in Chiloe are from the

wettest district, and could be readily modified from other more favourable situations.

Maldonado's work on Chiloe gives practically the same figure—10·88° C. (51·58 Fahr.) as the average annual temperature, and only 5·96° C. (42·73° Fahr.) as the average difference in temperature between winter and summer. Yet the maximum and minimum throughout the year is elsewhere given as 20° C. (68° Fahr.) and zero C. (32° Fahr.); while the average rainfall from 1863 to 1867 is given as high as 3^{m}, 2307 (193·80 inches), with 93 *clear* days and 191 rainy.

Into this noted island, covered with interminable and impenetrable forests, rained upon torrentially and persistently, were introduced a body of emigrants of all races and conditions — natives of Holland, who had never seen a tree except in swaddling bands; natives of *La Belle France*, the pleasant sunny garden of Europe; men from the pampas, to whom rain was a revelation, and Chiloe a warning of a second Flood; and, worst of all, town-bred Englishmen, accustomed to *five full meals* a day, who gazed open-mouthed at the giant trees and dense cane-brakes they were expected to clear, and swore they had been trapped into an island prison. Utterly unfitted and unprepared by previous training for the climate or the work before them, they found the executive equally unprepared. This must be frankly stated on their behalf. The unbusiness character that makes appointments without arrangements to enable the appointed to carry on operations was at work in all these efforts at filling up the country. The neglect and dilatory ways commenced at headquarters, and necessarily filtered down through the officials awaiting directions and supplies.

Nothing was prepared. The admirably-drawn maps of the allotments were totally valueless, the engineers frequently never having seen the ground, and seldom having made an honest attempt to arrange them practically. The roads that traversed the townships were purely imaginary, or, at the best, tracks cut with a machéte through the cane and underwood, and only to be kept open by the persistent passage of canoes drawn by oxen, that formed the only transit except that of men's backs. Except so-called administration houses, where the colonists were housed until their allotments were arranged, nothing was ready for them. The rains laughed at the huts honoured with the name of houses; not one was as waterproof as a good tent. From their first disembarkation they were imposed upon by harpies, and when, after months of probation, they were shown their locations amid the forest desolation, with their wives and children sick in body and themselves sick at heart, they were already failures, with their little spare cash exhausted, like their patience, and habits not infrequently created, or revivified, of turning to the 'cheap and nasty' aguardiente, and the sympathy of its sellers, for their only hope and consolation.

All this was no doubt very wrong, and very foolish—and very natural. The initial blunder of unsuitable emigrants was met by aggravating want of foresight or suitable preparations. Half the money spent in the carriage of ne'er-do-weels, if spent in the construction of the roughest of roads in preparation for the arrival of a nucleus of energetic men accustomed to the forest, would at once have put a different aspect on the whole situation. But delicate women, who had no business

there, got sick in numbers; where good cover would have saved them, the climate and a soaking hut brought pneumonia and fevers. Semi-starvation, owing to difficulty of transit, was the rule, and not the exception, and people well shod for England found themselves wearily trudging almost barefoot along wild paths to obtain sufficient to support life. 'It took six days to carry five bags of potatoes to my place,' said one who had courage and stamina to persist. And the wonder is that so many such remained, and the surprise increases and grows to admiration as we see the houses the better colonists are erecting, the ground they have cleared, the crops they are raising, and the cheerful courage they are maintaining amid most unaccustomed and untoward conditions.

While true, therefore, there have been a large proportion of wholly hopeless and unsuitable colonists, men and women quite unfitted for the work to be done, even the Government publications do not give the wildest notion of the locations to be provided, or suggest for a moment that the prettily-drawn roads and divisions are the invention of a brilliant Government engineer, akin to the one who, umbrella in hand, drew up to a neighbouring colony, and, after a perfunctory glance, drew out locations some of which worked out to be in the sea, and others in the river!

It is useless seeking to apportion the blame between the Department of Colonization and the colonists themselves. There has been much incompatibility of temper. The class from which many were drawn was not one to show much consideration for the powers that be amongst those they persisted in calling 'foreigners,' forgetful of their relative positions. The

officials who had to handle the unpromising material were often, and justly, in a state of irritation; while the 'material in the wrong place,' and without the expected and promised facilities, were ready for 'treasons, stratagems, and crimes.' A nest of hornets was thus frequently buzzing about the central administration—hornets justly incensed, who incensed justly the executive.

Impossible as it was to carry out the promises of the agents, or meet the unreasonable demands of the emigrants, the executive on the spot found itself constantly hampered with lack of funds to-day when necessary, and a plethora to be spent to-morrow when it could not be promptly done to good purpose. While none desired to become citizens and lose their claims on the home-lands, all desired to be treated even better than if they were. The fact that most were paupers, yet were provided with homes, such as they were, had their passage-money advanced, oxen and a horse supplied, sufficient money advanced to keep them for a year, and even two years, and were otherwise, if civil and endurable, treated generously, and given facilities never granted by a British colony, did not satisfy them. Many were employed at wages on the roads to their own places, or as boatmen or sub-assistants by the administration; and an honest effort was made to supply the defects of the initial start, and to retain those who promised to be useful members of the community.

A harder task than that Chile set itself to perform could not well be suggested. Patience and persistence, the fluent knowledge of some half-dozen languages, and civility wherever it was shown to be deserved, was

supplied also by those on the spot. Some good men were too headstrong and British; others were helpless paupers, incapable of rising or being raised; and after much suffering the colony got sifted, and a proportion of worthy men and women remained. These have the opportunity of making comfortable homes for themselves; and if a small farm does not mean wealth, it at least means an independence such as few of them could ever have dreamed of at home. The style of many of the men, and the gay bonnets and tinsel jackets of the women, proved that they had no conception of the work of pioneers in any land, much less in such a climate as prevails over the beautiful but storm and rain swept shores of Chiloe Island. They expected to obtain 'all the comforts of the Saltmarket' by simply bossing around among 'niggers.' Few deserving, intelligent, or educated men have been obliged to leave *Chile*, although many unsuitable for pioneers left *Chiloe*.

VIII

THE GREAT CENTRAL VALLEY

'LET us go and breakfast in Santa Lucia,' said the amiable and courtly Admiral who entertained us. A short drive from the plaza takes us to the beautifully-picturesque rock dominating Santiago, where Valdivia the conquistador camped with his hardy band, and where his statue still looks over the land he subdued with such rapacious cruelty, sealing his deed of conquest with his blood at the hands of the patriot Lautaro, who had been his horseboy. The rock is now an exquisite lung for the great city, and you sit under trees of beauty amid flowers of every hue, or clamber up winding paths in stone and wood and iron to the platform on the top, and look over an unequalled scene of grandeur. For Santiago is 1,800 feet over the sea, and Santa Lucia some hundred feet higher, while the city lies in a great plain surrounded by mountains. No! these trifling hills towards the coast are only some 8,000 feet high, and look bare and burnt most of the time. The Unter den Linden sinks into insignificance before this noble alameda, two miles long, with a border of snow-capped Cordilleras looking over its gilded cupolas, its palatial Government offices,

its private dwellings (where the owners can lose themselves, especially from their creditors), and its miserable hovels reeking of aguardiente, and bloodstained with the brutal *curbo*, or curved disembowelling knife. For the Chilian has a weakness for making widows in an uncivilized fashion; and these are thick as leaves in Vallambrosa. Cathedrals, of course, and churches, for Santiago is a city of ecclesiastics, and there are columns of Carrara marble adorning them that take one's breath away.

'Why don't you sell your bridges and buy a river?' asked the inquisitive American as he looked at the Rio Mapocho, like an overgrown drain 'claiming importance.' Some 15 yards wide at the water where it rushes along over the paved and curved bed, it is 50 yards wide between the strong embankments. But it has not been always thus, and a heavy controlling embankment of brick remains further up the river, where the engineers of last century sought to prevent the river, in haste to escape from the Cordilleras, rushing through the streets of the capital. It now runs in swift open leads through the alameda from end to end, with occasional fountains. But the bedding and embanking of the river itself has completely controlled it, carrying off the water more rapidly, and keeping what used to be a turbulent torrent within bounds, at a vast cost to the municipality, and not altogether to the advantage of the amenity of the place.

While cacti, agaves, and eucalypti give a quaint finish to the otherwise rich and beautiful temperate vegetation, we had better leave the elegant precincts ere the sun goes down behind the coast Cordilleras, with its glory of colouring and its afterglow on the

Andes themselves, or we may be tempted to forget all the filth and the moral and physical degradation that lie hidden under the blaze of beauty.

To the *people* of Chile, represented by officialdom, until lately Chile might be considered as lying between Valparaiso and Concepcion. Since nitrate of soda has paid the bulk of the taxation, the nitrate lands of the north have received a little more consideration; and the opening up of the frontier has threatened to extend interest to Temuco along the track of the rail. But Chile proper is really the great central valley that runs down between the Andes and the coast range, and interest ceases to a Chilian caballero when the climate becomes too wet, and the distance from the capital and its attractions too great. Any suggestion of properly developing the extremities is met by the statement that this great valley at the door is still unworked; so we may as well step into the Pullman car, and see what the valley has to say for itself. You pay little for the yellow ticket, with particulars of the stations thereon, above the very reasonable cost of the ordinary ticket; and the double windows and other advantages fully repay you. For even this late spring (September), with its unusual rainfall, does not allay the amazing dust of ages that seems to have kept steadily accumulating since Valdivia the valiant first employed native labour in clearing a path to the south.

Over the fences of water-worn stones and mud, sometimes coped with projecting tiles, the bloom of the myriad peach-trees is trailing, and numerous and extensive vineyards stretch around the proud city that coats its adobe walls with stucco, and puts as good a face as possible on everything, from its gaudy palaces

to its pasty-cheeked señoras. If the streets of Santiago look Frenchy in their fashions, the roads look equally so, with their eternal rows of solemn poplars, hardly relieved by the little less stiff clumps of eucalypti. The white, milky waters of the river Maipo leads to lively stations, and the noted nursery of Santa Inez. All about here is really very fine, with a look of industry, the climate being milder, as further from the Cordilleras, which are also lower, and not now snow-capped, while we have also descended somewhat in height. As we progress, horses and mules for pack purposes await traffic at all the stations, while little roadside smithies, with a few necessaries for shoeing, are indispensable accompaniments. Fine estancias, surrounded with vineyards, are prominent *en route*, and animals are grazing on the ruder lands. But the huts of the peons are rude enough, and show no advance from early times. The fine climate does not stimulate to efforts after increased amenities in this direction, and the savings that escape aguardiente mainly go in gay ponchos and horse-trappings. At Hospital the spurs from the Cordilleras only leave room between them for the rail to pass, and these hills are brown as much as green; for the soil shows through over much of the surface, which is otherwise more covered with brush than grass, for no irrigation is possible there, and only below, where the river runs clear and swift, is the grass green and gay under the peach-trees that are nodding up at the stiff cacti on the hills. Rude ploughs are scratching the ground; civilization in its roughest form seeks to destroy otherwise fine estancias by roofing, and even facing, them with galvanized iron; but we are amongst many cattle

in the fields, and the country is fine and rich-looking. Vineyards are also springing up, and at Rancagua good asparagus is being sold, and can be had for breakfast; for the train waits to permit this function to be performed. Where the milk-white river of Cachapoal runs from the famous baths of Cauquenes the people complained of cold; yet the sun was reflected from a valley full of water-worn stones, from gravel to small boulders, with which all the fences were also constructed. These wide, shallow rivers from the Andes were all white and milky, with great stretches of stony bed, in which a foundation for bridges was difficult to be had. So we come upon an engine still lying in the river, the former bridge having recently disappeared without the civility of waiting until the train had passed. A very beautifully-kept vineyard, trained on wires, leads into the town of Rengo, where we have descended to 750 feet, and where a great plantation of poplars of a valuable size is being cut down, covering more ground than we had yet seen under this tree. Again the foot-hills seek to stop the rail at the station of Pelequen, where a crowd of peons' huts surround a church and warehouse under a stone-quarry on the hill, while around the braird of wheat is well started. We are chased by free-growing rough thistles and very hirsute, small, under-bred pigs. The Cordilleras have evidently got tired of climbing, for whereas the volcano of Maipo, beyond Rancagua, is 5,416 metres (17,664 feet), that of Tinquiririca, above the station of that name, is only 4,778 metres (15,666 feet). Here we meet the bramble growing so luxuriantly and vigorously that at first it does not look familiar, so strong are the climbing stems. The river

Maraquito, that introduces us to Curicó, is of the usual shallow, milky, stone-paved character of these short streams from the high Cordilleras in the dry north, where the waters are more fed in the spring and summer from the melting snow on the hills than from the miserable pretence of a winter rainfall. But from Curicó to Talca we are in a different climate. It is clear we are in an intermediate country between the vine-lands and the wheat-lands. A charming estancia, built with taste and elegance, with wide corn-lands about, ushers us into Lontué, and this leads us to the Rio Claro, a purer river that occasionally cuts through deeper banks ; and the train here traverses a gully with small vineyards on the slopes beyond. There is distinct movement in these recurring towns, such as Molina, although the huts of the peons are no advance on African shanties. Here the land becomes rolling, and the purpling hills about San Rafael show a different formation ; after which the plain again widens, and the station before Talca—Pasquilamo—shows extensive vineyards, after the usual display of the miserable huts of the peons.

The Claro is one of the principal tributaries of the Maule, at the mouth of which, one of the most picturesque situations on the coast, the town of Constitucion is built. Talca itself is a very considerable town, and a handsome one, surrounded with wheat-farms, and by no means lacking in rainfall. The plaza is one of the best in Chile, and although the extensive alameda is never very frequented, it is well adorned with a triumphal column crowned by a gilt figure of Victory, brought from Lima after the Peruvian War. For the Napoleonic system has been commenced in

Chile, and the best statuary in the country was 'made in Peru.' The base of the column was meant to be a mausoleum to the fallen heroes of the Peruvian War, but, like so much else in the country, has never been completed. Even the church, prison, and theatre alongside seem awaiting another successful raid somewhere. Quaint old Spanish stone benches afford agreeable resting-places in warm weather. But Talca is one of the coldest situations in Chile, although the two snow-clad volcanoes, the large and small Bezcabezado (or Bee-headed), are at some distance. About 250 kilometres (155 miles) south of Santiago, and the capital of a province, surrounded by excellent flat land, well watered, growing good wheat and barley to the scratching of the ploughshare, it is an interesting point from which to study this intermediate country in the longitudinal centre of the great valley.

You can jump into any of the coaches that ply about the town, and pay a trifle to be taken to or from the station, or about the widespread suburbs. It is a little disturbing at first in all these towns to find your cab stopped, and a companion of ferocious mien sit down opposite with tranquil audacity; but as you can do the same, you get used to it, and if proceeding to the same hotel it is even a convenience and an economy. The hotels in these towns have good tables, and the native wine (San Luis), at $1·20 a bottle (2s.), very good. The members of the band playing in the plaza in the dusk are evidently blowing their hardest to warm themselves this cold spring evening of September 10. We register 62° Fahr. in the forenoon, while the water is 58° even in flood from the Cordillera. Yet magnificent magnolia-trees, covered with

creepers, shelter us as we listen to the music; native trees of grace and large proportions stand about alongside the large banana, which shows that Manila fibre can be grown here 'cheek by jowl' with the cocotina, or small coco-tree. About the cleverly-conceived and neatly-executed fountains the Nile lilies are luxuriant, and give an air of freshness. A stroll through the pleasant vicinage, along poplar-lined and bramble-entwined paths, shows much more movement than appears on the surface. These poplars are not long-lived, and are a valuable timber here; so they are cut down at a certain size, when the trunks are often only a very few inches apart, after young trees have been planted between and got a hold, the brambles forming the fence meantime. The partridges leave their beautiful eggs as they are startled; the frogs are many and vociferous from amidst ditches filled with familiar duckweed, luxuriant watercress, plentiful mint on the margin, and pretty 'trebol,' with brown markings on the green leaves, that creep down to the water's edge. The swallows are skimming over the pools; the bagres and the camarones lie in the sluggish waters, and under the shadow of the delicately beautiful weeping willows, or alongside this old ruined bridge, of which the posts have actually begun to sprout anew, at an age when they must almost have forgotten they were ever self-supporting. As we reach the swifter water they are fishing for trucha (perca) with camarones (crayfish), and bunches of peje-reyes (*Atherina*) from the Rio Claro are taken with hand-nets. Here we have struck the sluggish waters again —pretty deep, however, after days of rain in torrents— and the women are busy washing linen in the question-

able water, beating it with that hearty indifference to texture that characterizes the mallet-using branches of the sex. They look up with large dark eyes, black tresses, and faces darkened with exposure and admixture with the Arauco Indian. Indeed, as we traverse the portion of the town built of adobe, or mud (even thus far south—but the better often faced with lime from the north), many of the common people are evidently more Indian than Spanish, and are conquering their would-be conquerors. Where the fields are not under wheat, they carry much stock amid scattered scrub, apparently the espino, a species of acacia, while the algarrobo, another species, is about the woodlands. We take shelter from the rain with the little party of soldiers, and partake of their rude but good fare of *charke* or *jerke* (jerked meat), the flesh of vicuña, which we throw on the ashes, and afterwards wash down with common red wine—very cheap over all this region, but not so good as in the club, suggests our friend. Clubs—several clubs—are in Talca, and after five days of heavy rain they were much frequented.

We leave this pretty half-way house of the central valley, and again seek the Pullman. A grazing-land follows for a time, and the bramble is now in blossom and asserting itself. The rivers show evidence of heavy and rapid flooding, and monotony is threatened until the train is inundated at Linares and Parral by girls and women with fruits and confections and pastry, with pulse for the poorer travellers. But beyond and above all, we are delighted with a native product of great beauty and interest, if otherwise of no possible utility. Baskets in nests, baskets of all shapes, baskets down to the size of decent peas, are offered

for sale by vociferous girls who have been making them of a delicate tough fibre, the finer being finished off with horsehair. Even the fine asparagus does not tempt us as this does; and we wonder what is the history of an industry that seems quite *sui generis*, and indicates delicate fingers and a dainty touch. This, indeed, is an unexpected development, for the ordinary Chilena is not either delicate or dainty, and could scarcely expect to remain so even if she were, in the midst of her surroundings. As these are made by poor girls for a very small sum, the industry assimilates more to the fingering of the lace districts.

Great flights of tucé hawks are in the fields as we pass, but about Talca we saw no sign of the dearth of small birds of which so many accuse Chile. This perhaps shows we are getting among the wheat-lands. But many vineyards are about the small town of San Carlos, where they have actually started a tramway! Although the land to the south of San Carlos was still all low-lying and wet, wheat began to be grown more extensively, for, after rising 300 feet above Talca, we have lost half the ascent on the way to the river Nuble, which we cross by two long bridges over the shallow, stony, gravelly bed!

Chillan! What a name to conjure up fire and sword! How often has it been destroyed, only to rise again more robust than ever! And to-day, after only forty years since the last visitation, it is one of the best-built and most comfortable and secure towns in Chile; for it can exist comfortably without tourists or visitors or 'hope' of the future, seeing it is the centre of a very successful agricultural population. But its river is no more navigable than those of its

competitors, and it must trust entirely to the train, the stations both in Talca and Chillan being on the 'selvage' of the towns. Much grazing land follows as we proceed towards the coast range. The unploughed land here, as in the district near the capital, is sprinkled with scrub, seemingly the same espino, or, where better grown, boldo, but all kept cut down and used only for firewood. When we again reach the level of Talca (107 metres), we meet a wetter region with wheat abundant, willow with its cheerful green drapery, and poplar prevalent. The bramble, which had disappeared for a time, abounds. Our interest is evoked by the change of vegetation with a moderate change of elevation and a difference of soil. On the approach to the Itata at the town of the same name, we traverse loam over rock in place of the thin facing over water-worn boulders of the ordinary alluvial deposit from the Andes; and this is signalled by eucalypti in clumps, good cattle, and many small birds. The Rio Itata is deep, slow, full, and flowing between rocky banks, over which it has recently inundated the neighbouring land; but it soon leads to great stretches of evergreen brushwood, with little grass. Not until we rise higher to a great tableland where the plain stretches out, the Cordilleras are hardly visible, and the coast range disappears, does a close tufted grass take the place of the brushwood over a great stretch of poor-looking land. But we have now got nearly other 250 kilometres (155 miles) from Santiago, and here meet coniferous trees in fruit for the first time, and rolling hilly land towards the coast, with rivers on the Andes side crawling over flat land that refuses them a decent bed, until the famous Bio Bio is joined by the Laja from its

noted falls, and flows under a fine bridge on its way to Concepcion, through a pretty bit of scenery. But here we are on classic ground, and on the verge of a new dispensation. The boldo-trees scattered over the landscape are but an introduction to the new land whence much of the roble—a fine red wood—comes, that keeps the great lumber establishment at the junction alive. Yes, a fine bridge replacing a ruined one alongside, and yet this Bio Bio was the Indian frontier up till 1884! Has it not seen forts innumerable built and taken and abandoned? Did the river Laja not run blood in the days that have hardly gone by? Did not the sturdy Araucanians keep their valueless forests with stubborn tenacity against the chivalry of Spain for 300 years? And yet by tact and management Chile is levelling the forests, and can replace the steed, that the Spaniards first introduced to America, by the iron horse of England. Henceforward the central valley assumes a different character, for we have already traversed it almost the distance from London to Edinburgh, from the rainless lands of Santiago to the rain-bespattered frontier. Still, the valley may be said to continue, only through much-burned forests, and the kila-cane-grown underwood. The towns are all new, and full of the pathetic struggles of the European colonists. Here is Victoria, a city of 8,000 people of yesterday, mainly engaged in the wood trade and wheat. The streets are deep in mud, through which the patient oxen toil with their little carts, the wheels all of one piece, demanding about a three-feet log to cut wheel and bushes. The side-paths are only occasionally paved, and otherwise traffic is aided by logs of wood laid everywhere. Yet the

river Traiguen, which flows on to the noted frontier town of that name, and which is here spanned by a spider bridge, is merely a driblet, and the hotel draws water from a well 20 feet to the water surface. The rooms, as usual, look into a central square, with the garden protected by the house, and trying to look homely with daisies, violets, pansies and auricula. But in the 'Club' there is French billiards, and paletroche, which the Irishmen described as '*mane* ninepins with only three men,' a universal Chilian game, where all classes meet in friendly contest, which is seldom a dry one.

Through burned forest being cleared, and hideous fences erected from the blackened remains, the trees still standing hanging with 'old man's beard,' and green beneath with kila cane, we pass through flat and uninteresting land to Lautaro, called after the famous Indian warrior and patriot, where we strike the fine river Cautin, which we follow to Temuco—20,000 souls! The great plain still continues in a way, but here may be said to be the terminus of the valley between the Andes and the coast range, the Cordillera de Nahuelbuta ending at the river Imperial, into which the Cautin flows. Temuco is an important town, full of Indians and Chilenos, still the railway terminus, from which it is being extended towards Valdivia.

Enough has been said to show the extent and varied character, and vast possibilities, of such a stretch of land already traversed by the rail, and only demanding irrigation in the north, and clearing of forest in the southern portion, to blossom as the rose. The beautiful notro-tree is in the plaza along with the *Lingustis chinensis*, an evergreen, camphor, and veronica. Sea-

pinks—here called de España—act as a border to beds of forget-me-nots, daisies, pansies and polyanthus; and the periwinkle, here called vinca, is redolent of home memories. Wood-mills, flour-mills, distilleries and breweries, follow all these new pueblos, for good and for evil. There are said to be 20,000 Indians between Temuco and the Cordilleras, their trade now being mainly in cattle, although they also grow wheat; and the commoner amongst them are at work on the railway. A fine bridge crosses the river here, where you will yet see the natives—men and women—fording on horseback; for it is now broad, swift and shallow. Lying on a delta of the river, Temuco is yet dominated all around by beautiful hills, some cleared, others growing a wealth of varied and fine timber. We gallop over to look at the portion retained by the Government for a future school of agriculture and model farm, and a more delightful situation—albeit somewhat rolling and difficult to work; indeed, better prepared for a noble public park—could scarcely be desired.

From the orange-groves and vineyards of Santiago to the apple-orchards and wheat-lands of the Temuco district, this great valley ought to be a garden, and Chile has not commenced to do her duty to her patrimony until she has made it one. This would be a more secure source of wealth and prosperity than her nitrate-fields or guano islands, and altogether provide a more wholesome element in the national life. But the owners still play the game of dog in the manger, and will neither work it themselves nor allow others to do so.

IX

A MODEL HACIENDA

We have stated that roughly there are no roads in Chile. To all rough statements there are some rough exceptions. The best may be considered the great central road through the central valley, said to have been constructed by the Spanish conqueror Pedro de Valdivia himself. In hot weather it is knee-deep in dust, and during the short wet season knee-deep in mud. The bordering walls are made of adobe, or sun-dried bricks, rain in the vicinity of the capital being sufficiently rare to allow such buildings, whether for walls or houses, to maintain themselves erect, at least quite as long as our dry stone dykes. If coped with more durable material they do wonderfully well.

To-day we are leaving this central valley, and two hours by a branch line of rail takes us to the flourishing town of Melipilla, on the seaward side of the coast range of mountains. Here are many haciendas, or large farms, where the land is costly to purchase, and the produce exceedingly varied. Comfortable proprietors are travelling in the saloon carriages, and there is a general air of ease and prosperity in this direction from Santiago. But a Chilian gentleman

can always assume this if he hath it not, and it is not difficult to be a caballero, in the sense of a 'man on horseback,' where mounts are so cheap. At any rate, Melipilla has the appearance of a comfortable and elegant country town, and its frequenters do not detract from this impression. A well-horsed coach awaits us, and we are soon trundling along the trying roads, through an open country, towards the hacienda of Culipran. It is a good hour's drive, and we pass along a varied but generally pretty country. The roads in this part of Chile are always, if possible, bordered with rows of poplars, and these are a valuable production. Not only are they planted so close as to make an admirable fence to the adjoining fields, but when cut down at the proper age they fetch good prices. At present they are lively with quiltran, a gay and pretty red parasite that is said to injure them considerably, but certainly adds to the beauty of the roadways. We have to cross over the river Maipu, into which the river Mapocho from Santiago runs, and this is traversed along a long-drawn-out wooden bridge, continued well on both sides of the central stream, to meet the demands of traffic during heavy torrents, when the whole depression is rapidly filled up with the rush of water from the higher Andes and these lower Cordilleras combined. This bridge is somewhat typical of Chilian local administration. A strongly constructed wooden division regulates the traffic. But one half of the bridge has recently been condemned and closed, so that the whole of the movement from either side is along the other half, only wide enough for one coach or waggon at a time. Although closed for months, and money voted to

repair it, of course nothing has been done. Probably when the money is looked for, it will be found to have filtered down some side-rift and wholly disappeared. Meantime a 'director' is stationed on the bridge to see to the traffic, and prevent the hopeless block that would result from two vehicles meeting in the centre, where neither could pretend to turn; the bridge, too, being so long that you can scarcely shout from one end to the other. When our carriage has reached more than halfway across, and we are occupied with the brilliant balancing of a drunken *vaquero*, or cowboy, coming behind at a hard gallop and swaying like a pendulum, at times almost over the parapet of the bridge, a halt is called. The 'director' calmly walks along the broad central wooden partition to inform us that we cannot proceed, a heavy waggon having just entered at the other end. Quite a number of horsemen and horsewomen in gay costumes were in front of us, besides those who followed behind, and yet it never occurred to him that it was his business to prevent the entry of this waggon. Having entered, it seemed equally difficult for him to understand what was to be done under the circumstances. Numberless examples of this kind of thing cause the average *gringo* to look upon the average native as an idiot, simply because he will not trouble to think. Have his lords and masters too long thought for him, and his intellect not yet wakened up? We have at any rate plenty of time to discuss this question. Before we had impressed upon the 'director' that the waggon must withdraw the few yards it had already entered, and the oxen had been unharnessed in front to drag back the waggon from behind, a good half-hour had

been misspent. No doubt the 'director' looked upon this as the most natural thing in the world, and wondered what the stupid *gringos* meant by making such a fuss. No one else did, and the cavalcade that had gathered—and submitted all sorts of suggestions, even to galloping over the waggon—cantered off gaily, as if it were necessarily all in the day's work.

This *cosa de España* with a Chilian application having passed, we gradually near the hacienda, crossing over the barren lower hills by a rough bit of road. Through these at a low level the canal has been cut that supplies the farm with water-power and irrigation, upon which mainly depends the value of this hacienda of 7,000 acres of cultivable, irrigated ground, with other 8,000 acres of hill. Its importance may be judged from the fact that of the hundred employés in the summer, forty are attending constantly to irrigation. Yet in the winter, without constant attention, the roads become a slough of despond, as more rain falls under the shadow of these coast ranges. When upwards of 400 milch cows—producing 2 hundredweight of cheese a week—have to pass to and fro daily to the fields and back to milking, the path would soon be impassable without great attention to the roads, where stones are not only distant, but very friable, a sort of siliceous sandstone. Owing to this difficulty, many farms do not milk at all in the winter.

In front of the extensive old-fashioned bungalow that serves as a farmhouse, the Chilian palm-tree, quaint and clumsy, but quite unconscious of its lack of grace, receives the visitor, like a row of frouzy squaws with feather head-dresses. Towering overhead and

pleasantly scenting the atmosphere are the eucalyptus-trees in groups, a tree that has taken as kindly to Chile as it has done to Africa, the mild and equable climate having proved specially suitable over a great stretch of differing latitudes. Alongside is the rose-garden, from which a bouquet of fine tea and other roses can still be plucked this month of July. Yet on the other side of the square, where the wing of the bungalow casts a shade, the ice the previous evening, July 6, was thick, and at mid-day had not been melted. What is it in this Chilian climate that permits such vagaries, when even in the mild West Highlands, where the primrose flowers all the year, the *Eucalyptus globulus* declines to assert itself?

What a suitable warder sits on the ridge of the house, stolidly sunning itself and blinking at the Cordilleras over the trees, whence it has recently been unwittingly dragged! Not the largest condor, but still a good 10 feet across the wings; although lassoed by a *vaquero* and here without its leave being asked, it has taken not unkindly to the novel situation. As he sits there with his one wing cut, a relic from the mighty mountain ranges, looking rather elegant in his handsome ruff, and his ugly vulture neck withdrawn, he is in strange company although so near his home. For the martins are flitting about and around him, as he sits so unconcernedly, and apparently regardless of all about. A curious mixture of productions indeed, specially representative of this Chilian land. For although the coast Cordilleras close at hand are always barren enough, they influence the climate here to an extent, and carry their own dry vegetation, scanty although it is. Already the Californian quail—the

dainty little beauty—is spreading rapidly in multitudes all around, even amid the haunts of the Chilian nondescript they call a partridge. A hundred and fifty acres of vineyard approach in quality to the best lands of the central valley, while although grape vines are trellised over the protected back of the house, ivy clothes all the front of the veranda and its colonnades. Strawberries in flower scramble along the borders of the rose-garden, and the geranium is in bushes in its own bed. Can we find any greater contrasts than these? Yes: here is that gracefullest of trees, the Chilian weeping willow, so gaily green, drooping its marvellous branchlets of many yards in length over the garden wall, and wondering and weeping at the place of honour being given to the fat, frouzy, forward Chilian palm. If the poplars here have not yet had the beautiful and dangerous quiltran spread amongst them by the small birds, and are the duller for the lack of the elegant crimson yellow-centred flowers, the familiar bramble hugs them 50 feet high in its strong, tenacious grasp. For although the bramble here seldom flowers much, and makes little but wood, it is not the pest it has become in the south, but fostered as one of the best fences procurable. And are there not masses of it at a gap in the garden fence, only to be beaten down by heavy poles and crushed into a wild pathway with boards?

Of course, there is plenty of elbow-room—room and to spare. And yet who said there was a lack of industrious inhabitants? As we stand amid the varied verdure, with the sunlight growing stronger, hive-bees distract our attention from the little black cricket that is leaping on the road, while they hum vigorously

around. For there are 400 hives in two large groups on the property, and a constant harvest of flowers from tree and bush to labour amongst. Here there is not the reckless growth of thistle that crowds some negligent haciendas, and would supply good feeding-ground for bees at times. But in the garden—is this property not all a garden, and the garden a good-sized property?—the orange-trees are still bright with glorious clusters, alongside the now leafless apple-trees in multitudes; and hedges of roses border the central wide green-turfed walks. In the very centre is a beautifully green, well-grown magnolia, and luchos break the monotony of the orange lines. We are told there are no flowers scented in Chile; here the air is rich with perfume even in this heart of winter. We are assured there are really no birds to speak of, and what there are have no song. True, the nightingale is not here; but the place is alive with bird-life, many with pleasant and gay little notes in the season. Many also are of great beauty, with a mingling of tropical love of display, and the delicately-dainty gradations of sweet shades that is more special to the temperate zone. The thrush-like zorzal,* with yellowish plumage, that provides many a Chilian meal; the dainty little dove, about the size of a thrush, the swiftest bird that passes us on the wing; the 'blackbird,' or tordo,† that goes in flights; the various duller-coloured small fry of many species that to a *gringo* go under the generic title of sparrows; and the bloomy-bronzed humming-birds, show plenty of life. They require all their activity, and dexterity also, for beautiful hawks are plentiful enough, and bold enough, and gay as a

* *Turdus falklandicus.* † *Ageleius curacus.*

border brigand, with his velvet poncho, his Panama sombrero, his broad silver-mounted belt, and clanking spurs with three-inch rowels. Quite a sequestered paradise is this huge enclosure they call an orchard ; for although the oranges are not those of Brazil, nor the apples those of Devonshire, they are yet both very good ; and where else can they be found dwelling lovingly together, surrounded by such a gay and composite assemblage ?

Don't believe it ! And don't go and assert that these wattle-and-dab huts are inhabited. There is a fire inside, that is true ; but it is for the manufacture of charcoal ; we are not here in the land of open coal-fires. Such an extensive hacienda ought to be, and often is, almost self-supporting, excepting as regards the luxuries, and many of these are also self-supplied. There is a good brick-kiln, and fairly good tiles and bricks are produced for use on the property from comparatively inferior clay. The rough clearings from the estate provide brushwood for both charcoal and tile-burning, paying expenses while improving the amenity at the same time. We are shown a very extensive cave cut out of the Tosca rock, for the purpose of storing cheese in the heat of summer when prices are low ; for difficulties of transit prevent the daily despatch of butter from such an extensive herd. It is curious to note the manner in which the cattle are marked. When calves, a strip of skin is cut loose and allowed to hang down over the forehead like a forelock, forming a strange but very distinctive mark for the animals of the hacienda.

Several rough wooden crosses on a stone foundation are erected about the property in the vicinity of the

house, and a source of much annoyance, not to say trouble, wherever erected. It is impossible to prevent access to these, and consequently no privacy can be secured in their neighbourhood. More especially at night are they frequented by the 'sons of Belial' who have committed some little peccadillo, not to say serious crime. Thither they repair to burn candles on the cross; and seldom a night passes without some such demonstration on the part of the superstitious—but not thereby more moral or law-abiding—population of the district; for more acts of violence occur annually in Chile than in the whole of the United States of America—3,000,000 of a population to 70,000,000—so we are not surprised to find the schoolmistress in the cottage fronting the bungalow to be possessed of a revolver.* It cannot be said that in taking the States as a comparison, with its wide and often unsettled domains, we have set our little Chilian republic against the most law-abiding and secure nation in the world.

A solid embankment has produced an artificial lake of considerable extent close by the house, and here the most admired and delicate fish of Chile, their pejereye, or king of fish, and belonging to our family of *Atherina*, is plentiful and good. They are said to be the same species that frequent in multitudes the Lake of Aculeio, and which differs from those of the rivers communicating with the sea, as well as from the marine species. The lake is surrounded by well-grown trees of varied species, its waters contain water-hens, and, although at the elbow of the keen English sportsman who administers the property, a heronry

* We do not know whether she passed an examination in its use!

exists on the trees overhead. We saw quite a flight of the great white heron,* that noble and beautiful bird without a coloured feather, returning to roost on the higher wooding.

To write of a Chilian farm without alluding to the horses would be indeed 'Hamlet' without the Prince. They are scouring about in numbers, communicating with all parts of the rich estate. And whatever may be said of a Chilian *roto* or *vaquero* on his legs, the moment he swings himself into the saddle he is off like a bolt, infusing energy into his mount if he has it not himself. They are sorely tried, and roughly handled and poorly fed, these hardy common horses of Chile. But others are in the stable, almost as thoroughbred as their owners, and amongst the swiftest in the republic; not to say smart polo ponies, for those who can sit them to as good purpose as any in the land.

The vizcacha is found in the neighbouring Sierras; great quantities of the bushy-tailed rat (*Octodon cumingii*?) frequent the fields and roadsides, and we hear of the 'piebald water-rat' and the 'piebald house-rat,' but not having encountered them, know them not. The Chilian beaver (*Myopotamus coipu*) is to be found in the river Maipu; and in their season, ducks in multitudes, of many species and great beauty, disport themselves freely on the same waters. But it needs not to leave the bungalow to see the wonders of the whole Pacific; for does it not belong to the family of Mr. Lambert of the *Wanderer*, and is it not adorned with the rare spoils of many years devoted to wandering 'far away, on from island unto island at the gateways

* *Ardea galathea* or *egretta*.

of the day'? Our friendly hosts, too, are themselves from the gay Pacific, stalwart and graceful Englishmen nevertheless, iron-jointed and supple-sinewed still, although the misfortunes arising from overdaring horsemanship prevent both our generous comrades from 'leaping the rainbows of the brooks,' as they did in their dashing boyhood.

X

A WALK IN CHILE

A WALK in the southerly part of Chile is a rarity, and in most parts out of the immediate centres it is an impossibility. Even for the bare-footed Indians, or *rotos*, with a heavy machéte to cut down the underwood sufficiently to slip through, it is a serious operation, not lightly undertaken. But here at the mouth of the beautiful Rio Bueno, where it is joined by the Carimahuida stream, we are in an incipient centre of civilization. A sawmill has been erected, a considerable piece of ground cleared, many huts of the native workmen scattered around, and English energy and capital are attempting to combat a recklessly lavish Nature. We have a wholesome respect for these untrodden woods of Chile, into which we have occasionally dipped as into one of Nature's sanctuaries, seduced by some gay creeper dangling from the trees, some beautiful bird amongst the almost impenetrable foliage of the evergreens, or some gay insect of boundless energy and vitality, seeking the richly-scented bunches of flowers on trees and shrubs. But our hosts assure us there is a 'capital road' to the shore north of the river bar, constantly traversed by the Indians in charge of

the cattle, and in a weak moment we are deluded into starting for a 'stroll.' A puma has been much in evidence around the huts during the night, and sport of various kinds is possible ; so we take our weapons, and start for the highway over a rough bit of rocky, boggy, stream-cut shore. The start is not promising, and as we see in advance our Indian with a couple of oxen, sent to 'open the road a little,' we begin to grow suspicious. For, after all, a barefoot Indian of five foot nothing, with oxen even lower, cannot have a marked effect on the upper range of underwood, and is not exactly 'extra particular' as to the character of the footing.

We are already in May, so that the dry season is behind us, and the chronic rain of the region has been busy for some time. The kila cane, that grows 50 or 60 feet up the trees all about, has a habit, when soaked, of sinking under the weight, and dropping across every opening, so that even an ox has to stick its nose to the ground and lift the tough, unbreakable obstacle—unbreakable when fresh, but when decayed, a broken reed indeed to lean upon or trust to when swinging down into, or scrambling up from, the many beds of intervening streams. The morning is happily dry, and there is a blink of sunlight outside, as we catch pleasant glimpses of the fine river rushing to the bar, little below the level of the 'path' we are traversing—for we have now agreed to call it a path, and not a road—and our gay and reckless guide, whose stalwart form is not built on the Indian scale, but demands plenty of skyline, still maintains it is a capital path, although he has missed it, and is scrambling by a short-cut across a 'clearing.' This euphonious

term is applied to a stretch of levelled wooding along the line followed by the telegraph-wire, which here leaps overhead across the river mouth, a mile at a bound. If your eyes are keen, you may see it against the skyline overhead, and wonder exceedingly. As the underwood and smaller brush is here rotting, and the larger trees lying as they fell, the 'clearing' is another somewhat rude awakening, seeing we stumble and stoop and scramble over to the path, which we now on no account will allow to be other than a *track;* for it is half in the water and half in the mud when it is not over huge tree-roots or fallen or chopped timber. But it is the inquisitive and ever-present kila cane that demands the closest attention, as it peers into your face, sticks its broken, rotten ends in your eye, or actually seems to crawl around you with its many arms, and defiantly shake its pretty green leaves in your face. The glimpses of the river occasionally show a pair of the beautiful grebes that frequent it; like a red rosette amid beautiful green ribbons, the parasitic pine shows now on a bare, rocky point, now 50 feet overhead in the fork of some prominent tree. One of the many fine parasites of this lavish vegetation, it is always the most striking.

What a gay prison we are in, to be sure! We cannot see anything, for the whole is in the way. It is all too too! It is like the splendid palace of some southern city in a narrow lane; there is no point from which to see it. If we could only look up and see the luma—a species of great myrtle—in graceful flower! And the avellana, or great nut-tree, is also flowering luxuriantly, although the ground is strewn with its pleasant fruit, quite round in shape, and of about the

size and flavour of a Barcelona nut. Life and sounds are markedly absent, as in all these dense woods. Our main companion is the tapecula, that keeps carefully out of sight, and only greets us with its peculiar rolling chuckle, as if fooling us all the time. When it does happen to come in sight, we know it is for shame that it hides itself, and trusts to its great strong thighs to carry it swiftly under the brushwood, in place of taking to flight. For its indecent habit of carrying its tail almost on its back is more striking even than in the case of our own jenny wren, and gives it its local name. Its running powers are exceptionally developed at the cost of the wings, which seem only sufficient for short flights. It is a most aggravating fellow, constantly on the move, rarely showing its blackish-brown plumage, and yet chuckling at you all the way. The mocking-bird, too, chaffs us as we advance, and is still more invisible; so we feel as if the two had been specially sent to chaff and fool the *gringo*, as he stumbles along the *track* that has now degenerated into a *trail*. But we have one constant gay little comrade that it is always a pleasure to meet; for wherever the glorious, wax-like, crimson bells of the copigue (*Lapageria rosea*) dangle from the fern-clad trunks of the trees, or the wild fuchsia grows luxuriantly and flowers for long, the humming-bird is found poising, with the rapid movement of the wings that gives it its name, and with its simple and pleasant call. Very rarely its nests may be found amid the kila, daintily soft and finely felted. Not so large here as the second Chilian species found in the north, but numerous and gay, and bright and hardy. Although now in the winter, with flowers getting scarce, it is difficult to

believe in the season; for the kila cane, with its long, lanceolate leaves, is always green, and the Chilian woods are evergreen woods. Indeed, it has been questioned whether, when a deciduous tree has been found in America, it has not been introduced. The harsh sounds overhead, as a great flight of the greenish-blue loros speed past on destruction bent, introduce us to a comparatively clear piece of boggy land on the sea-shore, near the roar and rush of the bar on the gravel-spit ahead; and we stretch our backs after the long semi-crawl, and prepare for the long-promised road.

We are surprised at a momentary hesitation on the part of our leader, not given to hesitate, whether on the polo-field or the path of life. A rude mountain stream here reaches the sea, where gold has been found by prospectors, and this he assures us is the 'road,' and that the Indian with the cattle has passed up it. Except where the latter have slipped from a sliddery path, there is no sign of traffic of any kind, but, with blind trust in our bold leader, we follow the stream towards the hilltop. A very few yards completes our woodland tramp, and the cutting down which the stream rushes is the only visible passage. The scramble now becomes interminable, getting worse and worse as we advance, leaping from stone to stone where the water is too deep, and accepting the situation and wading the stream in our shoes where it permits. All the time we are wondering if oxen have really traversed such ground, whilst the bare feet of the Indian explains his ability to find a foothold, where we are strained to the utmost stooping under branches and crawling under fallen trunks, while wishing for a few extra hands to secure our guns and break our fall,

as we spring from rotten stumps to slippery boulders. The tree-stumps are deep in moss and fern of a lavish growth, that shames the West Highlands; and as we glance around us, we only see an occasional fern-clad cliff or cleft with luxuriant pangue—the wild rhubarb (*Gunnera peltata*)—amidst the impenetrable growth on the banks. The fern fronds are often 6 feet long, with stems prettily marked, and thick enough for walking-sticks; and if only the beds of mosses would dry, they would form luxurious ready-made cushions of great beauty and most familiar species.

Suddenly we stop knee-deep in the stream, and burst out laughing. The unwonted sound in the midst of the universal silence even causes our leader to stop and turn. The ridiculous idea has suddenly dawned upon us that we are hunting puma, or the American lion. If the said animal had had the courage of a tom-cat, or desired an easy meal with a cigarette flavour, it could have quietly walked off into the woods with any one of us, and been fairly safe from pursuit; but for any one of the party to have shot a puma under the circumstances required a stretch of imagination to which we were quite unequal. Insect life is more get-at-able, and even in the absence, at this late season, of the caballo de diablo, or devil's horse (the stick-insect, or mantis), it is strange enough to a European. For spiders' webs are lying in wait for prey, and the fine spiders with a general black body and legs, but with a green abdomen and a white mark of distinction behind the head, are noted and captured. The great hairy spiders, some inches across, are all in winter quarters, seemingly, as we do not find them even under the logs and stones, where the crickets and quaint

little prettily-marked frogs do congregate. The harmless snakes with which this country abounds must all be curled up from the wet, which more than a lowered temperature tells of a Chilian winter to the south. And the wet, like that of the West of Scotland—of which in its wooded parts this land greatly reminds us—is neither cold nor catarrh-producing. But as we make a last flop into the stream, and crawl over a log that subsides to our pressure, we are wondering, What next? The cattle have apparently left the stream, and managed to ascend this steep bank, where they have left traces. Having only two legs in place of four, we follow with difficulty, and soon find ourselves under quite new conditions, such as we hardly anticipated. For we have reached a considerable height over the sea, and the undergrowth is less dense, and the path, although steep and slippery, permits us glimpses that make us less forlorn. Large trees are fewer and more notable amid the majority of lesser growth; there is actually at length a well-defined path, and the whole hilltop seems more controllable by man, and less under the domination of a recklessly extravagant Nature than the ground whence we have just emerged.

Progress is now reasonably possible, and we soon reach the spurs that abut on the sea-coast, and scramble down a bowery wind-swept hill, with the sharply-serrated leaves of the chupés, and the quaint, pine-like parasite that here finds a foothold, and apparently nourishment, on the roots of ferns and other dead growths among the rocks. No sooner do we come in sight of the sea-beach than we find that the mongrel dogs of the Indians have discovered carrion, and are

rushing at the dead carcases of albatrosses that here are scattered along the coast. Why or how they have come to an untimely end does not appear—if, indeed, their end has been untimely; for even an albatross must die, and Coleridge's sentiments do not hold sway over the reckless sea-powers of the Pacific.

The sea here is breaking heavily on the outer rocks, and rolling up the sandy inner beach, strewn with sea-vegetation like great coils of giant harness. For it is hardly possible to conceive the vast growths of the seaweed from these seas. Indeed, all is on a giant scale, and we crumple up great shells of fissurellæ beneath our feet, as we avoid the masses of bladder-wrack strong enough, and with bladders tough and large and durable enough, to serve for well-buoyed fishing-lines. The tangle, too, is of a length and thickness such as our own seas cannot pretend to rival.

The cormorants and huge, stupid-looking pelicans are fighting with the sea outside, or sitting in crowds on the spray-covered rocks, as we near the rocky point where the cattle of mine host have imprisoned themselves. Having encircled this point along a bank of sand outside, to crop the green herbage on the further bight, the bank got washed away, and they were left lamenting. The Indians in charge assured us of the impossibility of bringing them back, and all attainable herbage having been devoured, starvation or slaughter were the only alternatives. With much difficulty we ourselves, gun in hand, traverse the huge blocks of rock that form the point, leaping down here and scaling there; and having thus satisfied ourselves that the Indians were correct, we reach a point of vantage

at the upper edge of the cliffs. Here the vegetation, cut down to meagre dimensions, yet covers the rock. Behind the fallen boulders, and wherever there is protection, the familiar-looking ferns grow huge and graceful; while above a species of holly forms an impenetrable covering to the cliff, dwarfed in height, but thereby increased in density. It is apparent enough that no four-legged animals can possibly pass round or over these sea-swept rocks, and we call confidently to the dashing young commander of the expedition that his labour is lost, so far. But we reckon without our host. His prospecting has resulted in a different decision; he has found a possible passage, and, returning to where the Indians have rounded in the cattle, he prepares to show what a 'passage for cattle' is to him who has led us along the 'capital road' we have just traversed. The commander impatiently takes the lasso from the hands of an Indian, and first one and then all the cattle are secured with the strong elastic hide lassos in the hands of the *mozos*, with which to lead them over. We look on in amused astonishment at the Hawaian-bred Britisher. Surely only in such a country would anyone attempt such a feat. A half-grown animal is first taken in hand, and in a few minutes finds itself thrust over rocks 9 or 10 feet high, and half dragged, half lifted up others all corners and points, and slippery with the dash of the sea-brine. Before we can drag our own limbs out of the rocky embroglio into which we have penetrated, the mother has followed her offspring, and we see the last animal in comparative safety, and handed over to the Indians to secure. The leaps taken would have severely tasked black-faced Highland sheep, and the whole proceeding explained how

the draught oxen of the land can be forced at speed over ground that a skilled horseman would fight shy of. With a still dimmer idea of what a 'road' or 'passage' for man or beast is than we had before, we are further introduced to the necessary training for a life in the *campo* by the use of the rifled carbine for bringing down buzzards soaring high overhead, and thus we scale the heights to the old track. Over this we proceed with greater speed, because greater knowledge, but with no more confidence or satisfaction, and little less loss of 'bark,' than when we first crouched along it under the kila-cane brake.

A glance back over the beautiful wild beach—the sea-rocks haunted by the huge pelicans in multitudes; the overgrown specimens of shells; the sea-ware, guiltless of modesty, and only seeking to occupy as much sea-room as possible, and everything on a scale of wild profusion—thrusts us back into our shell. We are satisfied that an average European requires to be educated up to deal with such a frolicsome Nature, bent upon displaying its wealth and power; yet equally satisfied that it was a thoroughbred Englishman who here beat the native at his own game and in his own domain! This somewhat softened the sense of our inferiority, and our chagrin at the absence of pumas sitting on the hillsides to be taught *their* inferiority. But as we reach the comfortable frame-house, and prepare to regulate our outer and appease our inner man, we decide in future to leave 'capital roads' to the oxen, and traverse such little-known and little-frequented solitudes neither on foot nor horseback except of necessity; or else during the heat of summer, when a wild mountain torrent could not be so readily passed off upon us as a 'capital road.'

XI

UNBEATEN TRACKS IN CHILOE

THERE is a river of beauty, we are told, but carefully guarded, as a Spanish maiden under the watchful eyes of her duenna. The island of Chiloe is acknowledged by all who know it to be one of the sloppiest in the world, and Darwin's opinion upon it has never been controverted; so we start to seek out this wet-nursed beauty with a consciousness of infinite possibilities. As it runs mainly through the broad lands of the cultivated and intelligent Intendente of Chiloe, Señor Luis Rodriguez, and as no colonists are situated near its virgin lands, and no engineers and surveyors have yet sought to lay out with certainty its extensive bounds, we must trust ourselves entirely to the care of our intelligent and energetic friend, of German extraction but Chilian birth, Koch. As we are, for the time being, the guests and under the care of the Intendente, and have as our charming companion Professor Santiago Hambleton, of the Ancud Liceum, we are more confident than prescient. Farms of the Intendente are on the way, a fine hacienda at the terminus of the journey. Notice has been sent in advance of our coming, so that horses may be in readiness, and we

are promised 'all the comforts of the Saltmarket' that are possible in the wilds. We are not to be actually in *campo*, so we do not take our tent, but are content with cloaks, ponchos, and our guns. New lands and new scenes are always exhilarating, even in prospect, so it is with light hearts we cross the backlands of Ancud, and reach the chaloupe on the river Pudeto, well above the mouth, whose somewhat troublesome entrance we have thus avoided.

The river is reached at about half-past nine in the morning—quite an early start, although we have been hurrying up for hours, and have crossed on foot to save the extra delay of horses. A gay and active Celt from the Western Highlands of Scotland, who has taken kindly to this distant isle of the sea, and acts as aide-de-camp to Koch, accompanies us and proves a welcome addition to the party; for here, as elsewhere, 'a merry heart goes all the way, a sad tires in a mile-a.' We have to catch as much of the tide as possible up this estuary of the Pudeto, with its extensive shoals and banks alive with birds; and we push ahead with the oars, watching for signs of the shoaling river, and unwillingly turning from possible shots that eventually prove to be in impossible positions without a waste of time we cannot spare. We hear the sad call of the beautiful hualas as they sail in pairs, and breast the waters with their beautiful bosoms; the further shores across the muddy banks show the stately white cranes standing conspicuously against the green. But we are pushing along under the long wooden bridge across the estuary of the river, and seeking to avail ourselves to the utmost of the still rising waters. The estuary does not narrow gradually, but suddenly

closes in a broad shallow basin, into which two streams —or *rivers !*—enter at opposite sides. To reach the mouth of the San Antonio River requires careful management to prevent grounding, and for miles after we enter we find ourselves in a stream with no great current, running between vast stretches of low meadow-land, where cattle are grazing in some quantity, but where footing for man is by no means to be had—at least, near the stream itself. Ducks are much in evidence, of various species, and a few flocks of the bandurria (*Ibis melanopis*) even wait for a long shot. Ere we reach San Antonio, about one o'clock, we have fortunately secured a few feathers. Here above the place so named, with hopeful views of future development, we pass another well-built wooden bridge, and shortly after land in a creek, having reached as far as we can manage by boat. A scramble up the well-wooded banks, and on the top of a hill we arrive at a wooden hut, the place being named Pusilcan. Here we get a mouthful of something to eat and drink, and at once to horse. There is a bit of a clearing here, and the start is propitious, but, if meant as an introduction and guide to the route, deceptive exceedingly. The ride hour after hour was along a track cut through the woods, and traversed on foot and horseback by the Indian employés of the Intendente ; but a wilder track we do not wish to follow on a horse evidently more accustomed to the roads, such as they are, surrounding Ancud. The woods were beautiful exceedingly, but all dripping with moisture, and penetrable only to an occasional glint of the sun's rays as they slipped through an opening in the evergreen trees. Moss, yards in length and of great delicacy and beauty, hung from

the branches; ferns and polypodia scrambled up the trunks; the beautifully-scalloped lichens, in brown and gold and lavender, decorated the fallen trees or wherever they could obtain a foothold. Fungi, from delicate little snips of pink to the great wood-like shelves of the growths on the larger trees, were everywhere in plenty. The wonderful climber quilineja can here be drawn down from the trees in bunches of fine tough fibres from 50 to 100 feet long. They use it to tie their fences in place of using nails, and the single stems, about the thickness of 'barley twine,' can be rolled up into balls as drawn from the trees. It is used to weave beautiful basket-work, while thousands of brooms made from its tough and durable material are exported from Ancud at a nominal price. The woods here are full of it, and when it sends out its pretty green leaves with an under-gleam of silver, and its bunches of elegant flowers that spring from under the leaves, it is indeed a charming, as well as a valuable, adornment to these evergreen solitudes. Later, when the flowers give place to elegant yellow berries of the size of black currants, they maintain well the graceful character of the bold little climber that seeks the tops of the highest trees. But our eyes are oftener at the road than the forest, and our horse demands our special care amongst these intertwining roots with deep mud between, awkward mud-holes without either get-off or get-on footing for the animals, slippery slopes up which only occasional roots enable the animal to get a footing, and still more awkward and slippery on the downward way. The hardy Chilote pony of our hardened guide dashes through everything without a halt or a question; but our more delicately-considered

animal groans like a human being at the awkward holes, and our shoulders are getting stiff lifting it out of its difficulties. Here is a desperately dirty bit, over which our leader has scrambled like a cat, yet sloughed in places up to the hips; we are guiding our animal gently towards it, while it trembles at the prospect. Suddenly, as we approach the edge, it is overcome by fear, and ere we are aware of its intention makes a wild bolt through the bordering kila. We swoop to the saddle as it tries to get under, but even the horse cannot itself find a hole through below; so with mad determination it beats it down with its fore-feet, takes three or four wild bounds over the canes, finally finishes over a four-foot log, and lands us on the track well clear of the cause of its deep anxiety and fear. Of course, with a Chilian bit we should have thrown it back and prevented its attempt; but this is so severe we never willingly used it, and once it made its rush, only a jaw-breaking effort could have stayed it. We own to a deep sympathy with the animal we bestride, and gladly come out upon a pleasant stretch of pampa, over which we can have a gallop without anxiety as to broken limbs between tree-roots. How the animals do enjoy these interludes! And whence do these oases amid the desert of trees arise? The question is far-reaching. Have they been formerly cleared by the Indians for purposes of cultivation, as is alleged; or is the ground unsuitable for the natural growth of trees? More than a score of such pampas of 40 acres or more each are found on the lands we are traversing. Some of them are merely covered with a fine green-sward, others sprinkled with a light growth of brush-wood. They commonly border pleasant streams, and

point to charming locations for a little farm, far from the madding crowd—and the stimulating markets! But the soil about is rich enough.

We have now reached one of the haciendas of the Intendente. Well-bred cattle, huts for the Indians, well-cleared fields, cantering colts, lead us to the farm-house. Here, amid the chattering paroquets on the high trees overhead, occasional pigeons, and a greater show of life than we have seen on our way through the mountain forest, we dismount and rest our strained animals, and prepare to do something for ourselves. We had previously rested at Coipomo, another hacienda with a pleasant stretch of cleared land and fields in good order; now we are at Anguai, wondering what the next part of the programme is to be. The descent to the Rio Puntra here does not occupy us more than a quarter of an hour on foot, and here on a sloppy bit of river-bank a chaloupe with Indians awaits us. A row of an hour or two takes us first to the Rio Butalcura, and thence into the Chepu, formed by the meeting of the rivers, down which we reach our destination near the mouth of the river.

A fine, clear, swift river it is, this Chepu, and well-built wooden erections tell of the manager's house, while wide stretches of fields prepared for the coming summer tell of external pressure to work. We proceed in the dark up the bank and along a path over a foot-bridge to the dwelling, amidst a babel of sounds, over which the yells of the host of dogs predominate. Our riding-boots are freely used to clear a path through the more than half-starved wolves. But nearly twelve hours' journey is about to have its reward; for notice was given long ago of our coming, and the males of

the settlement had met us with the boat. What a jolly tuck-in we are ready for! Our few impedimenta are transferred to the house of two good rooms, one beyond the other, but in which, as it is never visited, and has never even been seen by its owner, there is not a stick of furniture. We then seek the well-built house for the Indian caretakers of the farm, and here in the sunk earthen hearth a fire is being prepared. Yes, it is being stimulated, rather, from having been nearly out. There is a stolid sort of movement on the rushing entrance of our energetic guide, and gradually a kettle of water is hung on the cross-sticks to boil. Several Indian women and children look up placidly from the planks laid around the edge of the sunken hearth, which is some 8 feet square. We sit down opposite them, as far away as possible, for we have irritable memories of this southern tribe, that never possessed in history the energy, courage or intellect of their brethren of Araucania. Meantime Koch is investigating the commissariat. Of course, we can have plenty of potatoes in this land of the potato, and on an extensive, well-cleared hacienda. No, they have not a single potato! Mutton—none! 'Then go and kill a sheep,' they are told imperatively by him who is here the representative of the Intendente for the time being. They are all the other side of the hill, and very lean! We will have to be satisfied to-night with milk and eggs—that is clear. The cattle were all in the woods, and they had no milk whatever; and as for eggs, there was only one hen, and it, too, had taken to the woods! To add to the flood of negations, there is no salt, and we look at one another, not like Cortez and his warriors on a peak in

Darien, but with a blank gaze that ends in a shout of laughter. Luckily, we have a few duck and other birds, although we were foolishly generous on the way, or we would have been still better provided. We stir them up to pluck what there are, and meantime, in spite of their protestations, we secure a few oats and a bit of rock-salt, and while the one is being roasted in a pot, the other is ground in the rudest possible manner between two stones. This is the last resort of the half-starved party of Indians, who here are at their last gasp for food in the centre of a rich hacienda. Why? Not because they are ground down, but because they are left to themselves, without any stimulus or any higher standard before them. A small water-worn stone is worked up and down a long flat stone, and thus the roasted oats and the salt are both ground. This done, a lack of utensils is discovered. One bowl was the household crockery. Our leader had brought his indispensable horn, which served every imaginable purpose, like Rob Rawrison's bonnet. It is simply a large horn of an ox, with the end cut off at an angle, and a bottom of the same material inserted. A handful of the ground roasted oats (*Avena asada*) is thrown into the horn, and water, as well as sugar when it can be had, being added, it is supped with a spoon. We did not stomach the concoction as first introduced to us, and, in spite of early and constant attempts at training, we do not relish a communistic dish. But we learned to view this simple dish with respect 'or a' the play was played.' Meantime, there was distinctly a vacuum somewhere as we left the warm hearth and retired to the house, where the few bags of chaff we had luxuriously brought with us were

scattered over the floor and covered with our plaids. Then, drawing our cloaks and ponchos over us, we soon dropped asleep, with the wind and the rain chattering and pattering overhead.

Our rude ablutions made in the streamlet that enters the river, flowing through a low marshy stretch that supplies a few duck to the gun of the Professor, we are prepared for any novelty after the night's performance. Extensive well-fenced fields are around us, potatoes are through the ground, and a few cows are stolidly chewing the cud a hundred yards from the house, with calves at foot. Koch has made a slight stir as to commissariat among them, and a sheep has been found, and is about to be slaughtered. Bandurria, and spur-winged plover, and ducks have shown themselves around, and there is a distinct suggestion of provender. Meantime we join the company round the cows—an expectant and interested company. Lazily the Indian woman secures the two hind-legs of the cow, whilst the calf is dancing around her. A tumbler has been added to the huge horn, but is inferior for the purpose. The girl or nondescript woman sits or squats at the side of the indifferent animal, and proceeds to milk it into the horn. The calf is meantime tugging at the other side. At intervals it gets a slap on the nose from the back of the woman's hand, when it seems to be having the larger share. Meantime the tumbler and horn go round, and we enjoy our morning's draught of really good and rich milk. But there is no provision for the future. There is, apparently, no utensil in which to store it, and our hopes of plenty vanish into thin air; for we never see the animals again, as they are too troublesome to bring in. One milking and one drink of milk in the three days!

The mouth of this beautiful river is sprinkled with rocks, and the opposite shore from the hacienda is a vast stretch of sand thrown up by the sea, the breakers rushing shoreward over a beach of similar sand, while the river, as at Bajo Imperial, sneaks seaward under shelter of the Hill of Choros amidst rocky sentinels. It is considered impassable, but good surf-men in suitable boats would probably not find it so. A vessel having formerly gone ashore outside laden with cypress-wood, the hacienda has reaped the benefit of what could not be taken to sea again. All the fences are solidly built of these squared cypress logs of quite an unusual size at the present day, while piles of others lie ready for utilization, representing a large amount of money if available in the market. But carriage is here impossible meantime, either by sea or land.

We start in the customary rain to explore the river Chepu and its upper course. A futile chase after a wounded huala, and we are swept on by the tide; so we settle down steadily to the oars, and once the immediate estuary is passed, we see nothing but interminable foliage of great beauty and density down to the water's edge, and even deep into the water. Here and there the tracks of otters are noted on the little sandy or muddy baylets that have escaped vegetation, and signs of coipu are not uncommon; but they are too shy, or the foliage too dense, for us to obtain a glimpse of them. We cruelly shoot a few duck, and even a quetru, or steamer duck, in prospect of stomatic complaints such as those of the previous evening. But all the water-fowl are nesting this month of October, and only necessity excuses our sacrilegious hands. Where the banks slope back somewhat, and trees have fallen, the density and

luxuriance of the kila-cane is startling. Only the Indians can penetrate with anything like facility these dense woods, and gather in the cattle; and only those born on the property, who are sufficiently acquainted with the haunts of the animals and the means of access, are of any utility on such lands. But these will scramble on their little Chilote ponies at headlong speed through what to a white man is hopeless. Here on the right is a tangle of kila 60 to 80 feet up the bank, and in this thicket there were established for many years famous cattle-thieves who could not be tracked. They crossed the river, and carried off the animals from the further settlements, ferrying them over here, where they were soon reduced to hides and beef. A large, densely-wooded island has been passed, and the mouths of the rivers previously traversed, until we reach the river Colcura, up which a short run takes us to the *laguna* of the same name. The 'royal' duck (pate regal of the Chilians) was plentiful on the way, and as we reach the lakelet, a splendid swan, white with black neck (*Cygnus nigricollis*) arrests our attention. We at once start for the other side, but it disappears mysteriously amidst the dense growth of reeds that surround the lake and grow far into deep water. We manage to pole the boat for hundreds of yards through these to a distant patch of clear water, but it has probably slipped off to its nest by the time we get near. In this open water a little duck is shot, full of amazing vitality that touches our somewhat callous hearts. It shows a beauty of plumage and grebe-like breast such as we never before saw in one of the tribe.

It is dark ere we get back to Chepu, and cover from the rain, with an overflowing sense of the beauty

of the scenery and the grace of Nature, the ease of existence, and the infinite possibilities of comfort here, and walk into our room, where we have to trust to matches for lighting us about. So we tumble over the dogs into the 'home' of the 'savages' with a deeper feeling of disgust than when we left it. For here all is hopeless—indifference alike to cleanliness and comfort; not a bird we had seen that was not princely in its person and surroundings to these fellow-beings of ours. The only torches to supplement the light of the fire are fragments of dry kila-cane thrust for a time into the hot wood-ashes, and then applied to the flame of the rude wood-fire. There is no necessity here for this misery in the midst of abundance, this squalor in the heart of a beautiful Nature, this indifference to all that makes life graceful; and we ask ourselves if it were always so, or if this, too, is a relic of Spanish barbarity that broke the hearts of the people, and reduced them lower than the animals, if somewhat too amiable for brutes. And yet it could not be wholly slavery, for the average Spanish or half-breed *roto* under similar conditions is a hopeless savage, and as stupid as could be imagined. We would have felt sadder to see such glorious reaches of rich land without a sign of a hut or a hovel, if we had not felt satisfied that it was better in a state of nature than with such backward-developing inhabitants.

Our friend the Professor resolves upon the ascent of Hui-manao, on the opposite side of the river, in the district of Any. It looks so near and readily ascended, and there are those present capable of guiding the ambitious. But with Darwin's experience and our own we are faithless unbelievers, and permit our charming

companion to leave with Koch and a guide. While they are plodding over miles of sand knee-deep, and crawling now under, now over, the impenetrable growths of Hui-manao, in order to decide whether it is largely composed of diatomite, as stated by Maldonado, we start for the mouth of the river. In front of the house a good net had been dangling before our eyes, so we direct the Indians to bring it for a draw in the river. No! there were no fish except in the winter—it was useless. Seeing argument is of no avail, we use our authority, and most unwillingly the net is piled on a dug-out, and we obtain our wish. It is with difficulty they are induced to draw the net where experience tells us the chance is best, but with pertinacity they come near it. The net is full of fish, and they acknowledge that far more passed them outside. A second draw produced a fair supplement, but was purposely taken by the lazy rascals where the chance was less. A further draw we could not persuade them to try. Why? Because they would have required to carry the fish to the house, a hundred yards or so from the river, for there were at least 3 hundredweight of beautiful robalo, some 6 to 8 pounds weight each. And yet these people were starving!

Sick of such miserable humans, and the piggery they could alone make of their well-constructed dwelling, we skirt the rocky shore, and seek the point of vantage called the Punto de los Choros, overlooking the river-bar, so that we may study the movements of the currents and the breakers. Vegetation in every crevice; and we pluck a pretty white heath (*Erica*) of stunted growth on this exposed cliff-edge. There is a smell of the West Highlands in the moist air as we

sit over the white breakers, and conclude that bold boatmen could run this river, and that it would one day pay them to do it. But the coast here is wild and inhospitable, if rudely beautiful and interesting, with the Trugo Macho rock offshore. The islet Matalqui, on the rough coast-line to Cucao, has a great hole through it, like the famous hawser-hole on the Point of Ness, by which the Hebrides were dragged from the coast of France! This hilly point and the landward *terrena* is actually traversable, although the higher and exposed ground is covered with the sharp-leaved quiscal, whose fruits are the chupones so much in favour. There is a smaller species in places on the cliffs and amidst the lower fallen rocks, called poe, with a red central growth, very pretty. We find new land being taken in on the heights over the delta, and the brush cut down has simply been thrust amidst the surrounding brush that is standing, to form an impenetrable barrier. For many of these shrubs and trees, such as the several species of barberry, have thorns, and protest against rude treatment on the part of the wayfarer.

The mountaineers returned pretty well tired out with their desperate climb, having proved that the white rock was not diatomite, as might have been anticipated from the position indicated. But they brought back two white stones from the top which are highly valued by the natives, and more interesting from the story annexed than from their intrinsic value. For they call the one male and the other female, and travel from a long distance to procure them, that they may produce fertility in their potato-patches by rubbing them together. They seemed to be a species of quartzite. The weather had not been good, but

Sunday came dry and sunny, and we resolved to start at once on our return. As wind and tide were both against us, we decided to leave the chaloupe and take to the dug-out. In this we ensconced ourselves as best we could, and, leaving the picturesque and fertile spot, where only man was vile, we commenced crawling up the stream. The journey over the old ground was more picturesque and pleasant, for what can resist the charm of sunlight amidst sylvan glades? But by the time we reached Coipomo, after a couple of hours on horseback, when we alighted we were amazed to find ourselves worn out. Although cramped in the dug-out, and with plenty to do in the saddle, we found our condition inexplicable, until it dawned upon us that we were starving! We slipped into the hut where our comrade had been regaling himself with *Avena tostada*, and tried a handful in cold water just as it was. It acted like a charm, and the rougher road to come seemed gayer and lighter. We all felt gay as the boat passed down the San Antonio, and slipped past the interminable reeds and the amazing bird-life of the meadows and the mud-banks. A coipu, the most inquisitive and careless we had ever met, fell to the gun of the Professor in the bow, and enabled us to note the resemblances and the differences of this Chilian beaver from its northern prototype. The zarapitos (*Numenius hudsonicus*), a diminutive but very pretty curlew, are scampering merrily over the sand-banks, and the night drops ere we dodge the tide and the shoals, and after a hard day once more make the capital of Chiloe, Ancud, where we can at least get something to eat with less than fifty per cent. of dirt, and stretch ourselves comfortably in cosy pyjamas, after a four days' rush amid the wilds of Chiloe.

XII

AFTER DARWIN IN CHILOE

We are now on classic ground, on the track of Darwin. Around Castro and Chonchi there is evidence of much cultivation, of more ancient date than on the west of the island. Here, too, we take advantage of the admirably-managed little steamer *Pudeto*, commanded by Captain Crutchley, which runs about these *canales* from Puerto Montt as far down as Mellinca, in the Guaitecas Archipelago. This saves us the ride from Castro to Chonchi, and enables us to have another hour of cheerful English society amongst these still uncivilized islands.

We are joined by the Alcalde of Chonchi, José Maria Barrientos, the engineers Munizaga and Frites, the good Dr. Oyerzun, and with *mozos* and our two selves make a merry cavalcade as we gallop off for the central lakes. The road to Huellinco is as varied and beautiful as could be desired; but we have delayed greatly over the late breakfast of the country, which we have partaken of in the quaint farmhouse belonging to the family of the Doctor, where old-fashioned kindly ways prevailed among the old people, and the repast was good and solid, served with old-world sim-

plicity and goodwill. The Doctor has his little rifle that also throws small pellets for birds, and as we proceed we are indebted to him for specimens of the large woodpecker, pure black with rich carmine heads on the part of the male, while his partner is solely black. These carpinteros, as they are called here (*Picus magellanicus*), make a very loud noise in the woods, and are not difficult to approach, but more difficult to see in the deep foliage of the bordering thickets. There are more clearings than we anticipate as we proceed, and we pass new orchards planted by driving a thick branch into the ground like a large stake, which in a few years becomes a well-grown tree. For this temperate land of moisture grows anything with rapidity that does not require a wealth of sunshine. We are not certain but this was the most passable road we found in the South of Chile, passing as it did over a rolling, hilly country with beautiful vistas to right and left, crossing the streams Huequeldeo, Trañil, and Quemllé, all bound, like ourselves, for Huellinco Lake. As we crown an eminence, we get a fine view over the intervening forest of the distant lake, only to plunge once more into twining lanes bordered by flowering trees and plants and the usual wealth of evergreen. We meet a group of boys who have captured some fish in one of the streams. At the first glance it is impossible to deny that these elegant fish are trout; yet, as they have no scales, they are scientifically shunted into another family—that of *Haplochiton*, with which name they have to endure existence as best they can, and cover themselves with it in place of the scales they have managed to do without so long. This was our first

introduction to the Chilian trout—the *Farionella* of Philippi's classification, the peladillo of the Chilenos, and the cauhuau (pronounced 'caūwaū') of the aborigines. Shortly thereafter we come down upon the hamlet of Huellinco, at the end of the lake of the same name, where the little Rio Pelú enters it. The situation is most agreeable, and rough wooden houses, with plenty of room, are at our disposal, as the engineers and surveyors are working from here as a centre at present. A base-line for triangulation has been cleared at Huellinco—a difficult and serious operation—and a high tower is being erected to endeavour to see over the wooding, and serve as a point of sight both to and from. A pleasantly-situated mill is near by, and the 'race' to it is itself a pretty stream, where we in vain seek to discover the eels of which we have heard so much in Chiloe. We are promised specimens awaiting our return, but, as they did not turn up, we never were able to ascertain whether they were the lampreys that cause most stories of eels on this coast, or really the true anguilla, of whose presence in Chile authorities have never yet been satisfied.

Not until between eight and nine o'clock at night, and after dusk, do we manage to start down the lake in a chaloupe of some 25 feet long, with six oars. The beauty of the oarsmen has not increased to any appreciable extent since Darwin started in a periagua for the same destination. The night is fine, if dark, with a contrary breeze, and it takes us more than two hours to reach the end of the lake Huellinco—the first basin—where we land on a small beach, and light a fire of kila cane while the boat is being baled. The effect of the blaze on the water and the surrounding wooded

hills was very fine, and the warmth was not unwelcome, for the night was raw, as must almost of necessity be the case in such a dripping land. The journey so far was most picturesque and romantic, and passing the narrow passage between the cerros of Contento and Lenquetro we enter Lago Cucao. A similar stretch of water to that already traversed, with densely wooded banks, and the moon blinking at us through the clouds, leads us at length to the reedy stretch at the end of the lake and the end of our journey. We have still a tramp in the dark of the small hours until we arrive at Capilla, where the wooden church, occupied, perhaps, for a day or two a year by the peregrinating priest, is situated, close alongside the wooden shanty in which we are to settle for a day or two.

The entry at such an hour into an uninhabited dwelling without fire or furniture would have been dull enough, but we have a gay company and *mozos* galore. The sunken hearth is soon lighted up, ready hands keep the fire alight, birds and meat are skewered and kept turned before the blaze, while others turn saddles into pillows and ponchos into blankets in the ready manner that those accustomed to the *campo* know so well. As the liquor-supply of Chonchi had been completely exhausted in a 'carnival' of the authorities —not to say an orgy—the night before, our scant stock does not go far; but all turn in without a murmur and with republican *camaraderie*, even the *mozos* rolling themselves up in corners near the fire, or seeking the neighbouring Indian huts.

No one was very early afoot next day, as one after another rolled out on to the floor, made such ablutions

as were possible, and prepared to aid in procuring breakfast. This seemed nobody's business specially, but now, as always, we were greatly indebted to the gun of our American companion, who was ever on the spot when feathers were about. The spur-winged plovers (*Vanellus cayennensis*), called by many familiar names, such as fraile, queltegue, or tregle, were fortunately numerous and readily procurable, not to say much valued for the pot. For with such a goodly company, all with camp appetites, the question of food-supply was more important than well organized.

Cucao, the notable, was very different in the daylight from what it was in the moonlight, with its weird, unknown possibilities. A great quantity of cleared land was in the hands of the Indians here, whose huts dotted the neighbourhood. They have had a very bad reputation, so many vessels have gone ashore on their wild coast, and so few survivors have ever been found to tell the tale. They seemed to have plenty of the hardy pony of the island, with not a few cattle and sheep. These latter are a very small breed, and often have three or four horns, more resembling goats than sheep in many instances. They did not weigh as much as a good quetru, or steamer duck, but were decidedly more delicate eating.

The short river flowing from the lake followed the same tactics as did the Imperial and others on the coast, slipping southward until checked by a bold sandstone cliff ere facing the turbulent sea, whilst the bank thrown up between it and the salt water was a vast stretch of fine sand. The tidal water reaches the lake itself, but when the river is unchecked by the tide it is a pure, deep, fine stream, down which we proceed

by boat. As we run down its short course a bandurria, or ibis, a pretty little duck, and a zarapito, or small curlew, fall to the guns, with a number of the lively little charadrin, allied to our ring plovers. But what a stretch of coast we look out upon! Just picture Mackrihanish Bay, twenty miles in length, with its mighty roll of breakers sweeping up over golden sands, dotted with bird-life all along, with innumerable shells, crowds of skipping crustaceans, and a boundless horizon. It is a glorious vista, and a mighty preserve of Nature that she seems determined to keep for herself. For although the sands are unlimited, and undoubtedly 'golden,' the small flakes of gold will not manipulate as they would were they granules, and all efforts to practically utilize what is awaiting the advance of science as much as the advance of civilization have been in vain. We are given portions of the cliff to the south that have fallen and become water-worn, for it is very hard and difficult to break pieces off direct. These rocks are simply masses of fossil turritellæ; and had we not ourselves dredged thousands of this pretty spiral shell from a few yards of ground, and satisfied ourselves as to their multitudes in suitable situations in our own Northern seas, it would have been difficult to appreciate the presence of such quantities under normal conditions. Being so hard, it would make a quaintly pretty stone to polish for ornamental purposes.

The natives at all these places came to Dr. Oyerzun for advice or with wounds, and he treated them with skill and promptitude. He assures us that a special pharmacopœia is required in such a district as Chiloe, and it is useless to follow the beaten path of the

faculty. In the first place, ordinary medicines could not be obtained; secondly, they could not pay for them; and lastly, they would not use them if they could. Simple disinfectants, such as strong aguardiente, emetics like tobacco, the commoner and well-known herbs of the island, articles that are likely to be in the house, and not what can be obtained from a chemist's shop, are what are required. But the people, leading an outdoor life entirely, are wonderfully hardy; and they all possess the faculty of enduring pain with equanimity, or deadness of nervous system that prevents them feeling it. Of the other Indian races of the north, we are inclined to put it more down to nervous insensibility, as, in the experience of most of us, the football-field or the moor, if persisted in, makes us laugh at injuries such as would upset us for weeks when chained to the desk. We have ourselves received much wasted sympathy, such as is thrown away upon wandering tinkers or other rambling vagrants; for nowhere more than in this connection do 'circumstances alter cases'; and the former become indifferent to variations of temperature, as well as to wounds and bruises, under the vivifying and recuperative influences of the open air. These Indians always go barefoot, and consequently are much exposed to wounds from slips of broken kila or other wood in the forests. One lad made his appearance with a splinter about 2 inches long that had entered behind the eye and buried itself. He had been thrown from his horse, that everyday occurrence in wild lands only traversable on horseback. The splinter had been embedded for some days, the wound looked horrid, and as the lad stood stolidly to have it

removed, without a shake or a shiver, one admired the excellence of the victim as a 'patient,' but disbelieved in the possibility of acute suffering. Injuries of all kinds heal rapidly ; but, on the other hand, all along this coast diseases seem also to come rapidly to a head, and the best or the worst is soon known.

The clothes worn generally are the home-made woollen garments, indigo-dyed, that are so good for a wet climate; but a craze has set in over the world for white shirts of linen or cotton as an evidence of 'gentility,' and some of our half-Indian companions sported such under their home-made ponchos. We do not wish to suggest they were worn until they fell to pieces, as in Kaffir-land, or that they were of the latest cut and the 'seventeen-hunder linen' quality; but it showed an evident desire to aspire towards the standard of more civilized centres, and as such could only be commended as an effort in the right direction. Whether some of the men were friends of the washer-women, and were graciously permitted to wear a few of the 'pieces' for a week until in a more suitable condition for the wash-tub, did not transpire on this occasion, although we have heard of some awkward contretemps when the name 'got adrift' before the eyes of too-deeply interested parties. When feet coverings are worn by these lower natives, they are made from a piece of raw oxhide, punctured with holes at the edges to receive a thong of the same, and so bound over the foot. It is like the addition of an extra skin to the already thickened epidermis, but does not appear to us an improvement, as in the sloppy ways the foot is kept always *soaked* and soft, in place of merely wet, while the ordinary rapid evaporation is

prevented. Bad shoes are much worse than bare feet, and subject the wearers to severe colds—a fact well known to the people in the country districts of Scotland, where they wisely go barefoot rather than wear inferior boots that keep the feet damp and cold.

Where the sand melts into water-worn gravel on the borders of vegetation, along the paths near the Indian huts, we come upon many cup-shaped depressions, where the bottom of stones is surrounded by great collections of shells. These shells are all of fair size, have been alive when placed there, and are not water-worn or fragmentary, nor could they have been swirled in when the land was lower. No, all are comparatively recent, and still fresh. What are they? They prove to be the remains of the Indian feast, or *curanto*, which is a rollicking picnic and good time with both sexes and all sizes. The ground is hollowed, and the bottom and sides laid with large water-worn stones. Here a fire is made and covered up so as to heat the stones until they are thoroughly permeated with the heat and able to retain it for a time. In the meantime the whole party are busily engaged at the tide, which on all the coast of Chiloe retires considerately to a distance, and permits its vast wealth of shore-life to be explored very thoroughly. The great chapas (fissurellæ) are collected here, the siphon-shells are obtained there; the choros, or great mussels, are occasionally dragged up from deeper water; the large trochi, that represent our winkles, are found amongst the stones and rocks; and the cup-shaped limpets are sufficient for a good draught when empty. In fact, the whole foreshore is ransacked for favourite edibles—and it is strange what the Chilote will not eat from the fore-

shore—and thrown upon the hot stones, which have meantime been swept clean from the charred wood. On the top they place the various edible seaweeds, such as a favourite green laver, and over all the heavier seaware as a 'pot-lid.' They prepare for the feast in a condition of excitement, dancing and shouting, and once the great stone-lined cupful is pronounced cooked, the ware is removed, and each endeavours to stow away as large a share of shellfish as possible in the shortest possible time. As there is little or no attempt at native houses at any distance from the sea, there is little difficulty in procuring the necessaries of life in one shape or other; and this may be one reason why in a new country, with plenty of 'sea-room' both land ward and seaward, no idea of thrift or lying by for the morrow has yet attacked the inhabitants. Besides what can be here obtained from the shore, the short river is full of fish; wild-fowl, as we have seen, are abundant; and in the season wild fruits of a kind are added to the cuisine. In the forests the native nut-tree avellano, the witch-hazel of the States, yields its nuts; while many acres at a time are under a rich growth of strawberries of good size. Amongst the many species of myrtle are several whose berries are employed to make preserves, and are also eaten by the natives as they are; the chupones, or sweet seed-cases of the quiscal (a species of bromelia), not to speak of the wild potatoes, when they are too lazy to plant them for themselves, eke out an existence. But land is so cheap and plentiful at present, and sheep or cattle so easily obtained, that the poorest *roto* family can only starve through resolve or indifference. From these quiscal plants a remarkably fine and strong rope is made by

the Indians of this district of Cucao, and we purchased a length of it for the extravagant price of one penny (5 cents); good tough hats are also woven from it. From the quilineja climber, with its thread-like trails, they make very pretty and enduring baskets; but they have not yet come to appreciate the value of this marvellous creeper, from which a ball of cord can be so readily drawn of indefinite length, and all that it might be made to do for them in their household economy. The colonists who have gone amongst them have not yet had time to consider this problem; but a few ingenious men, when they obtain a little leisure after their struggle for independence, will no doubt turn it to profitable account amidst the rich vegetable treasures of the dripping land. The fruit of the luma (*Myrtus luma*), called kow-chow, one of the commonest trees in the island, is used to make a fermented liquor, and we were informed that children, who eat many of its pleasant fruits with a peculiar flavour, appear as if drunk. They are not unlike our blaeberry in size and appearance, but with a superfluity of seed.

Cucao is on the wet side of the island of Chiloe, and did not fail to assure us of the fact. But our Indians brought wood, and when we were tired investigating the productions of the woods and the marshes, a fire was made on the sunken hearth. But no chimney is thought of in these regions. Open windows, with wooden bars to prevent entry, and a wooden shutter running alongside to close them at night, admitted air and received the smoke when the door was closed. At night we were properly smoked for a time until the fire died out, and the cold, raw air of the damp night took

possession. But by that time all were generally past dreaming, if they had done their fair share of the day's duties; while, to be honest, it is not difficult to sleep in a damp and somewhat depressing climate after being half or wholly soaked all day. The Indians and native Chilotes are even more indifferent to wet than are West Highlanders. When tired, after arriving late, and fresh mutton was scarce, we made *valdiviana*. This is a soup made from charke, or dried meat, cooked before the fire, pounded between stones, and torn into shreds. Any procurable vegetables, including potatoes, were added, and whatever birds fell to the guns. In this way we managed to dispose even of quetrus, or steamer ducks, as heavy as geese, but much coarser. There was much enforced communism as to dishes and steel, and the general indifference that seems to come so readily to even civilized humans in *campo*. One must draw the line somewhere, however, and when the amiable Doctor turned from opening an abscess with his sharp clasp-knife, and prepared to cut off chops from the skewered mutton, even although a perfunctory cleansing with aguardiente had taken place, our monitor rebelled!

When it was permissible to ramble round the neighbourhood, with its comparatively cleared ground, we were continually lost even in the narrowest stretch of scrub, with tracks of the oxen all over it. The various barberries grew strongly; canelo, a species of magnolia which flowers richly, was scattered amongst the bosques; myrtles of species everywhere abounded; and pigeons fluttered about, but were difficult to reach through the intervening evergreens. So soon as we emerged from the brush on to cleared land or

marshy ground, we were sure to be met by the persistent cries of the friars—the spur-winged lapwing—as they went through all the manœuvres of the home bird, just as if the latest fashions in manners had been received from the well-ploughed lands of the Far North. More than one snipe was started in the marsh-lands, and a beautiful little bird—black and bronze—skipped alongside the smaller pools or raced over the haggs. Ducks of more than one species were offshore amongst the reeds, and by no means unacquainted with fire-arms; the hualas called wailingly from the outer waters, while water-hens, grebes, and coots of smaller calibre, came within easier range.

If we reached Cucao in the mirk and the moonlight, we pushed through the reeds on our departure on the afternoon of a pleasant and even warm day, and the richly-wooded shores of the lakes looked as gay, and more cheerful, than in the merry moonlight. Several streams with sandy bottoms enter Lake Cucao, and a few streams of larger volume with the prouder title of 'rivers' flow into Lake Huellinco. But although so long known to civilization, they have mostly never been surveyed; and we owe to the courtesy of Señor Munizaga, the engineer, the knowledge of the latest work in this direction. Here we may indeed parody the saying as to the Hebrides, that 'the water is all land and the land all water.' For the water is all woodland and the thickets all water. It is dusk as we run our chaloupe on the shore at Huellinco, having run up with the breeze that blows so steadily from the west, and, dodging along the Rio Pelú, prepare for supper, which we have helped to provide on the way. We had investigated a river on the way that enters on

the north shore—Rio Notué—where we shot a fine specimen of the beautiful kingfisher of those parts, the only species in Chiloe, large and with fine blue markings. The water of this river was all deeply coloured with tepú (*Eryenia tepu*), which when in too great luxuriance is a most objectionable growth, seeming to be more partial to the water than the land. The shores and bottom were formed, not of rounded pebbles, but flattish water-worn stones, as if from slaty laminæ. These only appear occasionally, however, and the river was really wooded as a rule to the water's edge, not to say into the water, while overhead the flowers of myrtles relieved the monotony of the dense evergreens.

We must really have a look at the river Melinlebu, for we are informed that it and its connections communicate with at least six other lakes towards the south and east, the whole forming a great waterway over much of the island. While we are deep in the mysteries of this river, whose mouths are at no great distance from Huellinco, our comrade slips ashore, and circumvents a noble white heron (garza), whose great black eye with yellow iris seems defiantly reproachful, even in death, at its beautiful white robe being soiled with its blood. But to the waterway, which runs some 16 miles from the fine *laguna* of Tarahuin, about as large as Cucao, and near the Eastern Sea. Our chaloupe is not long out from amongst the reeds before it is amongst the branches, and we push through for about 1,000 yards. A specimen of the great beetle with savage nippers (*Chiazognathus grantii*)—used by some of our friends to grind up for cantharides plasters—is here secured, as we strain our

eyes for the clear river beyond. There is a landing-place on a slippery bank, where some trees have been cut down. It is suggested that we leap ashore, and we not unwillingly stretch our legs ere proceeding up the river. But we soon discover that we can proceed no further by water, the overgrown trees closing the navigation. However, then, do you know where it comes from, and how far it is to Lake Tarahuin? 'Oh, this path has been cut alongside for the surveyors, and is a capital road!' Hope springs eternal—or infernal—in the human breast; man never is, but always *to be* blest. But violent expressions of opinion are around us as to 'being blest' if there is a road, a path, or a resemblance to either! Certain it is that the particular machine has yet to be invented for traversing these wilds. The peons have cut a track through the dense forest, and our riding-boots are short enough for the work of following it. The water is mud, and the mud bottomless, the tree-trunks slippery when fresh, and seductive exceedingly when rotten, while all the time mosses of grace and beauty, exquisite crimson coligue, and the greenest of dangling ferns, are dropping their crocodile tears down every vulnerable point. The wealth of beauty is torturing, the insect-like call and movement of the humming-birds aggravating, and the golden-crested-like tits are gay deceivers, for the naturalist's little rifle is astray. What can one man do in an hour in such a wealthy storehouse of exquisite cryptogamic plants? We see an eerie creature mocking us with its large blue eye with the golden iris, and we fire into the dusky night of the mid-day forest. There is a splash in the water; we hope not in the mud. Why, the night-heron has

dropped in the middle of the *river*, readily reached along the tree-branches, for the river is all forest! This fairly steady stream was absolutely overgrown. The trees bend over these rivers until the branches reach the water, where they end by taking fresh root, and soon a tree is in the current. In this way the whole becomes absolutely overgrown, and no doubt after a time, getting choked, is turned into a hopeless swamp. What can be done with such a condition of things? we ask, as we shrug our shoulders and look helplessly at the overpowering vegetation that seems indifferent to where it grows, and seems capable of finding nourishment in mid-air if it had only something to hang on to. As we look at everything growing something, and something growing everything, we get anxious about the telegraph-wires, and dubious about lakes and paths. But we are assured that the peons would clear the whole river to the lake at the rate of $15 a cuadro—$3,000, say £225, for the whole length! We suggest mildly that the river would be then as much of a river as the track alongside was a road; but the indignation evoked by such a slight thrown on the hardy Chilote peons forces us to withdraw the soft impeachment, and explain that we meant 'as much of a river as the road was.'

The engineers can only work in these lands during the few summer months, so the process of surveying is a slow and tedious one; indeed, it is difficult to keep paths, cut during the summer, from being as bad again by the following year. Amid such impenetrable vegetation, it is difficult to say that life is scarce; all that can be said is that it is rarely seen and seldom heard. We were presented with a young specimen of the small

tree marsupial (*Didelphys elegans*), as the first ever obtained in Chiloe, it having fallen upon one of the tents of the engineers in the woods. But we find that Cunningham records a specimen from the same island. Foxes are not by any means uncommon; deer are rarely obtained, but this may be mainly from their small size, and consequent ease of escaping amid the dense woods.

If there is a wonderful charm amid these wild solitudes, however, there is also a charm in escaping; and when at length we bid good-bye to the plain but good-natured faces of the Indians at Huellinco, and start again on horseback for Chonchi, we do so with added satisfaction, seeing the day is not wet, but only showery. We enjoy the bracing gallop, and the hospitable table of the Alcalde for the evening meal, and the satisfaction of a bed when all is over, even if it be in the midst of half-cured skins and aguardiente-soaked specimens, and the aroma of natural history unnaturally treated. Chonchi does not boast of a full-blown hotel, like unto Castro, the ancient of days, but it owns a kindly mine host and hostess; and we bring back with us from the central lakes memories of sleepy woods and sleepy Cucao, lulled to rest by the roar of the Pacific, and watching over the golden sands, none of which prevent our peaceful slumber. For Chonchi, too, has gone to rest, with its smacks for the once prospering timber trade well up the beach, awaiting a brighter to-morrow.

XIII

DOWN TO THE PALENA

THE little French-built war-vessel sits gracefully on the water. From certain little peculiarities that distinguish it from an English vessel of the same class, it is well called the *Condor*. But the company is friendly, as it requires to be in the confined space, and the good-humoured darkie from the West Indies, working his passage north from the Straits, is not at all displeased either with his quarters or his company. Chatty and communicative without being impertinent, he is a capital example of a very interesting class. 'I'm an Englishman, sir,' he assures us in excellent English. 'This is the cheapest place on the coast. Look at these eggs—only one dollar for a gross (1s. 6d.); that is very cheap feeding. And these Chilians are not at all a bad lot—not like Spaniards, always out with the knife. No, they will fight with their fists like men—not a bad lot at all, sir!' So, with this certificate of merit from our dusky fellow-countryman, we start once more along with our charming American companion, and call in at Puerto Montt to seek for some extra supplies. These, unhappily, were not forthcoming in this pleasantly-situated and neatly-built little town,

like so much of this portion of Chile, created by German emigrants. As usual, we are somewhat late in starting, having awaited the arrival of a new Administrator for the colony of Palena—Señor Oliva—and a fog having commenced to hang about a region that does not require this additional aid to navigation. Through the Gulf of Reloncavi the steamer capers like a Frenchman, and generally shows a volatility of disposition entirely out of keeping with the serious character of the expedition. We had hoped to make the run to the river-mouth at a break, but this was pronounced impossible, and we ended by sneaking in the mist through the islets, the two *practicos*, or pilots, we had shipped shivering physically and mentally along with the captain on the bridge, till we dropped anchor in the harbour of Quicavi. Not even the breakwater of islets could arrest the levity of the *Condor*, and we were not displeased when the afternoon of the following day cleared sufficiently to permit our running down to the better roadstead of Queilen, still on the mainland of Chiloe, and situated on the promontory south-west of Lake Huellinco. The large island of Tranqui, lying opposite the anchorage, somewhat arrested the effect of the southerly wind.

How disturbing are these varying seasons of Chile from north to south! Here in October we are properly in spring around the Gulf of Corcovado. On shore at Queilen the barberry (*Berberis darwinii*) is in rich flower, the yellow bunches showing everywhere. Two species of erica are also in flower, the one quite a large tree with richly-scented bunches of heath-like blossoms; the other smaller in every way, but although a true heath, the leaves belie the character. A species

of small-leaved myrtle is the hardest wood here, and grows large. It possesses the extremely valuable property that it can be burned directly it is cut, invaluable in such a sloppy land. Even a bunch of the small leaves and twigs can be lighted directly with a match. There is also growing freely a climbing 'tree' called an 'elder,' that gradually strangles the parent tree around which it sets out by supporting itself; but by the time this support is destroyed, it is quite able to stand on its own legs. Both this ungrateful plant and its foolish support were in flower together.

Up the streams bird-life was not scarce, while corrals for fish were erected across the mouths of the inlets. Quite a number of quetrus fell to the gun, and their stomachs were full of crustacea, mainly a species of galathea, which seems common in these waters. It is probable that these birds with heads like anvils do not eat fish, or are unable to catch them, from lacking in speed. They seem to feed more at the bottom, on mollusca and crustacea. The rough protuberances or callosities at the joints of the wings are employed in fighting, and Professor Hambleton informed us he had seen a large male attempt to join a pair that had mated. A desperate fight ensued, and continued for long, the interloper being often forced to dive, and the combat being to the death, had he not fled before the combined attack of the pair. These interesting birds have been the subject of much controversy. They are found in fresh-water lakes up near the Cordilleras, and, as they do not fly, important earth-movements have been suggested to account for their presence in such localities. At the same time an attempt has been made to define two species, one capable of a certain flight, the other

unable for more than the paddle-steamer effort on the surface of the water. The two problems may be explained together by the fact that the young birds are equal to a fair show of flight, that they pass up the smaller streams in which fresh-water mussels (unios) abound, and could readily pass over the intervening ground—often sloppy enough—between the fountains of a stream flowing to the sea and those of one flowing into the lake or lakes in question. As the young birds increase in weight they are unable to take a true flight. The principal shells on the beach here are a species of venus, while the choros (mussels) obtainable in the neighbourhood are fairly large, and the fattest we have eaten. They are cheap, and seem abundant; and as one may be said to make almost a decent meal for an ordinary person, they are an acquisition to the populace, who are fully aware of their value, and declined to give information as to their whereabouts. This came innocently from a youngster, who indicated the inlet in the vicinity called Puhildad. The islet of Queilen has four consecutive corrals, mostly dilapidated. and the fish taken are mainly robalo and peje-reye, We purchased from native Indians a small basket of rushes, in which they collected their sea-treasures and carried eggs; but we could not get them to part with the better-constructed baskets they had for their oats, which the women were winnowing by the wayside, dropping the corn through their fingers in the wind.

Our old friend the little screw-steamer *Pudeto* anchors not far off, having run down its customary course amidst the *canales*, in spite of the fog that has stuck us up here for two days, with our two pilots to boot. We board it in the evening, and return late and

confident to the *Condor*, for Captain Crutchley assures us that *he* will certainly leave in the morning early for the Guaitecas Archipelago; and as one of our pilots has been on board for additional information, they will be ashamed to remain after he leaves. All proves as he predicts, and we start for the Buta Palena down the Sound of Corcovada immediately in his wake. We do not wonder at the desire of those on board the cockly craft to reach these inhospitable shores in decent weather, for the slightest excuse is sufficient to make her dance like a schoolgirl. Much anxiety is natural until we sight the Huala Point, the bold hill that guides us in, well named after the solitary wailing water-bird. The real mouth of the river we leave to the right, guarded by its many rocky sentries, and steam straight for the shore, according to instructions. There is a general sense of being swindled even in the minds of the pilots, but when close up to the rocks we open another mouth behind a long sandbank, and are soon at anchor opposite the Administration House of the colony. It is only by a very liberal interpretation that we are in the estuary of the Palena, and the Government House is *de facto* on an island. Having the authority *in posse* on board, we set out to visit the authority *in esse*, wondering he does not board us at once. The acting 'Governor' is a noted character, with whom we have travelled before. He is well over eighty years of age, having been pilot in these seas to Fitzroy in the *Beagle*, and his name of Yates (pronounced locally Yah-tes,' in two syllables) remains fixed to several points on the coast.

When we reach the shore, waterproofed and booted —for we have arrived in the normal weather of mist

and rain—we find only a half-Indian and his wife in a little cottage. Where is the colony? Oh, it has all gone to Mellinca, in the Guaitecas Archipelago, for the monthly supplies, to meet our friend the little *Pudeto*, which had proceeded thither. For this hardy old sea-dog looks forward to this run in his chaloupe to visit this outskirt of civilization, his son also being pilot and second in command of the *Pudeto*. He is still full of vitality and activity; and another ancient a few years younger than himself, a reckless American, rather stimulates than checks his adventurous and daring spirit. He has sailed these wild seas until they are familiar as his alphabet; but it did seem somewhat startling to find the whole important colony away in a small boat, and we sympathize roguishly with the new Governor, who gets such a wet and cold reception from Nature and man on his arrival. The only inhabited hut was clean and neat, and the people very kindly. The beautiful breast of the pajaro-niño (Penguin) was used as a seat-cover, and the old pilot has infused an English look even into this corner of creation. A small garden tells us that it is indeed spring here. A mass of daisies a foot wide forms a border to the paths; the masses of polyanthus of all varieties are somewhat *passé*, as are the lilies, while the cabbage-plants are a mass of yellow; the friendly forget-me-not is too luxuriant to be forgotten; apple and pear trees and gooseberry-bushes are all in blossom; pinks are coming on; and we feel a national pride in this touch of an English hand that has made the wilderness to bloom like his own homeland. The land towards the sandy point is covered with wild strawberries, and we are assured they are much finer in

flavour than those of the north. We were not rude enough to ask if it were possible to pull them *when dry!* A stroll in the neighbouring woods, through which a path has been cut to the further shore of the island, showed the same amazing wealth of vegetation; and a special large fern was here greatly in demand to take to the far north.

Difficult as was our entry into this snug and extensive embouchure, the entry of the sea was easy enough, as all along both sides of the estuary the trees were cut as with a knife at the height of the tide. Had the water been fresh, they would have grown down into it, as they were growing upwards to the tops of the nearer hills, some thousands of feet above us. For however steep they appear, all are almost impenetrable forest. When the mist clears, the higher peaks are revealed snow-clad, for this river is dominated by a notable peak 2,400 metres (7,900 feet) in height, looking, with its four teats, like a cow's udder upside down. Yet the trees along the banks are in flower, and the beautiful white-breasted cormorants are streaming past the vessel with their bills filled with sustenance for their young or materials for their nests. Spring is indeed in full swing here, and the result beautiful exceedingly. Nor can we fancy ourselves so far from civilization as we undoubtedly are, nor the climate so severe as it is sometimes depicted. There can be no sharp frosts, in any case. As our little steamer was not in the way of taking risks in these unsurveyed waters, and the only possible pilots were away, we explored the vicinity by boat. Up the estuary into which the waters of two rivers flow we found lovely little ducks; shot cormorants white-breasted, more beautifully crested than our

green cormorant, and with a large blue circle, clear of feathers, surrounding the eyes, and very pretty. We came on a pair of steamer ducks evidently nesting, but could not find the nest amid the luxuriant vegetation. Very extensive *playas*, apparently reed-covered and not untraversable, proved to be everything they did *not* appear to be. We could not cross them at all, being only tufted, with deep morass between; and the reeds were a small, pretty species of cane that is used for thatching the roofs of the huts. They grew in very great quantities over a long stretch of ground.

The scene on entering amid the so-called *canales* at the foot of the mountains, and bordering the delta of flat land, was indeed magnificent: the great mountains clothed with wood up to the snow-line, a fresh fall of snow, which arrived as rain in the river, having recently occurred. On landing, the wooding was almost impenetrable; but the copigüe dangled its great scarlet bell alongside the dainty white bunches of the flowers of the climbing quilineja; the Chilian pine thrust its pretty green through the brushwood; but the quila cane* was mostly dead, or in delicate green sprouts, showing it must have flowered the year before. The great coligüe† cane of Araucania, from which the Indians made their lances, the climbing elder, the luma, and other myrtles, were all flourishing, and the latter flowering along with the exquisite erica, that grows like a forest-tree. We landed on a little rocky islet, cormorant-haunted, well up the estuary, and found the floor under the dense wooding carpeted with the quilineja climber, a curious development of this interesting plant, which was yet even here coming

* *Chusquea quila.* † *Chusquea coleu.*

into flower. We feel as if it were useless landing without a party of peons, machéte in hand, to cut a path for us. Here looks like a possible entry into the mountain-slope to the north. We push the boat into the small creek, that looks like a gap left by the disintegration of a trap-dyke, so sharply is it cut. It proves an admirable natural boat-harbour, clear of the influence of the entering and returning *marea;* but as for examining the rocks! The further slope is a mass of dead and decaying vegetation and fallen trunks amidst the living foliage; huge pangue fill the gaps; giant ferns cling to the crevices and overhang the rock-face; and the lower portion, within reach of the tide, is literally covered with mussels. These are not so good to eat as those more directly under the influence of the sea-water, but they are at least plentiful enough.

All these days we have not yet seen the real Rio Palena, and as there is no sign of the return of the colony and its pilots, we decide to start ourselves, satisfied that after our preliminary skirmish amongst the *canales* we can find the river. For this being properly the estuary of another smaller river, it is taken advantage of to connect with the greater river above its obstructions. We start gaily, taking a tent in case of detention, but hoping to be able to return in good time. The tide being lower than when we visited the difficult entrance before, we make some false starts, but at length enter the narrow mouth of the canal we had penetrated two days earlier. This proved without exception the most remarkable natural stretch of water we had ever seen. A natural canal, of the same width all the way, richly and beautifully wooded to the

water's edge, yet of very considerable depth, although the oars could almost touch the vegetation at either side, ran for four or five miles. It ran gracefully winding through the great flat delta at the foot of the mountains, high snow-capped or mist-clad, that make this an enchanted land greening up to the snow-line. All the way through it was a charmed scene, with the great fronds of the pangue growing in places, even on the overhanging dead trees. The genii of vegetation guarded the riches of the ground, impossible to penetrate with quila and coligüe under the massive trees. The beautiful green of the Chile pine shot up amid the rich large yellow flowers of the pelú, that hardest and heaviest of Chile woods; the myrtles in varied blossoms hung over the languid stream, the barberry in a richer yellow filling up the gaps. Dainty little ducks with bronze breasts rise and patter off on the surface of the water, a sick quetru dodges under an overhanging root, and flights of the beautiful pigeon, torqueza, rise from the higher trees. 'Is this a canal?' at length demands our comrade. 'I believe we have discovered a new river.'

Our experienced comrade shakes our confidence in our judgment, so at mid-day we stop for a snack and a pipe, and discuss the situation. 'Now——' But a shout of disgust breaks the thread of the argument, for the crew discover that the old tinned provisions supplied for the journey have to be consigned to the depths. We have meantime decided that we are right, of course, and resolve to proceed; and calling the men aboard from their feast of pangue, we again push ahead. We have not long started a second time, when, turning a corner of the wooding, the main river bursts

upon us in all its splendid beauty. For while the Rio Palena cannot compare in size with the rivers on the Atlantic side, these from their extent lose their river character and effect on the mind. They are too large to be grasped. This, on the other hand, is the largest and most striking river in Chile, as well as being in the midst of glorious scenery. From where we enter, a great stretch of delta, drowned in a rich vegetation, stretches from the feet of striking mountains along both sides of the swift river. We do not find the tide of special assistance, and have to row steadily up the river, taking advantage of every point to ease the rowers. Beautiful wooded islands and islets are passed, some of considerable extent, and we land on a sandy point that is actually comparatively free of vegetation. Yet even here the pangue is of great girth already and delights the mariners, the coligüe is about 30 feet high, without a branchlet such as breaks the line of the quila, forming magnificent fishing-rods awaiting the arrival of worthy fish and worthy fishermen. These canes grow in great stools like giant bunches of rushes, and are very graceful and pretty.

Every cloud that sweeps in from the Pacific drives against these mountains and comes down in rain. Heavy showers accompany us all the way, and we think ourselves fortunate in the day, and are satisfied that it does not fall in a steady torrent. As we dodge the current and refuse to halt even for a shot, the combat thickens amid the mountains. Dancing mountain streams plunge into the main river—here, however, generally in a giant leap from the hills ; gray-mare's-tails streak the sides of the distant mountains for hundreds of feet, and the mist keeps shifting and

skimming around the various peaks, now showing, now hiding, now creeping down a silent glen, now drifting up an impenetrable gully. And all the while the wealth of wooding comes with an overpowering influence to impress on the beholder the helplessness of humanity in such a region without great resources and unbounded courage.

After proceeding as far up the river as the time and force at our disposal would allow, but stopping short of the *saltos*, or falls, we returned and made a fire in the ruined hut erected by Captain S. Silva in 1893, a hut we had been seeing up and down the river for long, and which insisted upon enforcing the idea of an inhabited region into this centre of desolation. We had difficulty in reaching it along the few yards from the boat, so dense a growth had arisen since the explorer's departure.

The quila, the wild flowering currant, romerillo, a beautiful member of the *Compositæ* that frequently becomes a perfect pest on cleared land, and the ever-present myrtle tribe, had taken such a hold that only after our entrance did one of the seamen discover a rude wooden staircase with a hand-rail on the way up, that showed how civilized had been the original constructor. We made the most of our roofless hut, and brewed a good hot cup for ourselves, the men evidently pleased at the failure of their provisions, as we could not ask them to remain under canvas. The sandy *playas* were gay with grasses, including the pampas-grass, that is evidently a visitor from Argentina, amid whose pampas the river takes its rise. They jostled the barberries and the pelú, and helped to enliven a scene that somehow, for all its wild surroundings, gave a

civilized impression from its beauty and its grace. One objectionable feature was the entry here and there —where the woods were low-lying and dense—of the fetid waters, coloured brown, from the tepu swamps; while the river itself is gray and non-transparent, the bottom quite invisible at a couple of feet from the surface. Yet a cupful looked specially clear, and the mariners asserted it was 'the best water in Chile.' True, it is fresh and cool, as coming to an extent from snow or glaciers (here called *ventisqueros*, or wind-swept). Could a trout see one of the *May*-flies through it, that were wandering about freely over its surface in *October?*

We did not manage to secure one of the gay and rare mountain butterflies, that were not uncommon, dodging about over the wooded channel. The wealth of bird-life was not such as we had been led to expect, probably owing to this being their nesting time. Yet two species of cormorant and many species of duck were fairly numerous, and a few black-backed gulls were present. A more delightful waterway for an excursion could not well be desired, and our only annoyance was the failure of the provender, so that we could not camp out for some time, and penetrate further up the noble river in the footsteps of Steffan. The hut of Captain Silva was situated in a position enviable for an artist, a naturalist, or a colonist with courage and endurance; and we could not imagine why, after the expenditure of so much money by Chile on this 'colonial enterprise,' the pioneer erection had not been properly maintained.

We say at last farewell to the main river, and hasten through the canal, wondering if this region has not

once been under human care, and this an artificial cutting, after all. But our imaginings are cut short as the falling tide finds us amongst the sand-banks that divide the mouth of the canal from the estuary where lies the *Condor*. Here the scene is not only changed by the darkness now upon us, with the shadows of the mountains playing freaks on the watery land and the shoaling water, but by the tide itself, which has metamorphosed it. We are threatened with a night on the banks under the steady downfall, and it is more by good luck than good guidance that we manage to escape and crawl down an unexpected channel close under the hill, running directly opposite to our course until we reach the estuary. Our dusky fellow-countryman is the hardiest man in the boat, and the gayest of the oarsmen; for the Chilian under ordinary conditions is not 'gay,' having much of the stolidity and indifference of the Indian. We at length exchange the shadows of the mountains for the shadow of the lamp, and half unwillingly creep from a lavish Nature into the confined cabin. Half the money expended here should have meant comfort and plenty, with infinite possibilities to come, with a colony that could not have gone off in a small boat, or been counted on the fingers of one hand. 'You see, the money was not expended here, or at least not on——' But that does not come in here.

XIV

THE GUAITECAS ARCHIPELAGO

THE 'colony' has not returned from Mellinca in the Guaitecas, so we go to seek the colony. The weather has been rough outside, and they have probably remained to enjoy a *soupçon* of civilization. For 'Ya-tes' even yet enjoys a *cueca*, and insists upon having, and joining in, the national dance of Chile when on his monthly outing. The new Governor decides to return to make preparations for his summer sojourn, which demands special arrangements even when the colony is at home; and probably he finds even the somewhat curtailed commissariat of the *Condor*, not to speak of its company, more enjoyable than the handsome, but rather decaying, Administration House. We leave this beautiful realm, that we should have been glad to explore, with more regret than all the good ship's company and passengers. For the little boat is returning north from a four years' commission in the regions of Magellan, and all are hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt more than after the lavish vegetation of this land of promise—and no performance.

With the exception of the erstwhile penal settlement of Punta Arenas, on the Straits of Magellan, Mellinca may be said to be the furthest south settle-

ment of Chile, all between being the happy hunting-ground of seal and otter hunters, and during the summer the haunt of the hardy Chilote hunters for cypress-wood. At one time, in the heyday of its prosperity, Mellinca in the season boasted of a thousand temporary inhabitants, all mainly engaged in the timber trade, but bad trade and American competition has reduced this floating body to perhaps a hundred at the outside. The principal building—a very large and handsome one — is built of this most enduring wood; and although now twenty years old, and innocent of paint, it has stood perfectly the assault of this dripping climate. The constructor was the lumber-king of the place, and the soil for his garden was actually carried thither from Puerto Montt, no humus proper existing in these islands. Although the Indians in the old days used to visit these islands to fish, they never settled on them, the mica schist, or slaty rocks, acting merely as a foothold for the dense vegetation and heavy tree-growths, which must draw their nourishment mainly from the humid atmosphere. Decaying vegetation has created a peat growth in the hollows, and helped to make them more impenetrable. Great stacks of cypress (*Libocedrus tetragona*), in squared logs, are stored all about awaiting the revival of trade that was threatening to show itself. These logs, however, were of small dimensions, many little better than poles. Not that the natural cypress - woods had been entirely cleared off, but the impenetrable character of the southern islands caused the peons who followed the business to cut only those within reach of the sea, that could readily be removed thither in the short season vouchsafed them. As they only received

some 5 cents apiece, less than a penny at present fixed exchange, the inducement to bring them at all was very small.

But where is 'Ya-tes'? It turned out that he and the colony had disappeared. They had left Mellinca the day before we left Palena, but we had seen nothing of them. The crew consisted of Yates, the American called Mic, and three men, and no one seemed to have any concern for them. They knew every corner of the wild coast into which to dodge or lay up, and, as they had the month's provisions with them, and were all men of great experience, it was 'all right.' Mic, indeed, had first arrived in Palena at the then colony in a rotten boat full of dried fish, choros, etc., to dispose of; but the Governor would not let him leave again in his cockle-shell, and he had remained among them ever since. Many a strange story is told of the two old men, the oldest still ready to dance the *cueca.* Mic had been met out at sea shortly before alone, sailing his boat and steering with his feet. When asked where he was going, that the good folks might know should any ill befall him, he curtly replied that was his affair, as if he had so long coquetted with danger that he could not fail to circumvent it when it came.

Besides the important dwelling erected by Legres—whose bachelor son kept no establishment, his palatial residence being somewhat of a white elephant in the present condition of the lumber trade—there was the comfortable and hospitable home of Señor Dario Acchiardi, a most agreeable and obliging Italian, who was a general merchant as well as Customs officer, Legres being Captain of the Port. Acchiardi had

borne off from Ancud the daughter of a respectable Greek merchant there, Moraitt, and kept a liberal and well-ordered table worthy of any civilized centre, although the gracious and kindly manner of the host would have made the simplest fare agreeable. It was an unexpected pleasure to be regaled with after-dinner music by the hostess in this 'ultima dim Thule.'

There was an interesting discussion between the two captains present as to the weather of these regions. Captain Pujol, the Catalan captain of the *Condor*, declared that to the south of this archipelago the barometer was correct, but he agreed with the Basque captain of the barque in the bay that, in the region of the archipelago itself, it was of as little value as in the Palena. The skipper held that about the islands he only went by the thermometer, and this he could gauge as he lay in his bed, telling him without getting up how the wind blew or was about to blow. The south or dry wind was naturally cold from the Antarctic current, while the north or wet wind was warm. The south or west winds are the worst here, especially the west, for raising a sea, with the whole Pacific to play over. The north has not sea-room enough to raise a heavy sea in these *canales*. Many stories were necessarily current as to the characters that frequent these immovable wild islands to the south. Only during the summer months do parties fit up chaloupes, and sometimes large barques, for the seal and otter fishing; whilst others go for cypress, but do not fail to add a little sealing and otter-shooting to the steadier but less remunerative industry. The life is naturally a severe one, and many desperate characters get adrift amongst the wilder regions. We learned of a pair of

land-pirates who lived in a cave in the south for many years, and when captured were found to have the skulls of thirty victims, those of poor men they had murdered at various times for the merest trifles. On shore there was plenty of the edible but insipid fruit of the myrtles, two species of barberry were in flower and one in fruit, whilst the rich yellow flowers of the pelú blazed out amidst the higher vegetation. The huge red bee (*Bombus chilensis*, or moscardon), so specially characteristic of Chile, and more particularly abundant and large in the south, tears past as large as a Brazilian humming-bird, humming amongst the flowers in desperate haste; for it is not a social bee, and only lasts the season. It specially frequents the flowers of a tree verbena here, and the long pendent flowers of the wild currant. The parasitic crimson-flowered honeysuckle-like quiltran is equally in flower, scrambling along the trunks and larger branches. Everything in this wild land is, and, to live safely, apparently must be, exceptionally large of its kind, to prevent it being overpowered. We found here the Chile pine (*Podocarpus nubigena*?), one of the *Taxineæ*, in fruit, with a sort of berry with the seed outside the soft portion. It is a very interesting tree, like an enlarged juniper, and, like all the plants of these regions, demands water in plenty.

A fine new chaloupe of Acchiardi was voted better for an excursion than the *Condor's* boat; so, as it was kindly placed at our disposal, we started in it to investigate the nearest oyster-grounds in the archipelago. Those of Mellinca itself are only deposited beds in a most convenient inlet of some extent, 2 or 3 fathoms deep, where beds are well protected from the sea. We

started in a morning with a promise of wet, so for a marvel we left our guns behind us, even the genial Professor deciding that it was not worth the certainty of rusting them. An hour's stiff rowing took us to a narrow opening between two islands, and once inside, we came upon what seemed a sheltered cove, but proved to be an expanded stretch of water, between islands that narrowed at the entrance and exit to the open sea. Although it was a neap-tide, we were not long in finding that we were over the precious bivalves. The whole of this enclosed ground between the islands showed more or less oysters on shallow ground, such as justified the statement made to us, that at spring-tides they were simply shovelled into bags. But many were in much deeper water, that would have required a dredge—a mode of fishing not yet in operation in the archipelago. This is merely a small deposit, the more important beds being at Morro Alto, some distance away, where the fishermen have to spend the night, being too far off to permit them to return to Mellinca the same day. But the whole region is said to be oyster-ground, although never worked beyond 1 or 2 fathoms deep. Near where we decided to go ashore for breakfast (almuerzo) a hut had been erected for the fishermen who go there for robalo. The point is called Punto Manzano (Apple-tree Point), although no apple-trees are about, and, indeed, no settlement is now, or is known to have been, on the island, Mellinca being the only settlement on the archipelago. Rudely as the oysters have been fished, there is no apparent reason to dread overfishing for many a day, as only 400 sacks of about 1,000 oysters each were shipped in the year 1896, and the utmost has been 800

bags in a season, the price at present being $3, or 4s. 6d., a bag.

As we gaze down through the clear water, we find the ground covered by those objectionable visitors the erisas, or sea-urchins, that cause much anxiety on our home beds. The sight was a pleasing one to the crew, and soon became even more important than we dreamed of. For once more the tinned meat proved a delusion and a snare—after four years in the vessel, they said—and it was a serious question what was to be done with the crew for rations. The shore was already lit up with a cheerful blaze, but viands were absent, and our guns were also as far away as the Mellinca store. But a sharp stick was soon extemporized, and our Professor, with his mouth watering, was soon as anxious as the crew to secure the erisas, whose 'tongues' (*lenguas*) he hankered after exceedingly. These were soon obtained in abundance, and, eked out with shell-fish, formed a repast that was evidently most pleasing to the crew, while the Professor felt 'good all over.' All these erisas contained the usual crab, of the same genus (*Pinnotheres*) as those that frequent the horse-mussel with us, and covered over with a soft membrane. They were invariably females in our experience, and generally laden with eggs. We had not the opportunity of examining into this curious and interesting problem sufficiently, nor did we discover the male, nor the domestic arrangements of the female. These crabs are much valued by the Chilenos, who often prefer them to the *lenguas* of the erisa themselves. The large Maia crab, so noted about Calbuco, is also found here, but not so large. The shells of these and other

crabs are frequently observable in the houses of the people, where they are used as barometers, changing colour with the coming moisture.

The insect life is busy on the island, and the large red bees especially in force, and here goes—what? A noble bird is evidently surprised as it rounds the point, and we, too, are surprised to find guns in demand; for it is the great white Antarctic goose, or rather gander, the goose being a beautiful black and white. This is our first introduction to this noble bird, and we soon find this is a favourite haunt, 'far from the madding crowd.' The bold gander stands prominently on some rocky point, keeping watch and ward over his mate, on domestic cares intent. We push for the islet whence the male has just started, and luckily start the female also, its mingled black and white an admirable arrangement of colour to hide it amongst the rocks of the shore. The nest, like that of the eider, is made of the soft down from the female's breast, in some peat-covered hollow, or sphagnum-coated depression, in which she sits in happy reliance on her bold and beautiful lord. The pure white eggs were little larger than those of the eider-duck. The pajaro niño also nests in the neighbourhood, in some caves in an island at a considerable distance. The quetru does not seem uncommon, but according to our informants does not nest here until November.

On shore the common mollusc was the large blue trochus; but dog-whelks of species, a large venus, fissurella, and a formidable chiton, showed what could be got at low-water of spring-tides. Limpets, very deeply cupped, but otherwise indistinguishable from our

own at home, were numerous. Choros* are scarce about these islands, but picos (or barnacles) were coming on of moderate size, those of large size having been, according to report, destroyed by an earthquake. The smaller species of mussel, but still far larger than those of Europe, called cholgos, with numerous small ribs on the shell, are here exceptionally large and fine and numerous. With the dense vegetation of these lands, and, indeed, over the whole South of Chile, it is difficult to find nests; in fact, we rarely came upon them, and only as a rule by chance. The zolzal thrush is one of the commonest birds in Chile, very widespread, and constantly pursued for its flesh, which is good and delicate. Yet neither of us ever found the nest of one, either on the islands or the mainland.

A stick of pelú, we have often been told, is a treasure for strength, hardness and weight, but it is extremely difficult to procure a straight branch. We are assured of this fact by the Professor once more as we pass one in rich flower, near where we are searching for the eggs of great ducks, evidently with a homestead around. As he speaks, we note one remarkably straight bough, and resolve to procure it. 'You won't cut it in an hour, if you do it to-day,' he laughed. But we have experience of the wood, and fancy that these seamen have not, so call over one of them and set him to the task, preparing to amuse ourselves at his astonishment. But he does not commence as we had expected. 'We give you a cent a minute if you cut it down smartly,' we assure him. At once he turns and repairs to the shore, where he chooses a handy stone. What is he about to do? Returning to us, he also returns to the

* *Mytilus chorus.*

Stone Age, and, with his clasp-knife placed dexterously, he uses the stone as a hammer for the knife-chisel, and soon the envied stick is ours. He has had the best of the joke, but the cutting off the trimmings is another matter; so we return to the boat and thence to the ship with a gay yellow banner of pelú flowers trailing astern, and not until we reach the carpenter's vicinity do we manage to curtail it with the saw. Like the Chilian *roto*, the pelú proves a hard nut to crack, and it was grievous to see so many possible shillalahs wasted. The large chitons are quite a speciality of the Southern part of Chile, and we managed on another occasion to obtain some with very hairy borders. These were much easier detached from the rocks than the others, as they evidently trusted to their powers of dissimulation to escape more than to their limpet-like grip. The sloppy shore and the rainfall, when we were there on another occasion, prevented us obtaining the best specimens at low-tide, but the purple trochi were large and brilliant, and the rocks were green with laver of large growth. Doris of species were there, and large sea-urchins. The best oysters are very like the English natives in appearance, small and deep-cupped, and, if cultivated and attended to, ought to provide a valuable industry. But, like most oysters from pure sea-water, they have a distinctly metallic taste. In March the fuchsia was in full flower, and the peach-trees take not unkindly to the soil about the houses. Besides the sea-birds common to the coast, the large kingfisher is said to be common, but we neither met it nor any of the heron tribe here. We saw a little bird when crossing the gulf, like a stray finch from the shore, but it is said to be a diver, and

only to be found about the Gulf of Corcovado. The Professor had tried in vain to procure a specimen. Although about the size of the smallest petrels, it has not their flight, nor otherwise does it resemble them. We saw with Señor Augustin Garcia a specimen of large pecten, the only one we met with. Both shells were similar, in place of the one being convex and the other flat, as with our *P. maximus*. This Spaniard from Coruña had started a fish-curing and tinning establishment at Mellinca, and had prepared some admirably preserved marine products—both fish and mollusca. Indeed, the sea in this quarter is most lavish in life of all kinds, and might supply an indefinite quantity of food that would be welcome in the North of Chile. While the prevailing rock is a species of mica schist, we came upon strata of coarse sandstone, and occasional beds of very pure quartz. We were shown iron pyrites from the Rio Aisen on the mainland, and prospectors have found gold in paying quantities up the Rio Palena, *if they could only manage to live in the district.*

It was clear, from the home of Acchiardi, that life was possible, and not intolerable, even here, although the absence of the possibility of agriculture, and even the difficulty of pasturage, checked important development. If the cypress trade had continued thriving—and the stock around the house of Legres alone was valued at $30,000 — supplemented by fisheries and canneries, one might look hopefully to this region, 700 miles nearer civilization than Punta Arenas, although not like it in the track of the steamer route. At present it is awaiting coming events, and something to turn up, other than the occasional sealers, and lumber-men, and bold prospectors, and rare monthly

visitors who drop ashore at this furthest limit, in this direction, of steam navigation. When some new system of prospecting has been discovered that will permit a proper examination of the mainland rocks, now under the jealous care of the dense forests, there are practical men of experience who look to this region as a future miners' paradise. When that day comes, the secure harbour of Mellinca will doubtless share in the plunder, and flourish as it did under the cypress boom. The Chilotes and islanders that frequent these seas are good boatmen and hardy men, and they labour hard at work they know and are accustomed to. The cost of building really admirable chaloupes of some 40 feet long is so little as to predicate a great development of marine industries here in the hands of capable capitalists and administrators. The 'English of the Pacific,' if they mean to maintain naval supremacy, should foster the hardy rovers of these wild seas, and employ a more watchful eye and stretch a more liberal hand towards the invigorating south.

XV

THROUGH THE CANALES

'LOS CANALES,' or channels between the various islands and between these and the mainland, are numerous and interesting. They have the further recommendation that they can be traversed in a comfortable steamer, under a capable and agreeable English captain, with engines in the hands of a solid Scottish engineer, and everything shipshape and reliable. You know that the recognised course will be run, the ports reached at the proper time, and security be as absolute as the ways of the great deep will permit. We are here on the track of the buccaneers, whether Dutch or English, who hunted the Don everywhere for his dollars, or because he was a foreigner and a 'Papist,' or just '*cos*.

As Ancud is the capital of the province, we may as well go on board where there are authorities, all educated, friendly, and attentive; and one at least, the Captain of the Port, with a name historic as regards Chile, and himself redolent of the land of his sire, which he never saw—green Erin's Isle. The race through the Channel of Chacao, between Chiloe and the mainland, is severe in spring-tides, and it is well

to wait till it is favourable, as otherwise no time is gained and much coal is wasted. So we get on board the steamer in the offing in good time in the Port Captain's steam-launch; for the authorities in all the principal ports of Chile are well provided with craft, as well as with the insignia of office. The most powerful nation in the world could not make a more gallant show than the little republic in this regard, and the traditions of Spain, the imperial and all-powerful, still hang around its self-reliant colonies.

To the north, in turning into the Canal of Chacao from Ancud, is the sandy reach of Carelmapu on the mainland, whose golden sands have enlivened the district, through the labours of adventurous spirits who have not, however, realized a golden harvest. These sands seem to have been washed in from the sea, as at Cucao in Chiloe, and do not represent a local deposit. On the right, on the inner end of the channel, is the old station of Chacao, for 200 years the principal port of the archipelago. Founded in 1567 by Martin Ruiz de Gamboa, it was not abandoned until 1768, when the church was burned and the town transferred to San Carlos, now Ancud. The awkward situation, and the many accidents to vessels thereby, was the immediate cause of the removal. The northern run to Puerto Montt amid the islands of Calbuco (where there is a prosperous little settlement with good dwellings and factories) is a delightful one in good weather, whether the vessel glides amongst the islands themselves, or keeps the mainland on its left; for all is richly wooded, with small clearings between, which gives that human interest to the beauty of the landscape so sadly lack-

ing in the Southern Archipelago. The nearest thing to this run amid these islands and islets is to be found about Rothesay and the Clyde, if one could imagine humanity less represented and wooding more prevalent. But indeed this coast is *sui generis*, and combines the delicacy of foliage of our northern Scottish wooding with the evergreen of the ruder pine-woods. Quite a sprinkling of civilization shows amidst these northmost channels between the islands on the Seno del Reloncavi; and from the first visit of the Spaniards this thinly-inhabited region seems to have been in the hands of a race more amenable to control, and less warlike or dangerous, than the natives of Araucania proper. They seem to have remained poor and out of touch with the silver lands of the north, as one never sees the peculiar silver ornaments of the Araucanians amongst any of the natives here. When the nuns of Valdivia fled from the Indian warriors of the north, they seem to have passed through the intervening land towards Chiloe without any danger except from the difficulty of the unknown country.

But one naturally asks, If the people were so amenable, and the country has been in the hands of the Spaniards since 1567, why has this whole region remained in the backward position it occupied until the other day? These islands do not suffer from the serious difficulties of the mainland or Chiloe, as it would not have been difficult to clear them, and transfer their produce to market. We must turn to their own frank chroniclers to find the reason why an island like Chiloe itself, with a population in 1760 of 40,000, had declined, in place of advancing, to 24,079 in 1780, of whom 13,266 were Spaniards and

10,803 Indians. 'The archipelago was a feudal holding during last century of a few merchants in Lima and the authorities established in the islands. To the tyranny of the one and the abuses of the others we owe the vicious and absurd commercial system, depressing to those who examine the exchange between merchant and workman or producer, as even brought down to our own day.' Don Lazara de Rivera writes in 1780 thus freely: 'If the sacred rights of humanity, of justice and political wisdom, had not been violated, it is probably certain [*probablemente cierto*] that prosperity and wealth would have vivified all parts of that body now a corpse. How is it possible that these vassals would be industrious and hard-working when continually employed in hard and trying labour without recompense?' The struggle against Spain was long continued in this region, and, like our own Highlanders for the Stuarts, the Chilotes fought for the Spanish King they knew nothing of, and had nothing to thank for.

It is probable, and, indeed, certain, that in the earlier part of last century enforced labour produced more for the few; but the majority suffered, and have not yet been able to rise to any appreciable extent from the crushing influence of those times. As we proceed down the *canales*, at one point it is said nineteen churches on islands and mainland can be counted at one time, and one ignorant of this feature of the past wonders who built them, and why they were erected. During our visit a friend started across country to examine some land that was said to be of superior quality. On the way, although he thought he was practically pioneering, he came on a small

clearing with a dilapidated wooden church, quite unknown to his guide; and when this strange fact was brought before the Cura, the still stranger fact was elicited that he himself had never heard of it, and knew nothing of its existence.

The distance the vessels remain from the shore is a source of great annoyance at many of these so-called places of call. Even at Calbuco, with its fish and other factories, the distance is so great, and the demands of the boatmen so exorbitant, that it is not worth while either landing for the few minutes possible during the vessel's stay, or waiting until another call is made, uncertain and delayed as this may be. Besides the tinning of fish, the drying and cooking of shell-fish is a large industry, strings and sticks of the latter, brown and indistinguishable as to species, being common objects over all this coast. They are also exported to the north, where the shrivelled objects are much valued. But the ease of procuring this food along this coast, where the rise and fall of tide is occasionally very great, has directed too many thereto; and this, with the lack of administration, threatens to kill the goose that has laid the golden egg regularly for 300 years. As elsewhere, so long as it was a question of the native food-supply it was not so serious; but when it becomes a matter of manipulating for export throughout the country, the danger of overworking natural supplies, that are no one's business to protect or cultivate, becomes imminent. A business both local and national is, however, gradually growing along these shores and among the islands, and it is wonderful how the facilities provided by the regular call of a steamer stimulates industry even in remote ports. The port of Quemchi, securely

situated inside the harbour formed by the large island of Cauquahué, has a snug settlement where a business is done in wood mainly. As the land here is richly wooded down to the water's edge, and the whole back-country is forest, it will probably be long ere sufficient clearing is made to create an agricultural centre; but as the port is an admirable shelter, it will no doubt one day be more important, and meantime can exist on the lumber trade. The rocks visible were sandstone. We lay here snugly, and passed a pleasant evening, for the steamer is seldom without pleasant company in decent weather, leaving apart, as 'going without saying,' the courteous and attentive captain, who has made the route successful by deserving and acquiring the goodwill of the population. There is always a Customs officer on board—an admirable arrangement, as permitting the vessel calling at out-of-the-way landings, where he acts in a double capacity as Captain of the Port. In the early morning we have already slid down to Quicave, badly protected by a large group of islands, with a church and a few shanties on one side, and a few scattered stores on the other side, where the population are busily engaged gathering shell-fish on the extensive beach. For here the tide rises and falls from 24 to 26 feet. As the land is generally about 200 to 300 feet high, with pleasant clearings amid the woods, it rouses the intelligent and untiring enthusiasm of a German fellow-traveller. We watch the result with an interest not wholly unselfish, although the humour of the situation drowns for the moment the more personal question. For have we not the genial Professor with us, and, alas for his peace of mind! his camera into the bargain? Be the

sun sinking to its rest, with the scantiest of margin for the erection of the instrument ere the disappearance of the light; be it so early that the first good yawn has not yet disappeared from the kindly owner's face, nor coffee from his mind's eye, the energetic and forcible son of the Fatherland pounces upon the Professor, that he may utilize the fleeting moments and immortalize this row of shanties, that wooden church exactly like a score of others, or this mole that has a thousand counterparts in Europe, and can only be recognised again by the name on the back. The Professor is slipping from the state-room to the cabin, and putting his camera carefully away with such a show of packing that no ordinary human being could ask him to undo it except to immortalize the already immortal. But we have not to do with an ordinary human being, but a German commercial traveller; and it is a delightful study on the success of 'hammering away' in procuring results (in which we hope to share), and becoming a nuisance (which we endeavour to avoid). We do not believe the Professor fully appreciated how much he owed to the presence on board of this mosquito, with no bloodthirsty motives, to rouse him up to make use of his opportunities, such as might never occur again. But was the light really bad, the ship too cradly, or the conditions generally unsatisfactory, that those views of the wonders of the *canales* have not yet taken the world by storm?

These Islas de les Chauques opposite Queicavi are well wooded and well peopled, rising to the agreeable height of several hundred feet. To the south there is a long low flat island, also well wooded; and still beyond, towards the mainland, are two small islands of similar

elevation where there is a considerable population, living largely on shell-fish, a beautiful species of venus being abundant there. We are assured that the natives 'yell like Indians' during the *curantos* when they put these shell-fish in the heat, 'to make them open their mouths better,' they say. The island of Tac here looks like a man-of-war of recent construction, and is apt to deceive one at first sight, fearing a new revolution or a modern buccaneer.

In passing through the Chacao sound, we observed long lines of pelicans lazily flying before us. This is the first year (1897) they have appeared here in numbers, as they are birds of the north, and we saw other great flights after leaving Queicavi. A white-breasted cormorant, but differing from that in the Rio Palena, was also common. These huge pelicans, fish-eaters, must be attracted here by the wealth of fish-life, but also partly driven from the warmer north through superabundance. No one seeks to slaughter the great unwieldy dirty creatures, and so they keep increasing like the cuerbos, or black Brazilian cormorant of the whole continent. Were they sought after as shell-fish of all kinds are here, they would not long show in such multitudes.

The little steamer by now has slipped down the coast as far as the settlement on the island of Quenac, with the customary church and wooden shanties around. The church is quite an important building, with a row of pillars in front, and a roof well made of good alerce slates. All these islands and the mainland opposite were peopled fully in the Spanish times, and it is from the channel here that the nineteen churches are visible at once. At the extreme point of

this island of Quenac there stands out in bold solitude a great natural pillar, forming a most effective and striking guide to the place.

Between Quenac and the mainland is the great island of Quinchao with the port of Achao, one of the ancient settlements dating from early Spanish times. The village around the church shows all to be nearly fossil, the majority of the houses poorly built, and the better class evidently stores. The situation changes much in appearance from time to time owing to the great rise and fall of the tide, the bay being very large. The island itself is extensive, with wooded cliffs, and is said to be very populous. Some 200 or more years ago the original wooding was cut off this and other islands. And the new growth that has arisen and covered all over is aroyo, a species of myrtle, or at least an allied tree. From Achao on the island of Quinchao the steamer returns to the north, and enters into what appears a deep bay with Dalcahue Settlement at the head. We, however, really traverse the Canal Dalcahue to the little old settlement, with a large church and a group of rough houses, that dates from early days, and lies at the foot of rolling hills. The vessel twines like a snake amongst these islands ; for, Dalcahue Channel passed, it turns due south until, after rounding the point of Aguantao, we are confronted with the fine island of Lemui. Into the Canal Lemui we turn due west, only to turn north again and run up to Castro, nearly opposite the point of Dalcahue that we left hours before. The island of Lemui is one of the most thickly populated parts of the archipelago, with bold rolling hills. It is divided amongst many native families

living mainly on potatoes, and they subdivide the land until a similar condition prevails to that in the congested districts of Scotland and Ireland.

A very large fossil venus, and other fossil shells, are found on the mainland opposite. The principal centre on the island of Lemui is Puquildon, on the top of a rocky slope or wooded cliff that melts into a long sloping beach of gravelly sand. The usual wooden church dominates the place, and a well-built wattle cruive crosses the estuary of the stream near. All the natives we met here were barefoot, and it is quite clear that they have not bettered their position much since they were vassals of the Spanish oligarchy of the archipelago. We received from Dr. Oyerzun specimens of a very pretty and clean diatomite from Puquildon. If one is continually confronted with the smallness of the world in these corners, into which men seem to get swirled from every known coast, we were astonished how large a small vessel may become under given circumstances. The way the Professor—hunted by the German, haunted by an idea—disappeared at the crucial moment was most ludicrous; and we had decided to have a typical church photographed, and shovel in a few huts and stores, à free supply of wooding, and an occasional spell of beach, to meet all emergencies, when a new situation arose and broke the delusion. Here is something that won't bear such cavalier treatment. As we ran up the long winding Estero de Castro, an arm of the sea like a Highland loch, the beauty and security of the situation struck all forcibly. We are entering one of the oldest settled parts of Chiloe, for Castro was the capital from its settlement in 1567 until the transfer of the centre of authority to

Ancud in 1834. As we round a point, covered for 150 feet up the cliff-face with kila, we come in sight of another point known as Punta Manzana, or Apple Point, with an old apple orchard. It is said to be a natural growth, although the apple which has taken so kindly to the South of Chiloe is considered to have been a Spanish introduction. The aphis that of late has committed great havoc on the cultivated trees has attacked these also, although they seem to have been free from any such attack for centuries before.

The camera is voted a delusion as we enter the head of the bay, with the full moon throwing its silver on the water in elegant wavelets in front of the advancing steamer, the church of Castro standing prominently on the brow of the jutting point 100 feet over the sea, and visions floating overhead of the sturdy Dons rushing to man the guns as the vessels of the buccaneers were descried forcing their fearless way even into these waters, where the town seems hidden as in a labyrinth. Oh yes, the Professor is confidently prominent on the deck now, as the mosquito sidles up to him with a query on his tongue, but hope absent from his eye in front of the beautiful and impossible scene. We turn round the point into a fine bay off the main *estero,* which continues still further up north. Lying on the top of the point, where it can sun itself, with the river Gamboa flowing down a little valley on the one side, and the pleasant bay, with well-constructed mole, on the other, few finer situations are to be found on the coast, or, indeed, on any coast. For its bay is large enough for a navy, and secure enough for small boats, with a good mud anchorage and deep water inside up to the shore.

Plundered by the Dutchman Baltazar de Cordes, and burned by Henry Brower in 1643, it was almost entirely destroyed by an earthquake in 1837, only to be swept by fire in two great waves that left little behind them in 1857 and in 1895. No wonder it has fallen from its high estate, and is trying hard to recover its confidence and self-respect, after being kicked by Nature and human nature, and spared neither by the foreign foe nor the Government of the time. Had Castro remained the capital, and a proper road been made from Ancud thither, this would have done much to develop the whole archipelago, with a central authority more immediately in touch.

We reach the unkempt-looking plaza situated well over the graceful and gracious woods and waters. A good Government building is on one side, an admirably-arranged fire-brigade is determined to prevent future disaster on the same scale, a handsome cathedral—handsome in spite of galvanized iron—occupies another good site, a church has possession of a corner, and a hotel with considerable accommodation looks out on the square, over which the big red moscardons are flying, and we are chasing butterflies in red and yellow livery. But the munificent wage of four and sixpence a month cannot rig out the poor slaveys in these hotels in purple and fine linen, and they appear with feet as innocent of covering as their persons are ignorant of soap. Poor little kindly Chilian woman, you haven't always a good time of it; but you are not overdriven with work, and you are no doubt happier than if in the East End of London. The Juggernaut car of civilization is much more cruel than the dug-out canoe drawn by oxen, and soap and

happiness are not by any means synonymous. Even the absence of 'Sunday braws,' which they do not seem to possess, does not mean misery where all of the class are alike.

A hardy Scot, still fresh and vigorous beyond his years, is a notable figure in Castro; and his son has been one of the pioneers who has done much to open up the wilder parts of the country. His graceful house is full of the more interesting products of the rocks and the forests, from fine fossils to the nests of the humming birds, of some of which felted gems we take possession. But the storehouse of his knowledge of the country and the people is still more interesting, and he evidently loves the picturesque land in which he has made his home, far from his original Kyles of Bute. The father still can get his tongue round the Gaelic, but the son is more familiar with the Indian language. And do not the ladies figure amongst the acknowledged *flores Chilenas*, the Chilian beauties of which the little State is proud?

A gallop of four miles from Castro through beautiful and partially-cleared land takes us to the Tabla Cui-cui River, which, being interpreted, meaneth 'The Bridge of One Plank River.' On the way we gathered heaps of beautiful mushrooms for dinner, and crossing over a natural bridge over a beautiful gully, we dismounted and obtained specimens of ancudite from the rock there.* This is a charming part of Chiloe, not so wet as on the west, with a look of longer settlement, and a vision of

* Fairly large *Terebratulæ*, heart urchins, and murex shells were found amongst the ancudite, which is otherwise a very slightly adhesive mass of granulated and comminuted shells and coralline; the formation runs into a rude sandstone. Although ancudite can be burned, it is somewhat crude lime, and not utilized to any extent.

what may come later to this island when the woods get partially cleared, the farmsteadings more civilized, the landscape enlivened with more signs of humanity, and the cattle to be seen browsing on *made* pasture in place of lost amid the kila-cane brakes. Down towards the mouth of the pretty, clear, swift stream our friend Mr. Robert Christie pioneers us, again over mushroom-bespattered pasture, and here he tries for trout with a coligüe rod. The larger ones he had previously supplied us with are not taking to-day, but we have soon panting on the green bank plenty of half-grown little fellows, gleaming with purple over the distinct trout bars, and with a rich bronze bloom over the purple sheen. Little beauties they are, regular little thoroughbreds — none of the big-headed, big-finned, perch-like trucha of the north. We might, indeed, be angling near the mouth of a Highland burn, but for royal ducks swimming seaward, the evergreen foliage taking the place of the 'light and gay' birches, the tall white heron watchful and curious and jealous of our entry amid its private preserves, not to say the trappings of the horses and the ponchos of our companions. A pleasant scene indeed! such as Darwin does not seem to have fallen upon when he wrote his somewhat wet-blanket account of this green but dripping land. If these fish do not go to sea—and authorities differ on the subject—they certainly frequent the estuaries, and do not find the brackish water antagonistic any more than our own *Salmo fario*, to which this scaleless but beautiful *farionella* bears such a remarkable resemblance. We got them of all sizes and stages, the larger being ripe with spawn at the end of March, the ova being quite remarkably small, however. The

small sardine, plentiful over hundreds of miles of coast, was here to be found also, but never fished at any time.

Out from Castro we passed many layers of shells, covered with layers of soil. Our companions held that they were the remains of the *curanto* feasts of the Indians in old days. They seemed more to represent to us raised beaches; even if the remains of Indian feasts, they have been subjected to the volcanic action that has never long left this region alone, and from which Castro itself suffered so severely and so recently. Stone axes have been found in this neighbourhood, but we saw or heard of no arrow-heads. Besides the commoner shells of the coast, we found here quantities of the fine piculhue, or large caracole, obtained at low springs, about the roots of the kelp, and also in deep water. Women had gathered some from the lowest ebb amongst the gravelly sand. They had no operculum, and the mouth was very wide.

At sea, although assured that no such shell existed here, we found quite a number of an elegant pecten with the dredge; and fissurellæ of several species were on the shore, more delicate and graceful in construction than on the east coast, where they are more remarkable for *size*. A very fine specimen of a hard sponge came up in the dredge, and the minuter crustacea were plentiful. But the dredge of a naturalist on this coast is only to be employed on rare occasions, and in special protected ground. The bulk of the ground we struck was composed of too large stones or too soft mud, although farther north amongst these inner waters we obtained interesting forms of the smaller sea-urchin, and the smaller shells were commonly occupied

by hermit crabs in place of the original inhabitants. Off Castro we obtained from 8 fathoms a large ovum of the skate-like manto, in which the young was very fully developed, but the tail much more important than in our own species. This might have become less prominent as the development proceeded, as a considerable portion of the umbilical sac remained unabsorbed. This seems a very large species, a specimen taken off Puerto Montt weighing from 1,200 to 1,400 pounds, and the captain of the *Pudeto* took one in the harbour there measuring 6 feet by 8 feet, a size only reached very occasionally by our largest gray skate. None of these *Raiæ* are eaten on the coast of Chile, where they otherwise eat most creatures that come from salt water.

A row from Chonchi to Castro along the shores of Lemui and all the length of the *estero* of Castro is most agreeable, and all the more when the company is good. There are some silly-looking fools sitting on the bank, and as we threaten to come too close they waddle down to the shore as erect almost, and ungainly, as penguins. No sooner do they flop into the sea than the scene is changed; for the quetru, or steamer duck, is at home in the water, but neither on the land nor in the air. Our companion shows us how best to secure these iron-headed birds, with skins as tough as ox-hide, and feathers as close and thick as they can be spread. In skinning them, their general constitution and iron muscles are such as to suggest defiance to ordinary shot; but the Professor circumvents them. One shot on the water and they skelter off, with all their feathers loose, paddling well out of the water with their paddle-wheel-steamer gait. This

is our opportunity, and the second shot generally finds some weak spot, like the heel of Achilles, a weakness undiscoverable afterwards to the knife of the operator. The quantity of heavy shot found just through, or sticking in, the 'hide' of the creature is out of all proportion. A species of heron new to our experience escapes, and a kingfisher flashes past as we are engaged with the quetrus. The friars, or spur-winged plover, come too nigh for their well-being, as we leave Lemui behind us and enter the well-wooded *estero*. An old Spanish fort, with guns of the seventeenth century, is on our left. They were forwarded from Peru to protect the place against the Dutch, but the vessel grounded to the south. Strong launches were accordingly sent for them, and they were thus conveyed to their present situation, a very serious operation, as they are large and heavy. Having started late from Chonchi, and the wind having fallen, we arrive late indeed at Castro, in time to prepare for a late dinner, amongst many friends and good viands. For it is remarkable how well they can forage, and how cleverly they can make the best of the result, in these out-of-the-way quarters, where decent wine of the north is to be had, and the cookery, if somewhat French, is always good.

The harbour of Chonchi, although somewhat more exposed to the north wind, is otherwise a very good one, while the land in the vicinity is richer than at Castro, and much of it cultivated, but somewhat too broken up and subdivided. As it is proposed as a centre for colonization, it ought to progress if judiciously administered. At present, although a focus for the best roads in Chiloe, and with well-built houses, and

men of enterprise connected with it, yet there is not a wheeled vehicle, only dug-outs drawn by oxen, for the traffic of the town and neighbourhood.

After leaving Quillon, we pass the island of Caylin, which is said to have been the first settlement of the Jesuits in Chile, and where of late they have been washing for gold. Ere entering Quillon we endeavour to question the sea-bottom as to the ways of the great deep, and the result puts us in mind, both as to character of mollusca and crustacea, of the bottom of the sea-lochs in our own West Highlands, to which otherwise this broken and island-besprinkled sea continually sends us in spirit.

To the ordinary Chilian this coast is the 'back o' beyont,' and yet we have walked on shore through natural wooding where the soil was sandy, more like a scene in an English park. With its healthy and equable climate, its hardy peons, and its fairly good soil, the archipelago should one day fill its *canales* with gay sails, and dot its shores with many a pleasant residence.

XVI

AMONGST THE COLONISTS

It is well known that the little Chilian humming-bird (*Trochilus*), the picaflor, or flower-pecker, of the Chilenos, frequents the whole coast to the Straits of Magellan, or wherever the fuchsia grows freely. We heard the same story from several of the best observers in Chili, not from hearsay, but from their personal observation, viz., that these dainty little birds hibernate in a way. The same story has been so often told, and so generally scoffed at, in the case of specimens of our own swallows, that it demands good authority even to be repeated. Don Pedro Adams, of Osorno, first mentioned the fact as occurring in his experience more than once; while Professor Hambleton assures us that in beating the bushes in the winter with his butterfly-net for insects, a humming-bird that had been hanging by its feet, head down, like a flying-fox, fell down. He stuck it in his pocket, and his warmth brought it to life on the way home, when it flew about his enclosed veranda. He captured it a second time with his net, but when placed outside it again became unconscious and in a comatose condition. As spells of cold are rare and of short duration in these lands, while flowers

of some kind are rarely absent, it is possible they may thus for a time sleep over trying weather, with less waste of tissue than if, like Dr. Tanner, they maintained a less somnolent and more mentally-active condition. But Dr. Tanners are fortunately scarce, and humming-birds find cover with facility even in this land of rain and drip, while the colonists who arrive with the wildest notion of the climate, or the character of the island of Chiloe, have, as a rule, neither the constructive ability of the bird, the self-restraint of the Doctor, nor the faculty of sleeping over evil times like the picaflor in extremity. We must see how they manage in a country to which they come without foresight, and in which they are not the least likely to find this quality amongst either the evergreens or the reckless cane-brakes.

Up the Rio Pudeto we proceed by boat until we reach a smaller *estero*, bordered by extensive reaches of reeds. The row from Ancud is a long one, and Ancud is the colonial centre for provisions and supplies of material of all kinds. Once the *estero* is entered, the boat finds it difficult enough to progress, although the tide is high and the waterway full. It is again a long row, and by the time we reach the road to the colony of Huellinco it means an arrival in the dusk. Up the steep bank we clamber, wondering where the Administration House may be, and hardly prepossessed in favour of the system of conveyance when the entry is so rude and crude. But the coloured map of the colony does not include this particular part, and our mind is full of the beautifully-drawn rectangles at each side of the straight dividing central path. Having tumbled up and stumbled along for an indefinite distance, that does

not appear any shorter in the dusk, we at length reach a paling, and enter a well-constructed wooden dwelling. A mattress and some viands have accompanied us, no doubt for some poor colonist, we fancy; but we soon discover that it is thrown down in a corner, and with our cloaks and ponchos is to constitute our couch. A haphazard meal is cooked for us in the shanty of a colonist across the way, where the plucky Irish wife of an Englishman is 'making believe very much' that she is satisfied with her surroundings. Her shanty has been thrown up as a temporary effort at a store, the farm of the family being at some distance. But the store does not look prosperous, and the possibility of prosperity seems distant when the poor women of the colony, with the remains of London finery, or boots made for Birmingham, hardly holding together here, and without stockings inside, come up without the wherewithal, to obtain some small necessary on credit. Is this a bit of thriftless England dumped down without knowledge, without skill, without physique, and without money, in the heart of a heartless forest of Chiloe? Daylight will enable us better to say, but meantime we return to our well-roofed house with a sad foreboding; and in spite of the bold and dashing young fellows about us, who make light of all difficulties, who are accommodating themselves with the courage and buoyancy of youth to the new conditions, and are satisfied to be dry outside, we look at the beautiful dead huala hanging up on the wall, and decide that it was infinitely happier, and better prepared for the struggle for existence, than the average Englishman of to-day out of his immediate surroundings.

The morning is fairly good for this country, and as

we stroll around the vicinity in the morning, and note the clearings made alongside, we grow more cheerful with the sunlight, and even admire the large half-bred horse that stalks along with a touch of pride in its gait amid the hardy Chilotes. For has it not all its feet well shod, whereas they have only their front two? And has it not English blood in it as well, like the best of the men around? The stretch of rough road in front of us is wide enough, but rather cut up from over-traffic, no doubt, for all the 'world and his wife' centre here to 'ask for more'; and here is also the 'daughter,' quite cosmopolitan enough to be the daughter of such a pair. For does not the smart-looking Dutch girl, sitting cross-legs on her Chilote, speak some half-dozen languages, and trot through the woods as if to the manner born? They are not so badly off when they have a pony to carry them, but the poor folks who have none that we meet on the way dragging their feet out of the mud with the 'thug' of a popgun, look woe-begone enough. Here, however, is a smarter step, as we are about to return for a matutinal snack, and the daughter of a colonist of the better class, who prefers her English feet as yet to the more uncertain pony-back, walks up on her errands. It must truly be said that there are fewer complaints from these better-class colonists, settling quietly down to fight their battle with grim Nature, and perhaps finding it less grim than it appeared at first sight, like many another adversary. But it is so much easier to be brave when the belly is full and the back warm.

In this condition we prepare to start to see the nearest locations, and, booted for the journey, prepare to mount. We look dubiously up the flank of the

stately mount we foolishly admired, but silently scramble up Mont Blanc and into our seat. A smart Lancashire lad is our guide for the day, and he proves as bold a horseman, and as thoroughly acclimatized, as if here for eighteen years in place of eighteen months. His people are of the better class of colonists who have settled solidly down to work, while he has gone out to aid them by taking service under the administration. Full of energy and intelligence, he is of a kind that the County Palatine turns out in numbers, capable of making room for themselves anywhere. Not oversympathetic, he means business, and knows what he wants; and when we meet Dobson some six months later, he has not only made himself fairly master of the language of the country, but is acquiring a working knowledge of the German, so largely employed in Ancud. The movement of Mont Blanc's back is somewhat trying after the smaller horses of the country, and we begin to grow suspicious, before we have galloped very far, that it may not be so sure on its four iron feet over the *planchas* as the half-shod Chilotes. Rough as the road at starting may be, we soon discover that 'roads' is a jocular expression, and the tracks through the forest are simply clearings with the machéte through the undergrowth, so as to permit the usual dug-out canoe to be drawn by a pair of oxen. From mud-sloughs to tree-root labyrinths we pass, Mont Blanc splashing and sliding and scrambling with amazing pluck, but without the dexterity of the half-shod natives. The woods on all sides appear as if untouched by the hand of man, while the height of our mount just carries us well above the clearing amongst the cut edges of the kila cane, the broken branches

of the evergreens, and their dripping fronds. We feel at first overburdened with an honour unto which we were not born, but grow more dexterous as we advance, although our Scottish neck is somewhat too stiff to swoop with the snake-like facility required to save our eyesight. And these are the 'roads' over which the colonists have to tramp when poor, to drive their oxen with a dug-out when beyond immediate poverty, and to canter to the settlements, when they are often little better than beggars on horseback riding to their proverbial friend. While much may be said for the treatment of the colonists by the Government, there can be no question that the colonization schemes have here been entered upon without proper provision in advance. Had there been a few decent roads made over which transit was reasonably possible, the money expended would have gone twice as far, much of the labour of the colonists would not have been wasted, and an amount of aggravation on the part of the new-comers, and irritation received by the authorities, would have been avoided. To set about clearing your own location, erecting your own dwelling, and seeking to provide for the future, was a different outlook from spending half the time dragging material over hopeless tracks, or seeking the necessaries of life in a location practically inaccessible. The cart everywhere was before the horse, and the poorer emigrants felt helpless, while the better class felt aggrieved. To remedy this initial blunder, much was done in the way of employing those in need of assistance in improving the roads at day wages, without the possibility of that organization and arrangement required to do important work, seeing the labourers were scattered over great distances, and

few in number. We reach after some time the farm of a Frenchman called Brulé, having passed some rough shanties on the way. Here we are suddenly introduced into a different atmosphere—one of contentment and growing prosperity, the result of a little wisely-expended capital, much intelligent labour, and the wisely-ordered thrift of the race. He had only his good wife—a well-educated woman with a fair knowledge of English—and three little girls—*el diablo*, *el chancho*, and *el gato* (the devil, the pig, and the cat!)—all anxious to assist, and full of vitality and good-humour. In an amazingly short space of time M. Brulé has cleared 7½ acres of ground, not only cutting down the very large trees, but clearing out the roots—sixty roots from where his potato-patch alone stood! His crops were good, his vegetables very promising. He had not only erected a comfortable wooden house, but a workshop adjoining; he considered the character of his land as good as the best land in France, and all were delighted with their prettily-situated homestead. It was a pleasure to meet this happy wholesome product of honest and honourable hard work, and we waited and saw his mode of extracting tree-roots, when he had no one to assist him but his good wife to shift a fulcrum or hand him his adze. In place of the large tripod supplied to the colonists in turn by the administration, and which is laborious to shift, he had been supplied at his own request with a screw-jack. Cutting away the roots of a tree, and sinking a wooden base, he placed against it his screw-jack at an angle, cutting a slot in the tree-trunk to prevent the top end from slipping. By working the jack the tree was rapidly tilted over.

This side stayed, he repeated the process at the opposite side, and in a few minutes the whole had been lifted entirely clear of the soil. The process was new to us, and, we understood, was his own idea. He explained he had lost three months from his own location by working at a wage, making the road past his door. This proved to be a deep cutting, obliging him to make a huge rude staircase—more resembling a ladder—from the road to the level of his door; and for removing the earth of the cutting he had made a clever tilt-waggon, all of wood, running over wooden rails. We turned from this model pioneer, with all the qualities of patient labour, intelligent application and wise thrift, that have made France the richest country in Europe, satisfied that much can be done here by suitable men with suitable mates. Of course, this is a type that will succeed anywhere, if only an opportunity is provided. A Spaniard was also doing well alongside, each stimulated by the near vicinity of the other, while further along in the same direction two Austrians, according to accounts, had cleared much ground and made a good homestead. An English farm on the other side of the *senda* had been previously visited, where we found much clearing and promise of ultimate success; so to-day we turn off on a rough side-track, through which, with the imminent loss of our knee-caps against the tree-trunks, we reach a large clearing, which proves to be the fine farm of Gilchrist, a Scotch farmer from the West Highlands. A pleasant canter up the slope to the face of the brae on which the house is situated takes us to the gradually-improving house, where the good Ayrshire housewife supplies us with good bread and butter of her

own supply; and all is neat and cleanly inside, in striking contrast to the ordinary Chilian ranches. All the colonists are supplied with stone ovens, like large beehives, made of a soft and easily cut native stone that stands fire admirably, so that firing bread is not difficult when it is within the knowledge of the owner.

This was indeed a beautiful location, with well-mixed land and good wooding, a fine stream, a branch of the Estero de Huellinco running through it. Gilchrist had cleared a good deal of land, extracting the trees with the tripod and screw, the legs of the tripod about 14 feet long. Although more troublesome to move, and requiring more than one man to work, he held it was much more effective than the jack when aid was procurable. As this colonist had active and energetic sons and daughters not ashamed to do any honest work, they have every likelihood of creating a comfortable home amid beautiful surroundings. But it is an unquestionable fact that in none of the Anglo-Saxon homesteads was there the same evidence of care and thrift as in the French.

Our Lancashire lad now led at a gallop towards the Administration House by a 'short-cut through the *vega*,' he told us. Not until we had gone some way did it occur to us to ask if our horses could really cross the *vega* at present. 'There have been some days of rain, that is true, but I think they will get through.' 'Even if your Chilotes get through, how about our Mont Blanc?' we ask. But the suggestion came too late. The house was close at hand by this route, but very far round by the other, so we galloped on by a pretty woodland pass over hilly ground.

Down upon the *vega* we swept, and when two-thirds of the way over we were confident that all was well, as the horses did not hesitate, and they soon show lack of confidence in boggy ground, as we had more than once experienced. Our leader's gallant little native horse makes for a suspicious patch corduroyed in front with crossed tree-trunks, and only manages to scramble up after sloughing to the hips. But our animal shows no hesitation, so we let it go. Blood tells, and with the utmost spirit it carries us through, and scrambles on to the wood, although almost perpendicular ere it bounces out, mud to the root of the tail. We glance back at Valparaiso on his gallant little gray, but he hesitates after our experience, and we are forced to give all our attention to worse ahead. Our leader takes us safely over the next *plancha*, but at the last sloughs head first, and only manages to scramble over his buried horse's head and drag it out on to the logs. We draw the line there, and ignominiously dismount, our horse getting over all the lighter therefor. As we clamber with difficulty on to Mont Blanc once more, we look back over the fine stretch of meadow in which our friend is floundering, and forward to the slippery, muddy, perpendicular clay bank ahead, wondering if our mountain of horseflesh will face it. It does not wait for the return of the leader, but, smelling its home on the summit, makes a spirited rush, and its heavy iron shoes coming to its assistance for the first time, we find ourselves borne securely over the slippery clay, and, whilst our companions are sliding and scrambling after us with difficulty, are soon at the door of our temporary dwelling-place. We had learned to place more confidence in the pluck than

in the certainty of footing of our mount, for we had ridden in the dark from the location of the Browns, under the kila and the drooping trees, and along the hopeless canal-track that we love not to traverse by daylight. But our horse leaped the logs freely—a habit not common with Chilian horses; and Valparaiso behind us on his Chilote often found himself standing on the log, over which his animal passed by leaping its fore-feet across and humping its hind-legs after. We were to see more of this fine *vega* ere we were done with the friendly occupants of the colony, but on this occasion we had enough of it. A late meal prepared us for the road, and much later, because much darker, than we cared to follow an unknown track, we started for Ancud. How this road may look in daylight we cannot say, but as we traversed it we sincerely pitied the colonists who had to go to and fro to Ancud for every little necessary. Mont Blanc enjoyed as little as its rider slipping and staggering at a gallop over the corduroy roads slippery with the wet. Through the woods we pressed, enjoying their never-failing beauty, but not their never-failing sloppiness. The danger of broken legs to the horses over these paths, where the cross-trees rot here and there, or get displaced, and permit the horses' feet to sink deeper between two of them than it is possible readily to withdraw them at speed, is constant and real. But progress is here impossible unless the animals are risked, and when these range in value from £3 to superior ones at £10, they are not saved with the care that would be bestowed on more expensive mounts. Once we leave the woods and get down to the shore, although there are awkward bits in the dark, we are

able to progress at greater speed and in greater safety. We pass two comfortable locations, the one that of the schoolmaster, the other that of the police inspector, ere we reach the good wooden bridge over the Estero Campellen, a tributary of the Pudeto. Over the intervening hills we are more in the open, and debouch on the livelier corner where the long wooden bridge over the estuary of the Pudeto commences, and where a group of buildings and saw-mills nestle. This bridge was erected some five years ago at the extremely moderate cost of $3,000—under £250—but we question whether three times the money would do the work to-day. Hitherto we have had a somewhat lonely ride, although meeting some characters in the woods to whom our guide addresses himself sharply, and of whose repute he does not think highly. Very awkward places to meet lonely horsemen are these corduroy corners; but Chiloe has had a much better character than the frontier hitherto, and imported individuals of all nations have a worse reputation than the natives. The land between the bridges was in good fettle and very picturesque, belonging to the Intendente, who had planted and otherwise improved the natural grace of the position. From the bridge to Ancud the road was rough and steep, but it had distinctly improved during the six months between our visits to the island. One or two fine specimens of the native trout were here obtained from that part of the Estero de Huellinco that borders the land of Gilchrist. A further visit to the same locality was made in the spring (October), starting in a chaloupe, and passing round the peninsula of Ancud so as to enter the Pudeta from the mouth. Right opposite the mouth

lies the little islet of Cochinos, from which we have procured coipu, for which animals it is famous, as they seem to levy blackmail from this point of vantage on the fish both of sea and river.

The mouth of the Pudeto is full of shoals, and the entry only available properly in high-water of springs. Great stretches of shoal-banks show, on which many birds, such as bandurria, zarapito, and ducks of species, abound. As shell-fish are abundant, and not easily reached on these muddy stretches by the people, the birds have a good time, they themselves enjoying much of the same immunity, as the gradual shoaling prevents the approach of anything but the cockly Indian dug-out. We enjoy the row and the invigorating air of the estuary, but do not appreciate what is before us. The water gets more and more shoal as we seek the Estero de Huellinco, and had we not come across an Indian dug-out belonging to a family in the vicinity of the colony, we should scarcely have managed to reach the *estero* mouth. Once we have arrived there, we endeavour to progress in the dusk and rain, but partly from ignorance, partly from laziness, and in our view largely from intent to defraud, we are at length assured the *port* of the colony cannot be reached, and that the only way is to transfer us to the dug-out which has kept at hand. As the rascals of the chaloupe had been paid, we could not control them, so transferred our gun and traps to the shallow canoe, sitting with much care on a bag of potatoes which this owner of a considerable piece of land was conveying to his home. He sat more than half-controlled by aguardiente in the bow, while his niece, who spoke good Spanish, and seemed in rollicking

good humour, piloted and poled the canoe forward, chatting merrily the while, and generally 'bossing the show,' although gutturals and gurgling objurgations came occasionally from the bow, to which she replied sharply, but otherwise gave little heed. We had not appreciated the length of this *estero* on the former occasion, when in a good boat with good company; but now, in the mirk and the Scotch mist, in spite of our chatty companion and the interest of the scene, the dismal call of the sad hualas seemed to echo the spirit of the interminable punting amid the interminable reeds.

If the *estero* seemed long, so would have the track to the Administration House, had we not fortunately arrived at the landing as one of our Scottish friends came down the steep bank. He took us kindly in charge, and led us through the brush and along the winding path to our former resting-place, now brightened with cultivated and intelligent ladies belonging to the Administration, which is a host in itself. For do not the courteous Dane and his amiable lady represent Europe, talking some half-dozen languages fluently, and bringing to hitherto depressed Chiloe the culture of the North? We are on foot the following day, and under the care of a wholesome Scotch lassie who is not afraid to tramp it 'o'er muir and mire.' And there are both in plenty: under the burned tree of ancient date on which the gray woodpecker sits alongside its nest; along by the myrtle brush, now frequented by crowds of the black tordo, busy and vociferous; where the oxen are browsing on the fresh green leaves of the kila cane, and the horses are cropping the grass on the broken sward between. Down by the thicker

cane-brakes we pass, until at length we reach the Estero de Huellinco in this direction, and wonder how we are to cross. Our guide goes straight for a fallen tree, which proves to be an admirable and most picturesque bridge. It has dropped across the stream, retaining still a partial hold on the bank, and then commenced to throw up perpendicular branches to act as stanchions. A plank has been added at one end to give an air of luxury and artistic completeness to the whole, and over this we follow without either the grace or activity of our light-hearted leader. When we came to the *vega* it proved much sloppier than when we first knew it, and over the deep sphagnum moss we skip at an angle divergent from the horse-track of which we had previous experience. What a homely look there is beneath our feet! and we might indeed be skipping over a bit of brush-bordered moss on Balure-Lochnell, if it were not for the further cane-brakes.

It is with just satisfaction that Gilchrist shows us over his little domain, with the stream murmuring alongside, trout-enlivened, as if in distant Mull. Dense canes to shelter and fodder his cattle in the winter are not tainted with the northern memories; but the delicate leafage of the evergreens might suggest a birch-copse in the later spring.

And inside! The hearty good-wife, and mother of many, has still the Ayrshire roses on her cheeks, a snow-white Ayrshire apron over her comely person, and from her skilful hands the freshest and lightest of scones are soon on the table, coquetting with which is the best of good butter, that cooes such soft things to them that your mouth waters, and both melt away in the flood. Not that the flood is unassisted by the

fresh coffee, and the appetite stirred by the kindly welcome, and memories, too, of other days aided by the *Oban Times*, that tells this generous Highland family of the distant land they are for the moment happier out of. A garden is doing wonders with a great variety of vegetables; the potatoes are going to be good, the cereals are coming through well, and with patience, labour, thrift, and *a little money in hand* 'till the grass grows,' all will be well here also.

Fine robalo, that admirable Chilian fish which is especially good on the Chiloe coast, comes up the stream, and is occasionally taken of good size. Pigeons are cooing from the trees, which are here high enough for anything; plenty of good wood for the cutting, plenty of good land for the clearing; and there go the loros, if not in the 'plain red or yellow' of the country girl, in plain 'blue-green and red.' Very good eating they are, too, and a little ingenuity would provide a supply from the forest if the time could be spared. The avellana nut gives a dainty, chupones are for the taking, myrtle-berries will make a winter preserve, and wild strawberries a summer delicacy. No, it is not all 'beer and skittles,' a life as a rude pioneer in this land of Chiloe; and when the master is suddenly called away, the families are helpless enough amid an alien population; but there are many compensating advantages. We do not advise the Anglo-Saxon race to endeavour to amalgamate with the Latin, and strangers in such a land must make up their minds to many a disability beyond no roads, no society, no daily communication, and no weekly markets. But so far as the physical discomforts go, they will steadily and yearly diminish; and we have known many men—ay, and women too—who would have made their hard-

working but hopeful struggle here a rollicking picnic, and enjoyed themselves as honestly and as thoroughly as 'the devil, the pig, and the cat,' minus aguardiente, or any stimulus but the invigorating air.

We start down the river in a good boat with company a little 'dowie,' after a whole day shut up in the house with torrents of rain outside. We have waited patiently for Gilchrist's son with more fish, but he does not return, and only when we get out of the *estero* has the hardy Scot managed to catch us up by a short cut through the forest. He joins the boat and the oarsmen soaked to the skin, having endeavoured to cross the flooded *vega* without his canoe, that had been *loaned*—'convey the wise it call.' He had, however, found the meadow hopelessly flooded, and crossing impossible. Soon the storm of the previous day partially returns, so that we may understand the seamy side of colonization better; and a string of ponies appearing, the administration in a body lands. We elect to stand by the boat and the boatmen, and take the helm as the estuary gets worse. The Indian lads at the oars are evidently in great fear, and wish to hug the dangerous and ugly lee shore. But they stick bravely by their oars, led by Gilchrist, and by dusk we manage to cross the river-mouth below the bridge, and land on the river side of the peninsula of Ancud, our previous experience on the river having stood us in good stead. A rush is made by the half-starved lads for bread, and we admire the plucky stay of the young fellows on their scanty rations. They had risen to the occasion, and these hardy Chilotes only want experience and a good lead to make a valuable element in any country.

XVII

ABOUT ANCUD

An island more than a hundred miles long, and from thirty to fifty wide, deserves a capital. Ancud is the capital of Chiloe, but it is somewhat unfortunate. A new capital, dating from a few years after the final severance of the whole republic from Spain, it was established on a fine bay, and where the readiest access could be had from the outer waters. The bay runs north and south, and Ancud itself occupies a peninsula, with the one side to the west over the bay, and the east side over the estuary of the Pudeto River. The situation is good, on rising ground readily drained into the river, and, as in Castro, the former capital, its plaza is on the high ground, surrounded by public buildings, but, although close to the port, virtually outside the press of affairs. It is a somewhat dead corner of an otherwise lively town. But Ancud has been shabbily treated, for, after having been erected where there was understood to be a safe anchorage for vessels, the sea has run away from it, or, rather, the bay at that side seems silting up. The regular lines of steamers of the Pacific Company are obliged to anchor some miles off, at the opposite side, under

shelter of the opposite peninsula of Lacuy. Were it not for the extra distance all round the head of the Gulf of Quetalmahue, this opposite shore ought still to be the site of the principal city on the east side of the island. There the ships could anchor close inshore, and protection from the prevailing winds be more assured. This peninsula of Lacuy is almost an island, but for the neck of shifting sand at the head of the Gulf of Quetalmahue, and has been compared by the more enthusiastic with the Isle of Wight. The surroundings of the Bay of Ancud are undoubtedly picturesque and agreeable, and since the introduction of colonists, the native holders of small locations have been stimulated to clear and improve their land. Although so extensive in appearance, the bulk of the gulf is too shallow to be of use for shipping, while the head about the embouchure of the Rio Quilo (?) shoals so completely as to prevent landing, even with small boats, within some miles of the Administration House of the colony. The whole bay is rich in birds, but they are usually wild, as being much pursued and shot at by colonists, who 'shoot everything and eat anything,' say the natives. For most arrive with notions of a wild land full of game and wild animals of a desperate character, and not only guns, but rifles, abound amongst them. A run up the gulf in good weather is specially agreeable, and the steam-launch of Captain Lynch, the Captain of the Port, was, when possible, placed at our disposal. The remains of corrals—still catching fish to an extent—were about the mouth of the river at the head of the gulf, and these were generally well lined with sea-fowl. From large black-backed gulls to slender terns; from the

black cuerbo to its white-breasted congener, with an occasional white heron, they seemed aware that boats required more water than the situation supplied; so they sat contemptuously still, or at times stood up to dry their wings or shift their position, with cool indifference and harsh comments of an unfavourable character.

The pajaro-niño, or penguin, is plentiful in the offshore water, and the quetrus have been splattering off in advance of the boat. Landing at the head, a short gallop takes us through pleasant ways, and round by stretches of sand-dunes to a freshwater lake, up to the very borders of which the banks of drifting sand are being piled. As we dismounted and sat behind the banks, flights of birds were coming overhead, and flopping into the fresh-water lakelet. Various species of duck, but mostly small, kept company with several species of cormorants; and fish must be plentiful of a kind—mostly peje-reyes (*Atherina*), apparently—but we were unable to draw a net. The immediate shores were quite unapproachable, they were so boggy, the horses absolutely refused to go near; and although the further bank was closely wooded with brushwood and kila, it seemed no more secure. The entering stream ran through pleasant wooded land of a rolling character, but traversable, showing it had been cleared to an extent. Freshwater mussels (unios) were in the stream and lake where shallow, and doubtless were an attraction to the birds also, all capable of diving and working in the deep mud. These birds were coming from the Bay of Cocotué, a great sandy stretch, in the sands outside which the macha of the Chilenos (*Donacilla chilensis*) is very abundant, and forms a favourite

food with the natives; and no doubt the birds unite in the affectionate regard for this shell-fish, which is found so frequently in the *curanto* basins. We find the great red bees numerous and active, dragon-flies vigorous, and a little sand-bee plentiful, while butterflies were in suitable situations, but small—if beautifully marked—as is generally the case in Southern Chile. For the Lepidoptera are in strange contrast, as to size, with the products of the sea, and in Chile are more often called pajaritos than by the proper name of mariposas.

On the coast to the north of this peninsula Lord Cochrane landed in 1820, on his way to attack San Carlos—now Ancud—and his men probably marched around by this same sandy neck to the assault. He must have felt at home on this ground—not unlike the sand-dunes of his native Ayrshire; and the gorse, which now grows most luxuriantly, and may be seen in the vicinity of Ancud in masses of yellow bloom 10 feet high, must have aided in the resemblance, if it has not been a more recent introduction to compete with the yellow of the barberries. The unios in Chile seem to be of a more peregrinating nature than our fresh-water mussels, as we have seen long tracks made by them over the mud; and when a situation is suitable, they increase amazingly.

Intelligent and educated colonists from the old country meet us in this corner of the bay, and we wonder at the people—and more especially the women—who have come all this way to tempt fortune in an unknown land. We meet them afterwards under much more trying conditions, but never without pluck, however sorely tried we find them to be. They have

cooked scones on the hot stones on an open-air fire, and here, as everywhere, we find more courage, as well as more resource, amongst the better class than amongst the poor, more accustomed to privations. As we stand under a little clump of wooding, the humming-birds are busy overhead amidst the higher myrtles and the pendent bells of the gay copigüe, while below the dense plants of the quiscal, with their sharp serrated leaves, made it impossible to recover—if one saw—anything that fell to the ground. Four of us on one occasion hunted a small patch for a beautiful red-breasted loica (*Sturnella militares*), shot dead in presence of all, but in vain; and we had frequent experience of the almost impossibility of recovering birds in these lands. It was more than once suggested that they were carried off by rats (?) so soon as they got among the underwood; but although carnivorous rodents seem numerous, we cannot accept this explanation.

Our steam-launch on another occasion got amongst a great shoal of sardines in this bay, and thither gathered a great array of the birds of the air and the water. Most prominent were the lines of great pelicans splashing into the water, and their graceless movements were compensated for by the flights of beautiful terns skimming all around, and speaking the same harsh tongue as if they were circling overhead amongst the waters of Loch Linnhe. The black cormorant is both common and unclean—at least, compared with the more powerful and elegant species alongside, with the beautiful fresh shirt-front on—or the still more beautiful but much rarer species with the white neck and red feet. The penguins are active

as our own 'dookers,' but how different in size! while a few of the swift and dashing solans mingle in the fray. A cormorant shot near the head of the gulf threw up a cabrilla fish, its stomach otherwise containing crabs, evidently taken from the bottom of the shallow water at the head. Amongst the shoal dolphins were disporting, but it is dangerous making assertions or differentiating species under the circumstances, and they are rarely captured here.

When dredging over what was once a famous oyster-bed, but now much depleted, if not destroyed, we found these bivalves here really delicate, and of all sizes, showing they had at least thrown spat in this temperate land. But the bay was mainly sprinkled with dead shells, and in the spring time covered over with green laver (*Ulva lactuca*), the luche of the Chilian coast, and largely used as food both in the *curantos* and otherwise. Edible crabs of several species were fairly numerous, as they are undoubtedly nice, and much prized on the coast; but only one erisa —or sea-urchin—came up, although so very plentiful in other parts of the archipelago. Probably the oyster-dredgers had helped to clear them off. Besides many nassa, a pretty squilla—of which there are several species on the coast—was captured; but, on the whole, we did not find the same wealth at the bottom under the same conditions in these waters as at home.

As you walk along the shore to the dilapidated battery, you pass many cannon-balls, and even some cannon that have seen better days. But there is no actual fortification here now. More notable are the shells in piles on the shore under the houses, where they have been flung after providing a feast for the

family. The main species, and the most admired, are the chape of the people (*Fissurella maxima*), a huge limpet-like shell with a hole in the top, of which we have a small counterpart in our own seas, but neither of edible size nor in edible quantities. The loco is another speciality which is notable and often of greater size, larger, indeed, than these immense fissurellæ. It is the *Concholepas peruviana*, the only species of the subgenus, and, from the quantity consumed, must be as numerous as our large whelks, to which it is allied in character, but not in appearance. Occasionally we come upon gatherings of the large bluish-purple trochas, like an enlarged edition of the *Trochus magus* of our sandy beaches. But these do not seem eaten to the same extent. On the other hand, the mighty shells of choros,* a true mytilus, or mussel, but of great size, are frequent, but getting scarcer as they are taken from deeper water with a special apparatus, and are so greatly sought after, both for home consumption and export, that they threaten to follow the Ancud oyster into obscurity. Cholgas, a smaller species, but equally in demand, and about the size of our horse-mussel (*Modiola*), also threaten to disappear; but they still lie in quiet heaps under the higher hedges, which are added to by the inhabitants after every spring-tide.

Over the sea on the cliffs the vegetation is close, both poe and quiscal making the ascent prickly, and the mingling of plants of many species giving that strange suggestion of the tropics so out of place with the character of this dripping clime. We always have a feeling as if either the particular plant or insect or bird should not be where it is, not to speak of ourselves. When

* *Mytilus chorus.*

out at the marshy but brush-besprinkled ground in the neighbourhood of Ancud, we find multitudes of a dainty little butterfly, with beautiful shades, and of the size of the finger-nail. As the evening advances we get wearied with our pursuit, only to find it was unnecessary. For we then discovered that they settled on the tops of the small rushes in the marshes, as our own little silver-blue butterfly does, and there we captured what we required. A similar result followed our pursuit of the fragile dragon-flies, like streaks of blue-barred gelatine of the utmost tenuity, that have been jerking about in the sunlight for these hours past, and now quietly curl up and cease from struggling. Many of a brilliant small vanessa-like species also dash around, but they are too restlessly vigilant for capture, and we do not discover their little ways when they close their wings in silence. The hedgeways and the banks about are as much frequented by lizards as if we were in the sunny north, and they seem to be of the same species. For a bright day in the vicinity is balmy and beautiful exceedingly, with the myrtles in gay flower, and almost more brilliant fruit, and the gorse more resplendent than can ever be seen in the West Highlands of Scotland, and where indeed it is 'out of bloom when kissing is out of fashion.' It should really not be difficult, with a little knowledge and foresight, to make a homestead and a living in this island. The wild potato is of the same species as in the Peruvian Cordilleras, and the cultivated varieties include an amazing number of species, some like sickles, so long and curved are they, and, like Punch's dog, they ought to be sold by the yard. They are also of splendid quality and good yield, and a trade with Argentina and Brazil might readily be established once an open-

ing had been made, and communication with the colonists encouraged their growth. At present they do not get a price to stimulate their growth, or, indeed, the growth of any of the multitude of vegetables that were shown in such fine condition in the little colonial exhibition brought together at Ancud.

The quila or kila cane is quite an institution in these regions, and much more ought to be done with it than is done. Admirable and tough baskets are constructed from the canes when split, and they are capable of making stronger and tougher furniture than the bamboo, if also somewhat heavier from its woody centre. It is at present superabundant, and, naturally, familiarity breeds contempt. But as winter fodder and shelter for cattle it is indispensable and fully appreciated. You may see on the way to the steamer, or stored in quantity, brooms made from the quilineja climber, with wood handles that must have cost time and trouble to make, and yet are only charged for by the natives about a penny apiece, in quantities. These could be more easily and better handled of kila, and the beautiful stem of the climber seems thrown away on such rude applications. But in the wooded farms it is more rudely employed still, for it is torn down in quantity and used to tie together the stobs of the rough enclosures to the fields. On the other hand, graceful and elegant baskets for flowers are made by the country girls of Indian or half-breed extraction ; and one wonders how such creation can spring up amid their most unromantic and unæsthetic surroundings. We hear everywhere that the quila will not start from cuttings, but only from seed, and that it only flowers once in twelve to fifteen years, when it immediately

thereafter dies down, to spring again, like a phœnix, from its ashes, if such a simile can be applied to the scattered seeds. These are serious years for stock, and are also accompanied in most parts by a curious phenomenon; for the great prevalence of food in the shape of seeds stimulates an enormous increase in the small wood-rat (?), or vegetable eating rodent. But as the harvest is not repeated, the creatures cannot find sustenance when the season is past, and they then migrate in multitudes in a state of starvation to the dwellings and the villages, harmless and helpless, often dying from exhaustion in the very doorways. This seems a well-authenticated fact. Although these years are said to be general, *all* the kila dying in one year, this must only be regional, and comparatively local, the only place we found evidence of such a recent occurrence being in 'the further south.'

A visit to the well-built market of Ancud shows how simply the people live as a rule, and how absurd it is for really *poor* colonists, unable to employ native labour, to attempt to compete with such a hardy and easily-supported race. Mortars and pestles of wood are much employed, in which they pound their rough rock-salt, their Chile pepper-pods, or other preparations. Beans and pulse are largely in evidence, as all over Chile. Fish are plentiful and cheap *comparatively*, a large corbina being bought for less than a dollar (1s. 6d.), as large as a good cod, while the robalo, of some 5 or 6 pounds weight, is charged the same: for here the relative position of these two fish is changed; whereas in the north the corbina is the higher-priced and considered most delicate, in the south the robalo occupies the post of honour. We are inclined to think this is just, and that the one is in better condition and in

better flavour in the south, the other in the north. The market is seldom without a rich and cheap supply of peje-reye, or sand-smelt, as long as herrings, but not so heavy. We have seen a score for less than 4d., which is cheap enough for this specially delicate fish, the prince of the fishes of Chile. Sardines, although plentiful in the neighbouring seas, and thrown in multitudes on the shores, are never captured or sold, nor, indeed, gathered as they come on the beach. This is no sign of poverty or starvation, although it may evidence want of knowledge and thrift. We have not observed the frog eaten here, as it is further north; but they swallow wonderful stories of a toad found frequenting dry ground on the Cordilleras! We have heard one recited with great circumstantiality in widely different districts, to the effect that this toad when attacked by snakes makes a circle round itself with the spume from its mouth. Over this poisonous spit the snake dreads to pass for fear of touching it; but if it should manage to leap over successfully, the toad slips out and leaves the snake once more at a disadvantage inside. One would naturally ask why the snake should desire to devour an animal whose spume so annoys it, as in any case it must swallow it head first. Otherwise man himself eats poisonous snakes; but the conditions are not identical.

The native Indians of Chiloe have been so long semi-domesticated that little of their original customs remain, the *curanto* and the football being the most striking relics of their past manners and customs. The football is said to resemble 'English Rugby,' the men hugging the ball to their breasts, and a rough scrimmage ensuing. The *curanto* has been already described, but the delicacy of the result is considered indescribable.

XVIII

A FAMOUS ISLAND—ISLA DOÑA INEZ

CROSSING the river Imperial at Carahue, a short ride takes the traveller again to the river opposite the Isla Doña Inez, where a handsome country-house is situated, and graciously receives the stranger. A few years ago this was in the centre of the Indian territory, and has only been reaccessible since 1882. Yet we are surrounded by the halo of mighty memories, and we breathe the air of a valiant story of old. For Carahue means 'the City that Was' in the Indian tongue, and was the original site of Imperial. A fort was re-erected here in 1881, and formed the nucleus for the present prospering little town, a 'town that is' after 300 years. But the island of Doña Inez is so called after the mistress of the great conqueror Pedro Valdivia himself, to whom it was gifted, and we are surrounded by lands in which the 'chivalry' of Spain again and again met the bronzed warriors of Arauco. It now belongs to one who conquers by the gift of tongue, Isidoro Errazuriz, an uncle of the President, lately Ambassador Extraordinary to Brazil, where Chile is seeking to strengthen itself on every side for fear of *eventualities* with Argentina. When at home he was

acknowledged as *par excellence* the most gifted orator in Chile, one to whom even men like McIvor make at the best but a good second. The town and fort of Imperial was one of the great cities founded by Valdivia, and it proved for a time a source of great wealth; for the mines of Imperial in Colcoimo and Relamo gave the conqueror about $5,000 (£1,000) a week, Quilacoya giving about the same, whilst there were others. It was no doubt the cruelty and oppression of the Spaniards, in their increasing greed for gold, that caused the Indians to rush to arms; and after many vicissitudes, Imperial was one of the seven cities ruined finally in the great rising of this warlike race in 1599 to 1604. These cities had advanced so much in wealth and industry, through the enforced native labour, that their destruction is said to have involved $18,000,000; and there is plentiful evidence of gold even now in the vicinity of the modern town of Carahue. An evil hour for Chile was this, for thereafter, according to their historian, Santiago might be called 'a convent of monks and nuns,' as the remains of all the destroyed establishments in Araucania went up and established themselves there. Now, the river-banks and the lands around are, happily, for the present more noted for wheat than gold, and the country is developing industries and permanent resources along this beautiful river. Although it suffers from an impediment in its speech, and its half-closed mouth cannot well tell all its story of beauty and prosperity to the outer world, we have gazed many a time and oft with unalloyed pleasure on its beautiful shores, its gaily-flowered banks, its dancing waters, and its fish-haunted bays. Now the Indians are

settling quietly around, having accepted the situation, and being as carefully protected by the Government from the rapacity of the whites as good laws and enactments, and questionable administrators, can secure.

The island is a pretty little domain, with great possibilities gradually developing. Most of the soil is light and sandy, permitting a three-furrow plough to turn it up sufficiently; but one end is a marsh, and the other a kila-cane brake. So, small as it is, it forms an epitome of the surrounding country, while carrying sufficient notable trees to provide shelter and give a picturesque effect. Following the plough are multitudes of tucé hawks, the common carrion-hawk of the country, that is here acting the part of our rooks and gulls, and devouring the worms turned up. These birds are too much tolerated throughout Chile. They are a cause of much of the dearth of small birds we hear so frequently about, not so much by destroying the birds, but their eggs at nesting-time. They are not useful as scavengers in the towns, like the turkey-buzzards of more than one species, and are, indeed, not forbidding birds to look at, however objectionable their habits. But they are far too numerous all about. We have left the flower-beds before the house preparing to think of spring this raw month of August, that demands a good fire in the stove in the evening, and we wander off amongst the boldo-trees in rich flower. This is one of the most noted scrub-trees of Chile, and our friends are gathering the flowers with care. For they are most valuable for the kidneys, many having been cured thereby of Bright's disease, and are held to be much more useful than the bark as usually sent to Europe for this purpose, which is

too strong and causes vomiting. Ha! a zorzal, and our little rifle sends a pellet towards the fat yellowish thrush that makes such a welcome addition to our bachelor cuisine. Here they are very numerous, dancing over the fields, calling from the trees, or speeding past with their straight direct flight. A string of them is a pretty and satisfactory sight, and does not cause the compunction of conscience that springs from a string of larks. They supply more nourishment than snipe, and give good practice with a tiny rifle. Capital little weapons of this class, of both Belgian and German make, and various construction, are common all over this country. The high trees over the kila are the favourite haunt of the beautiful pigeon, and here in a morning early many fall to the gun, and prove delightful eating. Our companion comes up with a lovely gray falcon, a sort of dark gray and light lavender, that has been poaching on the island preserves. Duck are skulking amongst the dense reeds of the shore, that grow so luxuriantly out of the rush of the river; the large grebe-like birds (hualas) we have met so often in these fine rivers sail out into safe quarters as we approach; while the pretty gray plumage and yellow bills of the water-hens, cleverly as they shelter themselves, often fall into our willing hands. What you say is quite true, my dear, much to my regret. Hear it call! 'Not yet—not yet!' with a sharp accent on the 'yet.' And truly enough we have not yet seen it, much less shot it, constantly as we seek to follow it amongst the kila, and patiently as we wait. But the small, beautifully-marked creatures dodging restlessly amongst the trees, and so like to our own gold-crests, ultimately reward our patience,

half to our regret, as the little things drop to the wretched condition of a 'specimen,' that no real naturalist is otherwise than ashamed to make. For what a different appearance has the 'thing of beauty' amidst beautiful surroundings and sunlit foliage to the bunch of feathers that we carry home! Yet we continue to seek them and patiently pursue them, while each result comes home to us as a miserable and cruel failure. Restlessly energetic, never still a moment, dodging up the stem of one reed only to skip to another, no one can predicate how far away, we despair of procuring one of the curious little black-and-white tit-like beauties that border the reed-embroidered stream. We turn to the marsh-land with its tufted haggs, and here, too, are reeds growing freely enough. The little fellows do not see how much safer they are dancing head over heels above the muddy water of the river-banks; and the joy of success and possession does not equal the sense of shamefacedness in the inner heart of a man who has backed his weapon of precision against the simple tactics of a droll little feathery ball, and won. The miserable attempt to cast a slur on its reputation for innocence, as being an eater of insects, is as little consoling to an honest mind as the attempt to blame science for the love of acquisitiveness, mixed with love of beauty, mixed with the instincts of the savage, that keeps us dodging along after the 'black squads' of tordos, that are not really true turdus; the beautiful red-breasted loicas, that are neither thrushes nor starlings; and other fugitive nondescripts. If there is a feeling of meanness on the part of a collector as he destroys beauty for a miserable percentage of it, or seeks to stay the flight of some gay

little chatterer that he may examine it more closely, there is no feeling of the sort as regards these little tortolitas. For it is difficult to feel otherwise than pleased at circumventing a cute bird like a pigeon, or staying the flight of a dove as it flashes past. At the same time, we were long ere we could appreciate the vicinity of 'doves' in sober tints of gray and lavender, that don't appear larger than a good lark, and pass like the wind. The torcaza of the tree-tops is a different bird (*Columba araucana*) from this land of Arauco in the centre of which we find ourselves, not unlike our own wood-pigeon either as to appearance or size.

The little island seems so large and varied, and with such a wonderful assortment of life, as we wander around it! Even the partridge crosses over to the cultivated land, and we find here, as over all the world, that a far greater wealth of life can be supported on the crumbs that fall from the table of cultivation than amid the most reckless profusion of wild Nature. To this there is one notable exception. A given stretch of suitable ground on seashore or river-bank will carry far more life for a given time; and it is marvellous the amount of food that can be gathered from a very confined piece of coast. But we have to go to the South of Chile to fully appreciate this. Anyhow, this small island seems alive with the feathered tribe, and enough falls to the gun to more than supplement the food-supply. A careful study of the life of the island during the year would bring under review a very fair epitome of that of Temperate Chile. This would include the *genus homo;* for although our naturalist friends decline to accept our statements as to species unless they have been shot and can be handled (and

this holds still more as to varieties), we are confident that we met during our visit not only Araucanian Indians, but Germans of culture and amiability; while English, Chilians, Welsh, and Scots met together with them in amity in the well-stocked library of many tongues. This Chilian partridge, of course, is as much a misnomer as the trucha, or trout, in the river alongside. For the *Nothura perdicaria* is a bird with a delicate beak, short rounded wings, and without the tail-feathers. Darwin remarks on the stupidity of this bird on the pampas, and an English-trained pointer is of little value in shooting them. The dog points, but in the meantime the bird commences to run, and may get up some fifty or more yards away from it, out of range of the sportsman. The dog requires to follow it carefully, and not too fast, so as to force it up within range. Only the great extent of country unoccupied, and the prolific character of the bird, with its large sitting of beautiful rich purple eggs, enables it to maintain a hold on the country, where no season is at all sacred to the native Chilians, who will kill birds on the nests. All is fish that comes into their net. And as to fish, the peje-reye is plentiful in the river Imperial, as also a little immature-looking whitebait called puye, which is yet not the young of any of the common fish of the river; nor is it captured much below Carahue, nor in brackish water. The cauque, while very similar to the peje-reye, is not so delicate, nor has it the development of lips capable of protrusion so remarkable in its congener; yet the silver band is equally brilliant. In this river throughout, the bird-life is a source of wonder. The cormorant (*Brasilianus*) blackens the islets and the shores, while the nesting-

places on the trees by the river are only too observable from the prominent guano deposits. These 'rookeries' are known as *chancherias*, or piggeries, from the grunting noise emitted when anyone approaches at night. Large geese are in great flocks on the flat banks, and throughout there is evidence of plentiful life on shore and in water.

Not only are we at a moderate distance from Carahue, but at no great distance from a newer town at the mouth of the river, called Bajo Imperial, or Lower Imperial. To reach this we cross the river, and, well mounted on a good English-bred horse with English appointments, we start through heavy mire for the main road. After a week's dry weather this proves a fairly good road for Chile, and we pass along a country mainly in the hands of the natives, with the land cleared between the river and the hills. These hills are scalloped all along, as if the sea had retired from their base comparatively recently; and we find the route rich-looking and pleasant, such as is seldom seen in the South of Chile, or generally in Araucania. A great boggy tract surrounds the town, through which our horses flounder for some miles, and over which many other horsemen and horsewomen, native Chilenas and Indians, precede and accompany us. Bajo Imperial, like all these other frontier towns, is of very recent standing—founded, in fact, in 1887; but, unlike Temuco, Nueva Imperial, and Carahue, it is not a 'colony,' but native. Still, the principal shop is in the hands of Frenchmen, and the place looks busy enough. The Indians are a superior class to those we meet at the railway centres. They have not yet been spoiled by so-called civilization, which to them mostly means

aguardiente. Yet it is easy to see that the merchants take advantage of their unsophisticated nature, and the petty authorities endeavour to treat them with insolent superiority. This shows the wisdom of the law that prevents the Indians selling or alienating their lands except through the Government representative, to prevent any rascality—except their own! We were agreeably impressed here, as elsewhere, with this remarkable race. Many faces were extremely pleasant and intelligent, as well as good-natured; and the testimony of their neighbours everywhere is to the effect that they are naturally more honest, better workers, and their women unquestionably chaster, than the same class amongst the native Chilians of Spanish or mixed descent. The land about here is not very good, little wheat being grown.

Bajo Imperial is not only at the mouth of the river Imperial, but almost on the seashore. This fine river, however, like its neighbours, is rudely repulsed by the sea, which has driven up a great long neck of land between itself and the natural river-mouth. This has forced the river to skirt further and further along towards the south, until its progress is stopped by a strong cliff, under the shadow of which the fresh water enters the sea through a long line of white breakers. For the bar of this river is a very bad one, and there is also a bit of shoal bottom to the river higher up, which was unsuccessfully attacked by a dredger too weak for the operation. Steamers are seriously delayed in this river, and one boat was kept waiting twenty-eight days ere it was able to run back over the bar it had crossed a few days previously. This prevents the development of these coast towns of Chile, which are thus mainly dependent upon local

trade, and whose merchandise is heavily weighted, whether entering or being exported, by the necessarily heavy freights to meet the heavy risks encountered both outside and across the bar. The large mussels called choros, but of much smaller dimensions than those of the Valdivia River mouth, are here an article of food and commerce, but threaten to be fished out. Good fish are plentiful, notably the robalo (*Pinguipes chilensis*?) and peje-reye, and if transit were cheaper and more regular, a business might be done in these with the interior. We gallop back from Bajo Imperial with the most agreeable of impressions, satisfied that one day this fine river will be a centre of wealth and industry, and then it will pay the Government or the local authorities of the growing towns to deepen its bed, and open and keep clear its not impossible mouth. We start the zolzol in multitudes from almost under our horses' feet, and with an occasional divergence from the worst parts of the road through the adjoining haciendas, where houses of varied character, according to the views or means of the owners, were a curious study, and where both sheep and cattle showed an improvement on the old native stock, we reach our goal at the store opposite the stately dwelling that controls the island of the Lady of the cruelly heroic Valdivia. The Indians along the route might be seen working out-of-doors at their simple looms, with which they make their ponchos and other articles of apparel. And remarkably good work they produce with very crude constructions.

Strange it is to sit in this handsome dwelling, surrounded with all the elegancies and comforts demanded by a cultured man of the world who had travelled in many lands, was conversant with the principal languages

of Europe, and was one of the foremost public men of Chile; and yet we are in the heart of the Indian country. The original Imperial was founded by the conqueror in 1551, and the number of Indians said to have been donated by Valdivia to his followers, left in charge and gifted with the adjoining lands, is inconceivably great. Certain it is that this was the most populous centre of Araucania, and that here the natives ever showed skill and determined valour in fighting for their beautiful land. Not until 1886 was the plaza of the new city of Carahue laid out on the site that Valdivia had called Imperial, with a view to making it the true capital of the empire he hoped to found. The situation is beautiful, on a hill sufficiently extensive, overlooking beautiful *vegas* along a bend of the noble river, of the same name as the original city. The Rio de las Damas—river of the ladies—was noted for its gold production, and over it on the heights the original alamedas were laid out. The borders of the main river were ever noted as now for their wealth of gay vegetation, which is flowering even in this latter end of August; and it is more than probable that the country was well cultivated, as the Araucanians were not savages, but intelligent cultivators of the soil.

To-day, after centuries of warfare, the Indian population is unhappily scant enough; the first industries established in such towns as Carahue are distilleries of aguardiente, that are sadly evil neighbours to the native race, and no friends to the excitable Chilenos themselves. After these come more useful and important constructions in the shape of wheat-mills of large extent, to utilize the very extensive wheat-growing lands in the vicinity on the spot. There is great faith manifested in the future of this district.

The colony of Carahue is undoubtedly a thriving one, thanks to German capital and energy. The banks of the river are lined with well-built wooden quays and large bordering stores. Some handsome wooden dwellings have been erected in charming situations, and the hotel in the too-silent plaza is comfortable and moderate. But the passage from the river to the upper town and the shops is a feat to perform except on horseback. The place is too young to have developed public spirit, and the local authorities cannot set about making the place accessible. There is a little too much waiting for private prosperity before introducing the public amenities—such as passable streets and paths to the quays—that would largely induce it to come. The road along which we ride from the beautiful hundred-acre island is rough enough and miry enough to any but a Chilian. It makes it hard to look back a long farewell to this relic of the conqueror, whose death at the hands of the justly exasperated Indians in 1554 must have left it in sad case. We will ever bear it in happy remembrance for cultivated and agreeable society; a nature rich and lavish; a river 'imperial' in its richly-robed banks and wealthy environment of well-tilled fields. Must we forget that *lusus naturæ*, a sweet-voiced, good-tempered parrot—actually sweet-voiced—that called so merrily in the morning in the Castilian tongue—not to speak of the easy-going, good-natured typical Chilena servitors, with children about whom no questions were asked, and upon whom little care was expended. Verily life and death count for little in this 'lovely lotus-land'! And the scent of the rose—the unwed rose of Pedro de Valdivia—hangs round it still.

XIX

THE MOUTH OF THE RIO BUENO

We have been waiting days for the weather to moderate so as to permit us to pass the bar of the Rio Bueno. Now at length the little steamer *Maule*, under the care of our good friend Captain Beckwith, is running for the mouth of the river. We see no sign of a river, and in vain examine the coast where the breakers extend. The steamer forges straight ahead for a white hut on the gravel beach, and as we approach closer and closer, a flag is sent up the staff as a signal that we may enter. We are further signalled as we advance to tell where the passage is, for it varies from time to time. But, still, for us no river is visible, nor indeed any evidence of a river. We are running dead for the shore, and when we are so close that the two erections are in a line, we turn sharp for the bar. Time has been when the captain has been hurled almost off the bridge, and much devastation produced on board through the breaking waves ; and at first we are sceptical as to its condition. But it proves amenable, and we cross in a few minutes with ease and certainty, to find ourselves opposite the house of the *practico*, or pilot, in a calm reach of fresh

water, with a fine river curving away to our right. We have safely crossed this nasty bar of which so much has been said, and although we have also crossed it under the care of the same skilled captain under much worse conditions, when the steamer following close in our wake broached to and threatened to become a wreck, it has always treated us amiably. As we have a new house for the pilot on board, all ready to set up, we remain a day or two at the port to disembark it, and thus have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with our since dear friend, Don Carlos, whose proper name of Kenneth does not come kindly to the Latin tongue.

What a revelation it was, our first visit to the beautiful river that the early Spanish conquerors called Bueno, or Fine. Swift, clear, and full, it is wooded on either side to the tops of the highest hills of the coast range. Great alerci,* known as the sentinels, stand out clear on the very summit of the most important mountain within view, but quite unattainable, through the dense vegetation, without a band of peons with axes and machétes day after day. The familiar escalonia rubs shoulders with the fuchsia, the loros and the chiroyes scream overhead, shoals of robalo are crowding into the streams, and little peladilla, belated in the streamlets, are clever imitations of our own brown trout. The dug-out canoe on the shore is tied with a lliana, or tough creeper; the exquisite silver-lined leaves and dainty bunches of flowers of the esparto (the quilineja climber that takes the place of esparto grass for cordage purposes) are drooping almost to the 'crotul' lichen on the rocks, over the enormous

* Allied to the Californian red-wood.

lycopodiæ on the tree-trunks. The huge fronds of the wild rhubarb, or pangue, pour a half-bucket of water over you as you brush carelessly against them, while wild onions in flower in the woods demand consideration, or will insist upon remembrance! Beyond the signal-house of the pilot the shore is strewn with logs and trees and trunks, fragments of everything from houses to ships, borne down by the river or driven in from the sea. The woods alongside this beach are more open and traversable, and we seem to realize what *might* be under given conditions on this lovely coast. Across the river the beach is rude, and throws up many shells and much seaweed, until stopped by the striking cliff that reaches the shore. Here a climb amid varied foliage and up a ticklish ladder takes one to the summit of the cliff, whence the view is very fine indeed, but where we prefer to arrive by another route.

Whether in spring or autumn, this is a lovely spot, and we can imagine it perfection in summer. At present it is practically impossible either to walk or ride, so we take the oars of the small flat-bottomed boat, and proceed for a *paseo* up the river Carimahuida along with the owner of the extensive lands around. The chiroes are chattering in flocks overhead as we advance along the edge of the new clearing that is springing up alongside the saw-mill. They know, generally, how to keep out of gunshot, for they must have learned as a race that they make capital *cazuela*, or Chilian soup, which they do not always appreciate the honour of being introduced to. They are especially numerous over all these woods, and divide our attention with the various pigeons, of good size, gracious

presence, and other inherent qualities, only properly appreciated on the festive board. As we advance, an occasional pollollo, or small grebe, slips under the overhanging dense foliage drooping over the river-bank, but we pull steadily upward, and ignore it for the time; we know where they will eventually turn up, these little beauties, and give our guns a better chance. We are absorbed gazing at the beautiful copigüe, when a figure glides across overhead in the fading light, and alights upon the top of an overhanging tree. A pigeon, surely; and we back the boat for a shot. But we cannot see it anywhere, and even when, in despair, we shout, there is no movement whatever to our 'Hollo!' Not until we give a parting yell does something dart off and fall to the gun. But this is in the further brushwood, where the wood has been cleared to an extent certainly, but not burned, and where the trunks and severed branches are lying in plenty. We decide it is useless to attempt to seek for feathers amid such a hopeless labyrinth, but as we turn away and leap from a tree-trunk, a flutter tells of something living, and our pigeon turns out to be a beautiful specimen of the hawk tribe, with a broken wing, sufficiently injured to prevent it escaping, even amid such herbage. The stream is full of snags, for the wood here is heavy and sinks to the bottom; and we have to slip past, now on one side, now on the other. 'Good' paths border the river, but we have become more than suspicious of good paths, and prefer the snag-encumbered stream. Here is the marshy pond where we are assured the *striped* musk-rat lurks, but where we have sought for it in vain, and which is now unapproachable. The forest is being

cleared of its finest monarchs for the saw-mill, but the less valuable timber will probably be burned to make a *potrero;* meantime it remains defiantly. The grebes duck to the flash of the gun as we proceed onwards as far as the Ulmos, so called after the trees of this name that stand in a clump at the edge of this pool, between it and the sandy bank alongside. Shoals of robalo up from the sea, and peladillo—'up from the sea,' they say here also! Fine fishing-pools are in the stream, but beyond this point it becomes impassable to our boat, and only the Indian dug-outs can skim over the shallows. Here is one approaching, dexterously punted along, so we turn our prow, and make off ahead. As we turn, we take a snapshot at a grebe, whose beautiful skin tempts our murderous instincts in a way provender would not do, and we unwillingly leave a wounded bird behind us. It is of little use following such in Chile, the brush being so dense, so thorny and impassable. The chiroyes — screeching green parrots as they are—are still numerous overhead, but beyond gunshot, their restless activity being on a par with their continuous vociferation. We are squinting over our shoulders, for row as we like, the miserable dug-out, sculled with amazing skill, is sweeping after and overhauling us. But we are now out of the rapids and with a clear stream, and here we have an advantage which we make full use of; sweeping round the graceful bend where the Indian clearings are gradually making a large farm, we reach the river-mouth only in front of the dug-out, which has been clearing the snags and skirting the windings of the stream with marvellous dexterity and speed. These scattered huts of the Indian workmen attached to the

saw-mill show little of the manual dexterity and skill possessed by the dwellers. Whether through laziness or indifference, or aware that they do not reap sufficiently where they sow, the Indians do not attend to the comfort of their dwellings. Yet an Indian skinned birds here exceedingly well, and only required a word of advice to do it thoroughly well ; and kila baskets of great strength and utility were manufactured by their women. Have centuries of that treatment produced despair, or is it merely natural ? As felled trees lay in all directions about this rich delta where the stream entered the river, it required a little activity to move about ; but these were being removed gradually—more especially the best timber—and a short time would make the ground into a good workable farm. We take care of our movements here, and love not to move about without our fowling-piece ; for the place is haunted by great mongrel dogs, never absent from a Chilian hut or house of any kind, and kept as protectors and watch-dogs. But they are most objectionable ; they fight for their dinner with the children, and we have seen a child taking its porridge, or *Avena asada*, outside, with one of these wretched animals sitting alongside, and sweeping its long tongue periodically across the child's mouth for the 'extras' that had remained attached outside. These are the creatures that attract the puma ; in the hope of picking a stray one up, they have been much around lately.

The river is steadily rising this month of May up the heavily-laden pier, awaiting a friendly steamer to 'clear the decks.' A little more, and it may be too much. Floating logs and dug-outs, and great trees torn from the banks, are being borne down on the

swift current. Up the river at Trumag, bodegas, on whose landing-stages we stepped a week ago from the *bridge* of the steamer, are now under water, and they have been moving the stores of wheat and other perishable articles to the higher stories. As the river widens into a considerable expanse just inside the bar, and between it and the Caramahuida River, the rise is more distributed, and consequently not so great; but the bar adds to the difficulty of the water getting away, fortunately. For while on entering we had a winding and dangerous passage over the bar, which showed only 7 feet 6 inches of water, ten days thereafter the gathered waters of the *avenida*, as they call the flood, had swept a straight course on which there was 14 feet of water. In the summer the rush of water, which does not reach the bar direct, is insufficient to keep the passage clear of the sand and gravel driven in by the breakers; but in winter the danger is more from the heavy sea raised by a north or westerly wind. They do not even know whether it is rocky under the gravel, although the bar does not seem to deepen beyond a certain point, but banks back the swollen river at times, when it would naturally be expected to sweep a deeper way. Up to the date of our entry, therefore, the bar was dangerous from a shallow bar, and a cross-sea that might throw the vessel on the south beach; afterwards it was dangerous from the severe winter weather and the north winds.

Our kind hosts mean to utilize this weather, and we proceed by boat to a stream some miles up the river. Here the sportsmen chase the huala and the pollillo amidst the reeds, and the water-hens under the banks, and the duck all over. But it is muggy weather, and

we land to see the labours of those who seek to turn the stream into a canal, and run the cut logs down it. An otter creates excitement as it rapidly disappears; a kingfisher drops on to a stake in the river, and is added to the spoils; the tapaculo aggravates us by its peregrinating call, while spiders and other insects are still procurable, if rarer. The oxen have cut up the tracks, but we scramble along with mine amiable host, admiring the noble forest trees and the gradually-opening extent of fine delta. Even in this winter month of May the Indian axemen are working stripped to the waist, showing a fine development of chest; for, if short, they are stout and sturdy men. The logs are very obstreperous, and demand much coaxing before they keep clear of obstacles and show themselves amenable to discipline. We hear a murmur here, with a ruder tone alongside, and turn off to the mountain-side, where it drops somewhat sharply into the delta, but still covered up with trees and underwood. We scramble over with difficulty through the brushwood, the overthrown trees, and the deep mire. We swoop aside to avoid facial contact with a beautiful long-legged spider, only to come into contact with a hanging bunch of roots that have been formed into a nest at one part. The footing is parlous, the whole now defiant of the rays of light, dripping with wet, dank with vegetation, and still with this murmuring conversation in two keys. The water is running clear under these tree-roots and fallen trunks, so we turn up towards the mountain, and catch sight of the disturbers of the solitude. Bouncing here and murmuring there, a fine stream leaps more than a hundred feet amongst the boulders, hardly to be seen for magnificent ferns,

with their pretty dark stems and a lighter line adown them ; mosses *ad infinitum*, lichens to any sample, and the evergreen foliage of a dozen different trees, from the larger leaves of the avellana to the more delicate myrtle. With the exception of the little leeches that love 'the blood of an Englishman,' there is nothing to be feared or avoided ; and we twain ramble back to the rendezvous and the viands, satisfied that few lovelier or more enjoyable bits of scenery could be found. It will certainly not demand centuries of labour ere this land is brought to something akin to the beautiful parks of England, dotted with trees and covered with cattle. All that is required is a little labour and foresight and wise administration, which it has every likelihood of receiving from the owner.

Cuerbos are not so common here as in the northern rivers, but we counted at least three species of grebe as common, one of them being eared. Fish, which appeared to be mainly robalo, were plentiful, coming in from the sea, not only into the main river, but the tributary streams. We found peladillo ready to spawn in May, as they were a month before in Chiloe. On a former visit we were assured that these fish had lately (August) come in *from the sea* to spawn in multitudes, all ripe. By October they had all left—to *return to the sea*, they said, but most probably they were merely on the run up the rivers from the estuary to spawn. They were followed into the river by many seals, which animal certainly frequents some rocks off the coast near here in multitudes. Besides the otters, we were assured of a special species of musk-rat with yellow stripes, which, however, we could not get; also coïpus, but we did not see them, nor can they be very common here.

The mouth of the river could not be a great centre for society under ordinary circumstances, but the vitality of the residents was overpowering. The guitar was in great requisition, and many a song of strange lands was sung around the evening stove. There were pleasant 'school mams,' too, across the river, where the *cueca* could be danced at a little gathering, when the steamers were waiting the pilot to permit their exit, and the officers were impatiently kicking their heels. For have some of them not paid the fine levied for daring to run out in spite of the pilots' warning, confident in their own knowledge and judgment?

What wonderful facts (?) in natural history do we not gather around the stove! How bats will smoke cigarettes, whereas if you place any other article, such as a piece of stick, in their mouths they will drop it. The lads have caught them often, pinned them by the wings to a door, and placed lighted cigarettes in their mouths, when they keep drawing away and smoke them steadily to the end. How ferocious the gentle lizard is, too, when in combat with its own kind! They jerk the tails off them and put them in a tub, when they fight like bulldogs, and once they lay hold will not let go. Are not all these creatures fighters from the beginning in their own little arena? and the nest of young otters—like a lot of cats—have to be dragged out by the indomitable bulldog, so savage are they in their very woolly babyhood.

But we need not talk slightingly of a ferocity that is self-preservative when our host is the owner of the battlefield of Placilla, where Chilian ferocity had a wild outbreak that no one cares to look back upon, where

all the trees were so pierced with bullets that when the leaves came out, the first wind brought down the branches in heaps, as well as the smaller trees themselves. A pleasant corner has been created at this Boca del Rio Bueno, and we leave it unwillingly to traverse the noble river, with the numberless stations woven with branches on the banks, like little huts over the water, in which the Indians can stand and spear the trucha, or great perch, or sometimes the large robalo. And here and there, too, in all these rivers are signs of death as well as life, with the little huts on the water's edge containing a simple cross, to mark where some victim of aguardiente or recklessness had been gathered to his fathers.

XX

AROUND OSORNO

THE town of Osorno is one of the famous seven cities that were destroyed by the Indians in the great rising of 1599. It is a well-built wooden city in a fine situation on the banks of the Rio Rahue, a confluent of the Rio Bueno. The burnt city of some 300 years ago is said to have been built of bricks, but whence they came deponent sayeth not. At present the place is somewhat out of touch with the world of Chile, as it can only be reached from Valdivia properly in the summer, whilst its connection with Puerto Montt in the south is still more precarious in winter weather. There remains, therefore, the entry from the river across the bar, and the steamers of the South American company that run the bar do not proceed further than Nuevo Puerto, where the railway that runs from Osorno to La Union—part of the general system that has been completed—touches the river Bueno. To reach this the more important port of Trumag is passed, where the river Rahue joins the main river. This is a very busy and apparently progressive place, in spite of the new port on the railway line, for it has extensive and well-built bodegas for the storage of

wheat and other produce and articles of trade. It is more directly connected with the town of Rio Bueno, on the river and out of the railway system, and apparently does more business with La Union, despite the railway connection of Nuevo Puerto. But two such ports are hardly likely to be maintained so close together under existing conditions without mutual injury; for the town of Rio Bueno, one of the most beautifully-situated and naturally laid-out towns in existence, is very dead-and-alive. About 50 feet over the river, on a great plain that is ready for a capital, laid out with plazas and broad streets, its river is too shallow for the larger vessels, and the railway has left it in the lurch. But between it and La Union extend great fields of wheat, and these river systems convey a large quantity of trigo to the bodegas, or stores, on the lower river, to be carried to the north for the most part.

We leave the pioneering community that knows how to be merry, with its agreeable Basque leaven, and take the train to Osorno. While Trumag is more open, with English-looking land about and a country we have tramped over for miles of well-fenced, partridge-enlivened fields, the vicinity of Nuevo Puerto is surrounded with swampy woody land. But in the neighbourhood are many good farms in German hands, where the land is rich and the crops good, and much wheat leaves for the centres. The rail runs amid much wild land and great stretches of marshes, that are now lakes, haunted by myriads of water-fowl, until we reach the terminus on the outskirts of the town, and fancy we have reached a desert region. But we are in the care of Mr. Reimer, an intelligent son of

the Fatherland, who knows the country intimately, and whose amiable Scotch wife has not failed to maintain his English. A city of 6,000 to 8,000 inhabitants in a country where land is still of slight value covers generally a lot of ground, and we wonder how far we are really going as we traverse the whole place to the German hotel at the very opposite side. But if away from the station, it is close to the bridge over the river, under the shelter of which, alongside the wheat-store, the little steamer starts for up or down the river. These stores are always built on huge piles directly over the water, so as to enable vessels to run alongside, and yet these piles lift the buildings well over the rise of the river ; for, swift as it runs, it rises also swiftly, and only the other day the little steamer, in trying to turn in the river, managed only too well, and turned completely over. The occupants of the cabin thus imprisoned were strangely preserved, as the capsize was so swift and complete the air remained with them. It took an hour or two to remove the plates at the bottom of the vessel and permit the escape of the strange prisoners—two men and a woman, the latter of whom showed she was alive by an immediate and violent attack on the 'idiots' who had kept her so long there!

As at Carahue, there is here a Rio de las Damas, so called, they say, because the Indian women stopped there to wash their feet ere entering the town. This must have been in the 'golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid,' or they must long since have discovered the folly of such an action ere entering the muddy ways of maladministered Osorno.

This is undoubtedly one of the coming cities of the

south; less rain falls than in Valdivia, the German population are as capable and energetic, and they are in the centre of a great wheat-growing region. One can travel for many miles around the city on foot amid the cleared fields, well stocked with partridges, and with a greater variety of bird-life than we have elsewhere met in Chile. Apple-trees here bear fruit in three or four years, but at twelve or fourteen begin to decay, and are much attacked by bug. A temperate region with great power of growth, the roads threatened to be monopolized by the bordering bramble that is becoming a veritable danger and cannot be eradicated. Many home plants grow freely in the garden of our friend Don Pedro Adams, the only Englishman in Osorno, who was on the Zambesi with Dr. Livingstone on his second voyage. Mayflower (hawthorn) had leaped from 6 to 8 feet high in a year, but for the first three years had hardly shown from the seed. A glance at the German garden of the hotel tells us much—the old-fashioned snowball-tree, laburnum, young ash-trees, and lignum vitæ; inside the boxwood borders we find tulips of brilliance, daisies, sea-pinks, violets, nasturtiums, and yellow lilies; whilst the cottonia grows freely as a standard. In the vegetable-garden in spring—the end of October—were lettuce, onions, carrots, leeks, splendid asparagus, with, of course, cabbages and potatoes. Peas were in bloom, while currant and gooseberry bushes led up to apple and cherry trees. Even at 10 a.m. the temperature was as high as 64°. The apple orchards around Osorno, which were once very extensive, seem to be degenerating rapidly, and many have been cut down. We passed some very fine reaches with the trees evi-

dently in a bad way ; and it is suggested that here the finer qualities of apple degenerate, as do the finer qualities of grape in the north, fresh cuttings requiring to be introduced after a time from Europe. Although we have thus been assured that neither apple-tree nor grape improves with age here, as they do in Europe, but relapse into their wild state, we cannot accept the statement. True it is that the wines do not improve, apparently, but it may arise, in greater probability, from the greatly-increased demand without increase of production correspondingly. The wine is not kept, but sold off at once, and much adulteration has been proved. But we have seen grape-vines 300 years old still bearing ; and the natural apple-tree is a good eatable apple, and not like our wild crab-apple. If the chicha of the south is not as good as our best ciders, it arises from faults in manufacture, and not from the apples, as a rule. The term chicha is not only applied to unfermented juice of the grape in the north, but to apple-cider in the south, and many other decoctions between.

In the evenings the bar-room and sitting-room of the great rambling hotel are turned into corners of the Fatherland. Here the better-class inhabitants meet over the cards and the cerveza of the home land, and the sederunts are long and severe. The Chilenos who are Liberals take kindly enough to the ways of the stranger ; and much feeling was shown in a quiet way when the good old Doctor, who had lived his life amongst them, found his picturesque home and choice garden destroyed by the fire of the incendiary. He undoubtedly felt it keenly, but no one could have told from his philosophic manner that the clerical party had

swept away at one fell swoop the gathering of a lifetime.

Osorno was for long in a peculiar position, and, unwilling as we are to mix in politics or take a side, we are forced to touch upon this pitchy subject. Largely under the control of a strong-headed Cura, the son of a German colonist from Llanquihue, he was blamed for all the atrocities committed upon the Liberals over a long series of years. The indifference to life and property that prevailed between our two visits had resulted in a reign of terror in the good town, and no one cared to go outside after dark without his revolver, and even then not alone. The torch of the incendiary added terrors to the night, administration generally was deplorable, and public money unaccounted for. The Judge of Letters, who was more courageous than notable for tact, sought to do justice valiantly, and paid for his honourable effort with his life. All the officials seemed to be 'in the swim' when the Errazuriz administration came in; and when the reign of disorder ended in the dismissal of the Governor for illegal acts, all the principal authorities were incarcerated for the murder of the Judge of Letters that followed. The fact that the South of Chile was against the present President was not in their favour; and but for the general outcry that arose over the murder of the Judge, no improvement could have been anticipated. No doubt ere this they are all exercising their benign influence elsewhere, as much too prominent to be sacrificed even for a Liberal Judge of Letters, however important his position or functions. For some years the control of the police in towns has been taken from the Governors, and is in the hands of

the Alcalde, or Mayor, the sub-delegado directing them in the country districts. As neither of these are paid Government officials, while the Governor is, it represents an important change. A Governor receives about £300 a year, with a few perquisites.

It is curious to note the indifference with which a railway is permitted unfenced to run straight through a town, as it does not only here, but, with a little more pretence of fencing, along by the Quinta in Santiago itself. The plaza here is as much out of the way as in the other towns we have been visiting, so far as a business centre goes, and not all the public buildings even are upon it; for the telegraph-station is as far as possible from the post-office, and the latter as far as possible from perfect. The plaza is, however, well laid out and planted with flowering and evergreen trees; and here may be seen the Indian caciques and their women sitting on the benches, with their horses and trappings near by on the broad encircling road. With the rail junction completed, and Osorno in touch with the centre, it is hoped maladministration will disappear, and prosperity come in its place. We have remarked on the wooded environs of this town of Osorno, not far from the edge of the coast Cordilleras, and that the remains of the old town show it to have been constructed of brick—a substance considered objectionable in this climate compared with wood, as being not only colder, but retaining wet longer. A curious question has been raised by this as to the wooded character of the vicinity in the days of the Spanish Conquest. Our friend Mr. Adams assures us that he has had many trees cut through specially and planed to show the rings, and yet has never met one more than seventy-five

years old. He considers that the climate has changed since the Spanish invasion, and that the woods are a recent production. He instances that the vicinity was a great producer of peaches, and not long ago the Indians used to take cartloads of peaches to Valdivia; but now there are none. All over this country there remain evidences of the Spanish gold-washings, well-built sluices for the water still existing near Corral, and all the lower Cordillera range being auriferous to an extent. Many of these old Spanish workings are amid the forests, with great trees now growing in them. An Indian woman of great age, who often frequents Adams's house for medical attendance, and is the mother of a large family of children, with grandchildren and great-grandchildren, declares that she remembers when there were no forests on the Osorno side of the river or the coast Cordilleras, and the herds of guanacoes used to come from the east to browse on the pasture. Now guanacoes are not frequenters of the forest, and to-day they keep to the other side of the great Cordillera, amongst the pampas. There is no reason to disbelieve the great age of this woman or her statements. She gives 'the year before the great earthquake' (1833) as the date of the birth of her first grandchild, holding also that the mother of the child was not young, being her eldest daughter, and *quite a woman.* She spoke of the Spaniards building a mill—not for corn—in a certain district, and leading water along a built race; and when Adams found the place from her description, all was as she described it, except that a very large tree was growing in the workings. There seems every reason to believe, therefore, that the great growth of wood over all these regions is compara-

tively recent, not to say of this century; and from what we know of the agricultural habits of the Araucanian inhabitants, and what we read of their vast numbers, it is more than probable that the slaughter and the driving forth of the Indians by the Spaniards, first into pastoral ways, and finally into the condition of hunters over a scattered forest region, encouraged the growth of trees, and with them the present rainfall. For it must not be forgotten that the horses and cattle were brought by the Spaniards, and the llama, that had been reduced to servitude by the Incas, did not, and has not yet, come south of Peru as a beast of burden.

The avellano and some other trees are readily injured by frost if grown alone, but are common enough amid the forest, where the general foliage acts as a protection. The avellano is considered the same as the witch-hazel of North America, and the inner bark is an admirable styptic. The ulmo-trees flower richly and long, and here their flowers are considered the finest for honey—a production plentiful enough over all this South of Chile. The bees of Europe have thriven amazingly in this country, and around Lake Llanquihue the settlers often keep up to 400 hives. Besides this, thousands of swarms take to the woods, and, taking to hollow trees, increase in a startling manner. When discovered, the trees are cut down for the honey. Thus, the price at Osorno was $4·50 for a large paraffin tin of, say, 4 gallons, or 1s. 10d. a gallon, practically about 2d. a pound. Food, indeed, was very cheap at this centre, where the cost of transit is still great. Salted butter had also fallen to 30 cents a pound; but at this price it did not pay to make it,

the farmers' wives sticking at 40 cents, or 8d., below which it was too cheap.

We have a curious sensation as we cross the decaying bridge over the Rahue along with one who had shot with Livingstone on the Zambesi, and we take our course along pleasant ways and through the fields, where our friend has liberty to exercise the sporting instinct that is still as strong within him as when he first shot the coverts of Old England. His fine-nosed and amiable French pointer is well trained for the shooting of the country, as it will not stand after pointing, but steadily follows the bird, which does not rise, but runs until forced up. Quite an English ramble we have to-day, but for the little parrots, and the yellow shoulder-tips of the blackbirds, and the great white-breasted falcon, that sits on the tree and watches for a wounded bird. The parrots frequent the wild apple-trees, which they soon clear, as they tear the apples open for the seeds, and do not trouble over the portion we prefer. If they would only come to some mutual arrangement, so that humanity would hand them over the pips, it would be a much more satisfactory settlement. The partridges are mostly amongst the thistles to-day, and as these are well grown, it is not easy to bring the birds down over them. But, strange to say, neither the parrots nor the other birds were nearly so wild as they were at the mouth of the river, where 'humans' with weapons were so scarce.

We came along by what appeared a landslip over the river, but so peculiarly isolated and local that we are almost prepared to accept the story that a 'thunder-bolt' or large meteorite had struck it and brought it down. A careful examination did not succeed in

locating the fallen mass, but caused us to decide that it could not otherwise have been undermined, or such a slice started in the middle of the bank. Only a very large object could have moved such a mass of débris, and we regretted deeply our failure to localize it. It was very cold this twentieth day of May, yet many young lambs were about—just dropped, too. For there is no proper lambing season here, the sires running with the sheep all the time; and although it is true there is no proper winter, we feel cold enough now o' nights. A huge owl flopped across us in the dusk, and escaped both guns—no doubt as much to its surprise as our own. But although we failed to secure this great one, the youthful hunters of the family had secured for us a specimen of the little impudent Patagonian imitation owl (*Bubo magellenicus*), like a vivified Christmas card—smaller than the hand, but with claws like needles. It strikes one at first as essentially ridiculous, with its amazing assumption of wisdom, until one hears the stories everywhere told of it, more especially as to its ways on the Argentina side. It is declared to be a very bold fellow, and when it sees a flock of the bandurria, or large ibis, it quietly sidles up until close alongside. When near enough it makes a rush for one of the birds, a dash of whose beak would annihilate it; but the large ibis, scared by the rush, flies upwards, when the owl immediately fastens on under the wing and sticks to it, as the great bird in its agony and fear flies higher and higher. All this time the little fiend is tearing its way into the vitals of its prey, until it is so weakened that it comes down like a shot bird. The owl slips out and hops on to a bush or a knoll, while the ibis falls with a thud, dead.

The owl can now eat what it desires of its victim at its leisure. Those who are acquainted with the size and strength of these bandurria can scarcely believe the story; yet it is vouched for by so much independent testimony as to make it difficult to refuse credence to the tale. Other birds are scarcely less interesting, although without such a romantic tale attached. The woodpeckers were smaller than the fine black fellows of Chiloe, and of specked gray, and were said to be plentiful and 'good to eat.' The larger black species, with rich red head, is to be found here also.

Amongst others we find the rara, with beautiful red breast, a great garden pest amongst the vegetables. Its beak is curiously toothed like a saw, with the lower mandible stouter, but with the interior also toothed to correspond. The trile, with his yellow epaulettes, has also fallen to the little pea-shooter.

Quique skins—those of the polecat—are frequently brought in by the Indians, skinned without other opening save the mouth. They are used thus as pouches. These animals are readily tamed, and often kept about the homes of the Indians; and the polecat is also valued in the great stores to clear away the rats and mice, which they do very soon. The skins of the skunk, as prepared by the Indians, and destitute of smell, are the most valued in Argentina, where robes demanding fifty skins or more are made, and sold at about a dollar each skin, the animals being more plentiful in Argentina than in Chile.

The scavenging of Osorno, like many other towns in Chile, is mainly the work of that filthy brute the turkey-buzzard, which sits all about on the house-tops. The tribe of carrion hawks is only too well represented

in Chile, and could well be weeded out with advantage. Osorno proved a capital centre for excursions, and the only thing wanting was summer weather to make the roads to the lakes passable—weather we waited for in vain. A gallop under the guidance of Pedro Adams to a good trout stream in the vicinity proved a delightful experience. We had to pass a rapid river over a dilapidated bridge that was awkward for foot and dangerous for horse passengers. But we all got safely across, and by pleasant ways and through fields and rude fences 'we rode and we ran,' until we came to a pretty waterfall in a pretty confluent of the river. The herbage was all we have been accustomed to; fresh-water mussels (unios) were in the stream, but we sought in vain to conjure a peladillo from the basin below. We met the hearty hospitality of a Chileno friend on the way, and in returning forded the river after a native as guide, having made up our minds generally that the bridge was not good enough. For this was the spot at which the *mozo*, riding hard for the doctor, arrived, when the horse, seeing no bridge, stopped short and shot the lad over its head. But its own impetus was too great, and it slid down into the swollen river and was drowned, the good people looking also for the body of the lad. Strange to say, he had been thrown over the horse's head on to the part of the bridge remaining, and went stolidly home, his whereabouts not being discovered until some days after, when the river had fallen sufficiently to cross.

The little trips by steamer—or properly steam-launch—require preparation, or otherwise the passenger will be left in the lurch. Steaming against the currents of these fine streams demands time, and it is

rare that any provender can be had on board. A run up the Rahue with our amiable companion Pedro Adams need not be detailed; the same cormorants on the tree-stumps, the same ducks in the quiet reaches, the same shelters for harpooning trucha (*Perca trucha*), the same rich wooding and beautiful flowering trees. We run the bow of the boat to the cleared banks, where the Indians—men and women—come down and load up with the lingue bark in bags, or where the coaling-stations provide a good supply of wood cheap. The lingue has a bluish berry, very astringent, which is said to be poisonous, while animals that eat the aromatic leaves of the plant are injuriously affected. But they do not touch them unless half starved. This tree has a limited range here towards Cancura, and ceases at a certain height on the coast Cordilleras. The Indians were evidently making way with their allotments, and clearing their land; but it is hard for these people to maintain their position amidst a population much more skilled in robbery than in hard work, as the native Chileno is in these parts. Both sexes looked good-natured, chatted pleasantly when spoken to, and were at least as agreeable to meet and look upon as the average Chilian *roto*. On the way up we pass the mouth of the Cancura River, which is really the Rahue we have been traversing, and enter the still swifter Rio Negro. This is the last trip of the season, as the little steamers cannot ply after October; so after half an hour's steaming we reach the spot where the horsemen ford in dry weather. By this time we are away from the clearings, and the river is thickly wooded on both sides. The river towards Cancura looks much more important than the

Negro, but is so far unnavigable except to dug-outs. What a race we had in the falling river and falling night, unwillingly towing an occasional wood-laden launch, in great dread lest we might be belated, and the waters be first down.

We track the river another time down to Trumag, where we have a genius for arriving in the dark, and where, as there is no house of entertainment, hospitality has to be accepted. In the early morning we are again *en route* for the town of Rio Bueno, passing much of interest, fine bridges such as that over the Pilmiquen River—a fine stream noted for its fish. Dainty birds are on the shores and in the river, the white egret much in evidence ; and clearings show good land. A German has successfully attempted vineyards for wine here, and the usual tanneries, aguardiente and beer establishments, are the most thriving in the place. A little old Spanish fort is a tie to old times, and the easy-going ways of the place are a still greater. We regretfully stroll around one of the noblest situated towns in Chile, and wonder what will waken it up or enable it to take its proper place. Even the Germans here are somewhat in decadence, and those who have been born in the country are constitutionally rickety. 'Too much beer,' says our medical companion, not to say careless living sometimes added on the part of the parents. But it is not uncommon for the Germans to get very stout up to fifty years of age, and then suddenly collapse and get thin and in bad health, dropping off a few years after. Longevity is not common amongst them here.

We decide to return by La Union, but how? A bullock waggon arrives with a lady, and we resolve to

send our baggage by it, and stroll across country with our guns before it. We, however, reckon without our host. The most of the country about is well cleared, and the roads, if rough and miry at this season, are good for Chile. Besides, the driver on horseback is anxious to get back before dark, and still more anxious to have the company of men with fowling-pieces. So we get in with our traps and start, so as to get over the intervening country to the best partridge ground. The way those poor bullocks bowled along was a new experience. The driver kept up a half-trot, half-canter, and forced the animals to maintain the same speed. It was a holiday, and parties on horseback—ladies and gentlemen from La Union—were on their way to Rio Bueno to spend the afternoon, the ladies' overskirts well prepared for cantering through the anticipated mudholes, and the gay ponchos of all enlivening the scene. But we never draw breath nor have an opportunity to get down, not even to stalk the white heron or the great falcon. Only as we pass the posadas, where the *vaqueros*, gaily comparisoned, are hardly able to sit on their horses for aguardiente or *topeando* in front of the door, can we understand the anxiety of the driver to have our countenance when passing such careless and well-armed, as well as mounted, desperadoes, in a dangerous state of mind.

That is a very fine maiten—one of the *Celastrineæ*—tree we are passing. It has been noted planted in the plazas, and is the most graceful tree in Chile, and the one tree the rudest woodman will not willingly cut down in the forest; so says our experienced comrade, who knows Chile as few men can pretend to do. But we have gone up that wild bit of hill-road in a

miraculous manner, and are now on the run for La Union—with its handsome dwellings, its good hotels, its activity and energy; for is it not the terminus of the railway already constructed between Osorno and this, and the centre for engineers and constructors working the continuation towards Valdivia? We have had many a worse 'hurl in a cart,' and a rougher one too, than that run in the ox-cart to La Union, but never one so rapid nor over such roads.

La Union has pleasant memories for us from its hospitable Basque inhabitants, its general air of comfort and well-being, its evidence of money spent and progress being made. The whole country around is a *trigo* land, with a good wheat business. It was pleasant alike in spring and winter, and the run to Osorno by rail, amidst the great stretches of submerged meadows and lakes, showed many worse stretches of country, and few to compare with it in well-being. It was no doubt all under crop in the great days of Araucania, when the weapon most readily employed by the Spaniards in raiding the Indian country was the fire that *destroyed their harvests*. A good sign of present prosperity was the presence of wild duck almost at their doors, and no one wasting time over them.

XXI

WELL MADE IN GERMANY

THE entrance to the river of Valdivia is by far the best on the coast, and the fine bay is as full of beauty as romance. For here, in 1820, Lord Cochrane took the forts by a brilliant assault, and seized the best fortified and most secure roadstead in Chile. The forts on the islands and promontories about have been strongly and well built, while that of Corral itself was considered virtually impregnable by the Spaniards. A great wall, mainly of brick, and some 30 feet through, was built across the mouth of a bight in the rocky cliff, thus leaving an extensive inner enclosure in which two large barracks were erected, capable of holding and housing several thousand men. The Spanish King asked if it were built of gold, so startled was he as the accounts came in. The result is even now picturesque, and the situation of the fort and the village itself, as seen from the sea, is one of the most beautiful in Chile. It has not yet grown to be as fashionable a summer resort as it will one day become, but ashore there is a fairly good hotel, in the hands of a retired Scandinavian skipper, and all the conveniences for communicating promptly around. For

Valdivia is only an hour by steam-launch, the telegraph is at hand, and the place is commonly full of life and activity 'on mail-days.' With half a dozen steamers in the bay, the steam-launches flying to and from Valdivia, the small boats on the move all about, and the fishing-fleet on the higher reaches of the river, there is a sense of general gaiety. Even when the waters are full of sardines on the move, and the playas piled with their malodorous dead, the scene is startling enough; for then we have passed through the waters when they were literally covered for miles with feathered life, attentive followers of the scaly life below. With the great alcatrazes, the cormorants of species, the various species of solan geese, the great brown 'sea-captains,' the Cape hens, the skuas, grebes large and small, ducks small and large, even down to the little petrels, it is a marvellous scene. As they lift and go before and around the steamer, each with its own peculiar flight and characteristic manner, they are a curious study. From the brutal violence of the alcatraz or the solan, the direct confidence of the cormorant or the penguin, and the dainty dexterity of the grebes or the procellaria, to the stupid vulgarity of the gulls, or the restless anxiety of the 'sea-captains,' determined to be first in port, there is an endless variety. And a few pleasant days can be spent in the famous fort, amongst the furze-clad ramparts, or the rich foliage of the paths through the neighbouring woods. For there are actually some pleasant and traversable paths on the hills around Corral, where the butterflies play merrily in the sunlit bits, and the great wasps in red or blue livery tear along the paths in deplorable haste, and with startling violence and

ferocity. Here the great red moscardons can bury themselves in the bells of the foxglove, and you can show your skill and test their vigour by catching them with your hand, simply closing the opening, and drawing off the bell, from which they can then be dropped into spirit. You will thus discover that these insects don't stupidly leave their sting in the wound, and if you are not prompt in your action, you may even be able to calculate the number of rapier-thrusts they can deliver in a given time! If you follow the hill-track to the sea, you come down upon a tannery and appurtenances on a little bay, where both sardines and anchovies taint the air, and the hideous jibias drive you forth from their vicinity. These come awkwardly, just as you are in the way of feeling that it might be a ramble in the far north, but these huge octopi have nothing familiar about them, even to those who have captured squids in multitudes.

The conglomerate rock seems consolidated ancient beach, mainly composed of flat stones of slaty formation—schistose and micaceous, like the river-bottom flowing into Lake Huellinco. It is well to relieve the eye from the Gorgon-like octopi by taking a peep at the articles of elegance and real artistic skill to be obtained here. The flowers of fish-scales are very dainty and beautiful—made from the macerated scales of the large corbina—while the black coating of the choros (or mussels) makes flowers of the required mourning shade, when so desired. There is quite a little private industry here in artificial flowers, mainly made by a German lady, but those of fish-scales seem to be of Chilena origin. No necessity appears for artificial flowers, however, where the copigüe grows so gaily amid shrubs that

even reduce its flowers to a secondary brilliance. Along the rocks the ferns, too, are remarkably graceful, and a spleenwort-like fern in the large cave near the fort hangs at least 15 feet from its hold in the roof, yet delicately graceful all along, and with small fronds.

Corral is a great centre for the trade in choros (the large mussel), and they send about a thousand dollars' worth a week to the north—mainly Valparaiso. This in a small community is a large sum of money, and no one need really be poor in Corral. A boat can easily get five to six barrels of choros at a time, for which they get $10—say 15s.—a barrel, so that men won't work at the barges, in loading or unloading the steamers that enter here, under 50 cents, or 9d. an hour. A pleasant and not unhappy village is Corral, and yet many *ladies* are here desperately poor, as throughout Chile, having lost their bread-winners. While it is not unsatisfactory to remain a few days at Corral, it *is* most unsatisfactory to remain from day to day awaiting the opportunity of entering one of the other river-mouths. Having had this agreeable occupation for a time, when the news came that the bar of the Rio Bueno was impassable and the steamer could not *get out*, followed by the assurance, immediately after its escape, that no steamer could then get *in*, how aggravated we were, and how we kicked our heels, to the amazement of the world, that looks upon all such delay as a blessed arrangement of a gracious Providence! Then came the feast-days—a week of them; and as Valdivia was also in the heat of the holidays, it was useless kicking against the pricks; but that is just what you are doing, and very tangible ones, too! For lying on the beach are the mussel-harpoons. These are like long-handled

brooms, with ten or a dozen iron-pointed sticks in place of the brush, and these, when thrust downward and turned round amongst the mussels, bring them to the surface; for attempting to dredge such large mussels, bound together and to the ground by strong byssi, would be absurd. The instrument seems very effective, and does not bring up a large assortment of the small fish. As cannon-balls seem prevalent along this famous fighting coast, we found them very commonly used as anchors. Two half-moon sticks are crossed and bound together, the ball placed in the centre, and held there by other sticks that come from the half-moons over the ball, and are tied together in front. Is it a new reading of the spears turned into ploughshares, to enable men to hold on to life in place of sending them out of it? There seem to be plenty of these about.

A pleasant excursion from Corral is to the pretty little tributary river, San Juan, on the left hand of the river Valdivia. Another smaller stream, gracefully curling through a partially-cleared valley, may be visited on the way. Here we have spent some agreeable hours watching the peladillo, or native trout, in the stream, and the camarones and pancora del rio in the quieter waters alongside. An urchin here acts as guide, philosopher and friend, and teaches us the ways of the wilds. *He* will soon procure us camarones (*Astacus cœmentarius*). So he pulls a long strong rush, strips a part of the green from the pith for a few inches, but does not remove it from the rush. He then *ties* a worm to this green ribbon, and commences dangling the creature before the eyes of the first crab he sees. It is not long before crabby seizes it, and that is generally sufficient; for, with the bloodthirsty

tenacity of its kind, it will not leave go willingly. If the worm does, however, slip from its claws, it will at once return to the assault, and we had soon on the bank as many as we desired for specimens; as they were not large enough here to be enticing for the table, we allowed the rest to escape. But our youngster's hunting instinct was aroused, and as the sun was out, he set-to to capture lizards. Those who know their activity and timidity would hardly believe how, by quietly approaching them with the end of this same rush, the end now formed into a noose, they can be secured by quietly passing the noose over their heads as they are watching you, and swinging them helplessly into the air. The half-bred Indians are very clever in the woods, both with weapons and snares, and it is from them most of the smaller skins are obtained. They skin the little silver foxes, the quique (*Galictis vittata*) and the chingue (*Mephitis chilensis*), (weasels and skunks), without any external incision, beginning at the mouth and gradually turning the creatures outside in with great dexterity, and then cure them admirably. How they remove the strong pungent stink from such skins as those of the skunks we do not know, but they seem never to carry any disagreeable odour.

The dodging instinct inseparable from the rivers of Chile, all of which glide round unexpected corners and sneak into the sea, could not pass over this little river of San Juan, as it entered the upper part of the embouchure of the Valdivia River. A wooded point guards the entrance from any sea that may reach thus far from the north-west, and we row up its gravelly bed until it becomes too shallow, where a native farm-

house is on the bank, with a very fine stretch of level half-cleared land in the little valley of the stream. It is quite a picturesque spot, with trout in the fresh water, camarones in the backwater, fine forest trees, such as avellano, canelo, well-grown luma, etc., all about, with the kila cane to soften the landscape, and the stock of the hacienda to give it a human interest. This part of the coast is indeed very pretty, not so hopelessly dense of foliage, nor the woods so impassable, as towards the south, having been longer under the influence of humanity hereabout. Yet from this river down to the Rio Bueno the route is hardly traversable in the summer, and quite impassable to any but Indians in the winter; and, with all its wealth of foliage, it is not possessed of a really rich soil just here. Indeed, around Valdivia, the centre that has made the greatest, the most permanent, and the soundest progress of any part south of Arauco, the land is distinctly inferior, and agriculture as a rule has not been followed as an important industry. The effort has been more after clearing the underwood, so as to make the woods traversable for cattle, without clearing off the needful kila, needful always alike for fodder and shelter. It is a cattle land, and by its ready means of access to Argentina it manages to conduct an important trade in bullocks. These are sent in vast numbers in the steamers to Valparaiso, Coquimbo, and the north, and prove a lucrative source of business. Besides this trade in fresh meat, a large industry exists in *charke*, dried or smoked meat, and all this range of country supplies the live stock therefor.

But we are still in the San Juan River, out of which we slowly shunt over the clear gravelly bottom, for

this coast range is not so productive of mud as further up the river. The water is still alive with sea-fowl, the little petrels are spattering all around, small beautiful grebes, with brilliant carmine eyes and blue pupils, are quite plentiful; and as we leave the river we shoot a water-hen of a different character from the common, with brilliant crimson eyes behind the bright green beak, and a patch of blue at the upper base, and red legs; but otherwise a dark-gray, uninteresting plumage. On the shore in creeks sardines are numerous, a heavily made species and very fat at present, with apparently a more prominent lower jaw than in the north, and a variation in the spines. These probably account for the fact that two great stretches of rock are literally covered with birds, mainly pelicans and cormorants. Winding through an agreeable delta with many a twist and turn, this river San Juan makes a cheerful rendezvous.

The same may be said of the Fort San Carlos, seaward, and the smaller fort passed on the way thither. Well chosen and strong in their day, they are still pleasant situations, and command excellent views of the fine bay. A little village alongside was picturesque enough, although evidently mainly Indian; and the collections of shells on the shore were very large, more especially those of splendid *Fissurella maxima* in a huge pile. But all the shore along here is almost intolerable for weeks with sardines, a sprinkling of anchovies, and huge jibias decaying and tainting the air all around. In Corral itself they enforce the burial of the jibias stranded on the sandy stretch at the mouth of the little stream. They ought to be worth removing to make a compost for their

gardens, which here are fairly good. These huge octopi are said to be a quite recent innovation, only visiting the southern coast in multitudes during the last half-dozen years. The land in this region is still purchasable at a moderate price, but titles in Chile are neither secure enough, nor the law sufficiently administered between *gringos* and natives, to encourage the former to invest. Great stretches are in private hands, but no sooner would these be made valuable than claims would be entered and law-suits ensue.

The tide only rises some 5 or 6 feet at Corral, but that is sufficient to influence the little steam-launches of all varieties that ply between the port and Valdivia. The run thither is blocked by a great island, one passage silting up considerably, so that care is demanded, and a suitable state of the tide. We are not, however, in a weak launch, but in the good little steamer *Maule*, of the Compañia Sud-Americana de Vapores. The prettily wooded island has been passed, many clearings left behind, saw-mills at work helping to silt up the river in these reaches, and we at length emerge from the lavish beauty that has only too much of sameness to prevent the eye and the soul being wearied with impressions. Valdivia comes gradually upon the visitor, now a tannery with its broad landing-place, and show of attempted elegance and comfort around, now a simple farmhouse, now a group of smaller dwellings, until the city opens out in front, with both sides of the river well built, and the traffic evidencing a busy community with a strong hold of the actualities of life, devoid of the insolent assumption and the lack of grip of the erstwhile conquerors of the pagan world, but full of the rough vigorous

democratic confidence of those who are bending the physical world to their own use. True, the German agricultural colonists of Valdivia were neither favoured in soil nor climate. If it does not rain as many days a year in Valdivia as in Chiloe, it rains more inches ; if it has more days of sunshine, the temperature falls lower. Indeed, there is nothing between them as to facilities, for the superior soil of Chiloe amply balances any advantage of climate. Yet Valdivia means prosperity—and why? We are lying alongside the broad landing-place and quay of Thater and Co. A trap-door is thrown open on the quay or landing-place over the river, and there the hides of the tannery are being washed in the running water, a simple and effective arrangement by which the river is utilized with the least expenditure of labour. Alongside the tannery is a great distillery of aguardiente, and numbers of pigs are fed upon the refuse. This naturally leads to the further factory where these are butchered, cut up, and turned out as hams and sausages, machinery being employed wherever possible, and all being conducted on a large scale. This is a sample of what is done elsewhere on the banks of the river. The famous brewery of Anwandtler Brothers is known and beloved all over Chile, and has recently attracted the attention of English capitalists, who have purchased it and the tanneries in connection. From small beginnings these capable and patient and persistent Germans have gone steadily on, until they have created a little Germany in this distant corner. And we who love not the race at home since 1871, when they went off their heads, have nothing but the utmost courtesy, and attention, and assistance to

report from them in Chile. It was a satisfaction to enter into a community full of vitality, and energy, and prosperity, created, too, from nothing but intelligent industry in a comparatively short time, and under the most trying conditions of climate and soil, without either the stimulus of metals or agricultural wealth.

Boating on the river and circling the large island opposite the town comes as a strange experience to a novice in the South of Chile. On the low marshy lands the vegetation is more rampant than one is accustomed to. A very strong harsh fern, an accentuated bracken more resembling a dwarf palm, grows freely along these *vegas;* while fuchsias are luxuriant where a hold can be had. The rushes along the riverside are startlingly fine, and are of two species, one round and one three-cornered, but both growing from 10 feet to 15 feet long, and being 1 inch diameter at the root. On these, two species of molluscs were browsing, one small limpet-shaped shell and another larger helix. Little tits were bobbing about these rushes and the reeds, and—but here is a bank: let us examine the bottom. We row over to a tree growing alone in the centre of the river, with its top some 20 feet over high-water, and prepare to examine the bottom. What is our surprise to find the water at least 16 feet deep! We only begin to realize the fact that the vegetation of this country is indifferent to fresh water, and grows not only to the water's edge, but wades in up to the waist with reckless frivolity. The gorse is here in plenty, and looking as if it felt at home, only more prosperous. The thistle has thrown off its breeches, and walks bare-legged and defiantly over the fields.

We have seen much of Valdivia and its kindly people, but never in fine weather or under 'the merry, merry sunshine.' Yet one can make excursions up the river here in the little steam-launches with great facility, which is a special advantage, as the waters are swift, and the oars would take long to make progress upwards. There is a river that enters the Valdivia, opposite the large island, that is an important highway from this. Higher up, the regular route to La Union in the south, where there is a railway to Osorno, commences. To proceed thither, the launch goes down from Valdivia, and then ascends towards Futa and Las Ulmas. Futa, where the steam-launch stops on this branch of the Valdivia, is simply a rude clearing with one or two wooden shanties. A few people frequent it in the summer on the way to and from La Union, but at present the country is practically untraversable except to the *vaqueros*. Down the twining and twisting course of the river the little steamer curves, here through ground of a general sandy character, with a few yards of sandstone rock exposed when the vegetation fails to obtain a foothold. For not only is the wooding plentiful, but the kila closes the spaces beneath the trees, while the stools of colihüe along the banks are rich and graceful. Had these woods been of very fine timber, the Germans would no doubt have cleared it away more rapidly, as there are large furniture-making establishments in Valdivia; but with the exception of lingue (*Persea lingue*), the oak of temperate Chile, there are no trees of sufficient value to cut and transport. All the lingue land is being cleared for the bark for the tanneries of Valdivia, whose leather deserves to be in high repute, seeing they have not

yet required to adopt the chemical systems of tanning now almost universal in Europe, and producing, so far as one can judge from results, cheaper but much inferior leather. The bulk of the leather produced here goes to Germany, when it leaves Chile at all. This demand for lingue bark is pioneering the upper reaches of the river, as the wood in the immediate vicinity gets cut down. Although lingue is said to require good soil for its growth, the ground in this neighbourhood is not considered worth clearing for wheat, and is kept for cattle. A few sheep were seen, but these were probably only for household use, as they are still more likely to fall a prey to the puma than the cattle, which yet pay a heavy percentage to this, the only serious enemy of the settler in these forest lands.

As it is now June, and the heart of winter, the rain has been heavy—the previous night being phenomenal as to rainfall—so the river is now very high, and the water looks brown and discoloured from the mud or fine sandy matter carried down in the floods. Yet how little of winter appears to us, for in these upper reaches the river is most picturesque, the great fern-leaves, the graceful kila and colihüe, adding to the dense foliage down to the water's edge on the banks, with the gay bells of the copigüe still hanging from the branches, and the red and green rosettes of the poe nestling at the junction of the branches, and giving that touch of finishing colour that the masses of greenery otherwise lack, even although relieved to an extent by the heavy masses of 'greybeard' moss of great length that drop familiarly from the branches. Emerging from these forest reaches to the great

bordering muddy shallows, we meet the giant rushes, and the inner reeds, and think of supplying the world with pith helmets from the rush centres. What candles they would have made in place of the rush-lights of our forefathers!

The Calle-Calle is the name of the branch of the river on which the town of Valdivia is built. The little steamer turns from it into the river San José or Las Cruces, where the banks are low but richly wooded on either side, the river narrow but apparently deep, and the whole scene picturesque. Whereas the run to Futa is southerly, that to the Las Cruces is northerly, and almost directly opposite. So soon as we pass this narrow neck of river, we enter upon broad lagoon-like stretches, where the water flows quietly through the flat country on either side. Two hours' steaming takes us to the mouth of the river Inaque, that flows from Lake Panguipulli, and is navigable for these little launches to as great a distance as the Las Cruces, which we continue to ascend. Many a time we seem to be almost touching the banks or the rushes, and we gaze with a never-ending sense of weird mystery into the dense woods in which the pigeons are calling, or from which the loros rush with harsh screams. Many streams are passed, and now and again little wooden shanties of varied size and appearance, according to the means or aspirations of the settlers, where the lingue-trees have been cut down, but the others left standing. These are mostly of small diameter but great height. Hills border the horizon and break the monotony, and occasionally a lesser one is approached, varied by green stretches of better land and good pasturage. But it is mainly

a land of half or partially cleared wood, where animals can find pasture, but where no cultivation of consequence has yet been worth attempting, so far as we can see. Of course, the extent is great, and the population sparse, and yet the whole way is extremely picturesque, with this good waterway for transit, and if cleared it would make beautiful, and one day valuable, farms. After two more hours' steaming great excitement is caused by the appearance of a good house and garden, and show of work and production, a few minutes more taking us to what is properly known as Las Cruces, where the river San José joins the branch we are on, and gives the name of The Crossings, or Crosses, to the point of junction. San José River comes from south of the volcano Villa Rica, Las Cruces coming more from the north. A very pretty and notable islet is at the junction, on which springs above the native vegetation a group of poplars, now leafless — a fair sign of their foreign origin in this land of evergreens. The wooded banks are now more Chiloe-like, with the poe red-rosetted and prominent on the trees, and the same red honeysuckle-like parasite—quiltran—that makes itself at home whether north or south. An absence of stones was notable wherever we landed, and the soil much impregnated with iron. If there was little evidence of wheat-cultivation on the way, there was much at our destination, Cuyinhue, which we reached after three o'clock. For here we found an extensive aguardiente distillery, and a fine farm around it. The homely German owner extended the hospitality which we were accustomed to expect from the race in these parts, and from his handsome house, beautifully situated on a ridge over the river,

we looked down upon fine cleared bottom land, richly green, and dotted with superior animals. Bunches of ostrich-feathers and an armadillo in the sitting-room pointed to the other side of the Great Cordillera, and we found that a close connection existed between the two sides here. For in the summer, with a good horse, the owner could cross to his lands on the other side—Argentina—in two days, by a good pass now snowed up. The route passes by Villa Rica Lake, near the notable volcano of that name, and we were assured it was the easiest crossing, and much better than that from Puerto Montt, which crossed over several ranges. There seems a considerable and lucrative business at present with Argentina here, for the cattle of our friend were sent there, to be brought back in three or four years, when properly grown and fattened. Much wool also crosses from Argentina, for the forests of Central Chile are as yet unprepared and unsuitable for sheep. The railway, which is being pushed on from both sides—Valdivia in the south, and Temuco in the north—passes not far off, and was expected to have a prejudicial effect on this industry, by moving the scattered wheat crops to the centres. The line will cross the San José above the place of that name, and the hitherto isolated districts of Valdivia and Osorno will then be in touch with each other and the capital. It was an unexpected meeting with a region one does not readily get in touch with in Chile, this distant shake-hands with its traffic route, and vision of the natural productions of Argentina.

The little steamer on its return voyage turned up at the Isle of Poplars, and ascended the San José for some considerable distance to pick up a launch full of

wood. We found it swifter, and with a more turbulent current, than the Las Cruces, but otherwise with the same character of banks and vegetation, low flat shores wooded into the water. In mid-winter, with rain in excess, many passengers could not be anticipated in these pioneer boats; but no doubt many would take advantage of them in summer, and they are opening up the region wonderfully. They are also fortunate in these rivers which permit their passage, much greater obstacles existing both north and south, whether on the Imperial or the Rio Bueno.

''Twere long to tell' of the well-kept plaza on the higher ground of Valdivia, of the comfortable hotel, the handsome Intendencia, and the hopeless streets. For these are wood-paved, and in this drenching climate do not last long, even when originally well made, which is seldom. The sad part of all these towns is the periodical conflagrations, which commit terrible havoc amongst the wooden houses. Yet Valdivia is specially well provided against fire in its splendid river, and Messrs. Andwandtler have a steam fire-engine of great power on the river itself, which can get to work in *three* minutes, supplied with steam from their works direct, as these go night and day. The consumption of beer in this German colony and centre of breweries is said to average *nine* quart bottles per day for man, woman and child. This is not only an evidence of the drouth of the Fatherland, but of the general prosperity of the people who can afford to pay for it, even cheap as it is. Valdivia is certainly a prosperous centre, and a credit to the land to which it owes its success. But they have not yet organized a proper fish-supply, readily as this may be

done; for the people of Corral go all the way in their boats with some half-dozen fish, which they sell dear, in place of sending a quantity by steam-launch to be sold at a reasonable price. We say good-bye unwillingly to the wet and drouthy town, where we have received much kindness and attention, and we run down the river by the long leg round the island, as the other is too shallow, and it was a question whether we could cross the 'bar' behind the town. On the banks of this long leg the greater part of the town extends—busy and prosperous tanneries, and breweries, and saw-mills. But far too much refuse is permitted to run into the river, and they will soon have to employ a dredger to clear the fairway. The gracefully rolling coast hills are wooded from the summits to the water's edge in a perfect *embarras des richesses* of vegetation, and we wonder when the march of science will enable them to exchange their excess of moisture for the excess of sunshine of the north, otherwise than by shipping the proverbial cucumbers.

XXII

LLANQUIHUE

'THE *vaqueros* say the roads are impassable, and the mud-holes very deep.' The torrents of winter had continued into spring, and there was no sign of a change for the better. Even if the rain ceased, it would require some time for the country to dry up a little. So here we were stuck up in Osorno, with everyone assuring us 'it was no use.' We could not get to the lakes; the rivers were lowering daily without the land getting drier, and passage to the south was impossible without returning first north to Corral, with the certainty of detention on the way, there to catch a steamer round to Puerto Montt by Ancud in Chiloe. This was quite outrageous, and so thought several of us. It was Saturday, and no appearance of bettering. A telegram arrived, but not from the attentive and considerate department! 'I must get to Puerto Montt. If you arrange horses and join me, I will go.' Coming from a cultivated and intelligent German, who was likewise a gentleman and a good fellow, we arranged for horses. It was the one chance of escape, and being a pleasant chance, we accepted it. It was not joyful to turn from the lakes we so much desired to

examine, and for which we had been waiting—lakes it was never our good fortune to be able to see. Still less was it pleasing to leave Don Pedro Adams and his amiable family ; nor did we hanker after an opportunity of 'charming the world with noble horsemanship' at the bottom of a mud-hole. But when we mounted in the courtyard of the hotel, with a smart sergeant of police as guide and guard, we forgot all in the prospects of the gallop and the charm of 'fresh fields and pastures new.'*

Hour after hour our capital Chilian mounts carried us steadily onward, amid the beautiful wooding of the early spring, with quite a border of foxgloves, mainly white, all the way. The road was all it was said to be, simply desperate, and we had constantly to turn aside by some *depacho*, or by-path cut through the woods for miles, to avoid the more hopeless mud-holes, which were fathomless. In these *depachos* the traveller is sorely tried. The word 'cutting' is a rough joke, the trees left knee-high, to knock the feet off anyone without good Chilian stirrups. Even the Valdivian imitation, of strong leather, gets wet and sloppy, and is not a sufficient protection. What with the boughs and the canes above, the tree-stumps midway, and the tree-roots and mud-holes below, the traveller is busy enough. But still our guide keeps on, at a hard gallop where possible, and often where we wished it were impossible. For over these slippery, rotten corduroys, or, still worse, single planks to be traversed lengthways

* The story of Don Pedro having one morning, on this same road, found a woman sitting on her horse in a mud-hole, where she had been all night, and from which he was unable to extricate her without riding for the police, was a little stimulant. We did not learn whether she was taken to the 'offish' for *obstructing the highway*, as would have been her destiny at the hands of a Highland 'pólishman'!

at the side of some Slough of Despond, we never found it enjoyable riding; although on a good horse that is not timid one gets accustomed to being safely carried over anything. Once or twice a rude company at a wayside posada, drinking deep of the cup that cheers *and* inebriates, demand the watchful attention of the *policia*, and once we stop to support him while he rides boldly up and threatens some more insolent group, that must not be permitted to address slightingly an officer of police, even although supported by numbers, and with the never-absent revolver at their belts. Picturesque enough and dashing horsemen, they are rough men to handle on horseback, and bold enough men afoot, although there are many *gringos* in the country who talk slightingly of their courage, unless brought up to the sticking-place with aguardiente.

We were really all glad when, about one o'clock, we came down upon the river at Cancura, where stands the handsome farmhouse of Señora Olivares alongside the ferry, and close to the plaza of the pueblo. A rude and crude attempt at a town is Cancura, and the surveyors are said to have worked it out wrongly, so that the plaza is cut into by the surrounding locations. This may account for the crude appearance, but still more the fact that Olivares *is* Cancura. The family owns all the land round, and we are received by the señora herself, who proves to be a countrywoman, and gives us a true British welcome, and orders *good beef-steaks* for the Ingleses. Our handsome German fellow-traveller is first in the dining-room, and when the serving-maid comes up from the kitchen to spy out the visitors, she returns to the cook with a very derogatory report. 'Alemanes no mas,' she says, with a con-

temptuous air—'Only Germans.' For the German colonists being all over the south, and many very poor even still, they have not managed to maintain that respect for the rare and unknown that has its antithesis in the familiarity that breeds contempt. We avail ourselves too long to please the *policia* of the society of a cultivated countrywoman, so we are forced to say good-bye, mount our horses, and ride down on board the ferry-boat, which is here drawn across by a wire rope, as usual in these unnavigable rivers. Around the hacienda are strong *corrals*, and that almost immovable fence that can only be erected where wood is plentiful, and much skill in handling it universal. The posts are very strong, and the connecting slabs unbreakable and almost irremovable, as we have frequently found to our cost when seeking to make a circuit to avoid some impassable stretch of mud-holes. If it were not so, in these countries every horseman could take down a stretch of it and leave it down, to the annoyance of the owner, and the probable loss of his cattle or destruction of his crop. We are assured, however, that this second half of the road, from Cancura to Puerto Octai on Lake Llanquihue, is a capital road, the only bad part having lately had a *depacho* made by the proprietor, Olivares himself, to avoid it. We had not yet learned what a *good road* is in Chile, and started full of hope, only to wish *depachos* had never been invented, to wish our limbs had been telescopic, that tree-trunks had been formed of softer material by a kind Providence, and that the flowery path and the sweet greenery were not such a delusion and a snare. Whether from having had enough of it, or from the fact of the road being so *good*, we suffered more from

this second half than from the first; and the hours and the miles seemed equally long that bore us away from the beautiful river Rahue and the bright English home of Cancura. As we approached Octai and the lake about seven o'clock, we passed many homes of the German colonists, who are steadily and patiently making this country into a beautiful and habitable land. Rude enough and poor enough many of them, but no lack of a coming generation, and signs of efforts to beautify and mollify their surroundings with orchards, vegetable-gardens, and other amenities. The lake Llanquihue itself is one of the finest in Chile, thirty-two miles by twenty-eight, with two fine volcanoes all to itself: Osorno the graceful and Calbuco the restless. Out of the world as Puerto Octai may be considered, it is a pretty and interesting and industrious place, with very beautiful environs. A well-protected baylet has a pier for the steamer that encircles the lake, built by German ingenuity on the spot, and quaint as the spot in which we find it.

We are asleep in a double-bedded room, solidly asleep, having sat up late after our long, hard ride. 'What a "buster" on to-night! Where are our boats?' we mutter to ourselves, half awakened by the roar and the shaking of the house, and instinctively back again in distant Benderloch. The shaking continues and the roar increases, but we are vaguely conscious that the sound is *under* the house and not *overhead;* yet that fact does not properly reach our consciousness, or at least does not impress itself upon us so as to suggest the natural sequence. Our own bungalow does not shake, but that also does not appeal to us. We are in the midst of a bitter nor'-wester

from the hills of Kingairloch, when a voice from our comrade crosses the room, asking if we appreciate the earthquake. The roar that startled us has at length passed by, the shaking that nearly threw us out of bed has ceased, and peace and quietness reigns around. We *do* appreciate the fact that the most violent earthquake we have experienced in Chile has been playing with us in Puerto Octai, and sending us in imagination to the banks of Loch Creran. We sleep placidly through the rest of the night, and not until we are afoot in the morning do we understand how well these wooden houses, with no lack of material, stand a violent earth disturbance in the vicinity of these volcanoes. They say they have had a sharper attack before, but never so prolonged as on this occasion, Monday morning, November 9, 1896. The good people here, amid their apple-orchards, from which they make much cider, seem very close to centres of disturbance; but nothing to their German fellow-countrymen around the lake, who farm right up to the flanks of Volcan Calbuco, and would no doubt utilize it also, but for the barren and unfriendly slopes at that part. All the shores of this fine lake are occupied by settlers, mostly German, who obtained so many cuadros—100 metres square—free: but had to pay about 1½$ (2s. 3d.) per cuadro for their 'papers,' we were assured by one who owned about 300 cuadros on the shore, and otherwise finds employment in navigation.

Although showery, the day was good, so we took boat and rowed about the lake to examine its character. Its general beauty is unquestionable, overshadowed by noble volcanoes, Calbuco smoking to-day, to calm itself

after the past restless night. Along the shores, overshadowed by the escalonia, the fuchsia and other flowering plants, such as the various barberries and myrtles, we quietly pull, drinking in the beauty that is born of a mild climate and a placid rainfall, as well as of 'murmurous sounds.' The large ducks which we are assured are 'steamers,' the large hualas that we know are not, the ducks that decline to be examined, are plentiful on the lake and nesting in the herbage. But this, whether interminable reeds, or the reckless trees like luma 'doon the watter' for a 'dook,' or the tepu that is semi-aquatic, defies the most courageous and inquisitive for the most part, and forces the naturalist to give up in despair. Only where clearings have been made by the colonists, and cattle haunt the ground once cleaned by fire, have we a chance of a stroll through the woods for a short spell. And there we see birds we do not know, and a profusion of growth we do not appreciate. Llianas 100 feet long of many different sizes hang from the trees, and enable the settlers to draw cordage for their labours with little trouble. Both kila and colihüe are to be had for the cutting, and only labour and ingenuity are wanting, with the facilities that won't be long of coming, to make this beautiful lake a centre of vigorous life. Bivalves in the mud, univalves on the aquatic vegetation, insects in plenty on the move over both land and water, and what a beautiful double rainbow! The lower bow was in the water, of course the colours reversed, the upper portion a clear blue bow, while all beneath and below was a blaze of red, much more brilliant than the bow in the sky; a jutting islet-point

is just beyond, and clear of the effect. There must have been heavy evaporation from the lake.

Much homely intercommunication exists in these German colonies, and at the meals the better-class settlers and manufacturers always appeared at the hotels. To-day we had the fine little oyster of Calbuco in plenty, but recklessly gathered—large and small, and with many other shells, as if all had been shovelled up together, although this was close-time also! The steamer arrived in the evening, having come from Puerto Varas opposite, but going round the lake by the volcanoes. In the morning we start with it, going round the foot of the lake on the opposite course. As we progress, a rude hut is seen at the inner end of a promontory called Punta de Bajas, or Shoal Point, where three prominent trees stand at the end on a slight elevation. It turns out that the steamer has a vested interest in these trees. The colonist was about to cut them down when clearing the rest of his ground; but as the point is a troublesome one in dirty weather or in the dark, he was paid $250 to leave them standing as a landmark and guide. The German engineer talks English, and has seen the world, and the little party on board is cosmopolitan enough, and liberal-minded accordingly. How little sympathy there is with modern German militarism and autocracy amongst these otherwise devoted sons of the Fatherland, although they may still carry their gold in the little leather pouch, so cleverly arranged, that is worn by every German soldier next his breast, with his name on it.

We are making calls on the way, at places with a future, and even with a present. We land and spend

some time at Frutillar, so called from the quantities of strawberries growing wild along its sandy green banks. There is food to be had, and of course beer, while a well-built Catholic church, with a school-house alongside, tells you of a considerable population about. At present it is a straggling but well-built pueblo, with signs of a settlement over a period ; and brambles and turkey-buzzards have alike swooped down upon it, and marked it for their own. All the shore is black volcanic sand, that has never much life about it of any sort. The day has been fine and the view finer. The volcano Osorno, 2,200 metres high, and right opposite, stands out snow-clad over a black median line above the woods, beautifully shaped and elegant from any point of view. The volcano Calbuco is ruder and bolder, but not so high, and seems near enough for a nodding acquaintance on the south-west side of the lake. It is still occasionally active, and three years before an eruption destroyed the harvest, some haciendas losing as much as $8,000. It made the whole lake dark as night with the volcanic dust for quite a considerable period. It slopes down to the Southern Port, whence the road runs to Puerto Montt, and where the shores are low. In parts of the lake no bottom has been found at 200 fathoms.

The mouth of the Rio Maullin, which runs from the lake, leaves it between this pleasant situation and Puerto Varas ; but this river is not navigable, although it has been explored by our good friend Robert Christie, of Castro, whose family formerly lived in a pretty homestead in this locality, and where they received a once notable name that 'puts strange memories in our head.' For the famous correspondent of the *Times*—

Antonio Gallenga, the author and Italian patriot—rushed through this country. And did we not practise horsemanship together with our dear friend Romeo Gallenga in smoky Cottonopolis, in happy ignorance of the coming event that did not cast its shadow before, when the bright youth, 'with no work done and great work undone,' sank so pathetically to his rest in his Roman palace!

But we are in the land of the future and not of the past. The signs of cattle are all about, for it is a great land of butter, only losing ground because of late not made with sufficient attention to cleanliness, say the merchants of the north. Kegs come on board in plenty, bound for Valparaiso and Antifogasta. They are well and neatly made on the lake itself, where there are two factories. We see in the distance Puerto de los Ingleses, the English port, where there are said to be five or six English families in a little colony, and soon arrive at Puerto Varas, a thriving little place with a good hotel, a pier, and stores in plenty. You can be *passed through* from Puerto Octai to Puerto Montt, arrangements being made for horses to meet you at the port. Quite a gay company mounted here for the sea; but we had not gone far before the superior attractions of the roadside posadas had diminished the party to representatives of the three principal European nations. As a rule, the commercials met in these South American countries are a superior class, well educated, with their ideas expanded by contact with many minds of many peoples. They are, by the necessity of their business, observant men, and it was difficult to meet one who could not impart some quaint information about some unfrequented corner of the

world. We have always found the Basques, whether at home or abroad, agreeable companions, and one such accompanied us on our journey with more than the average vivacity of the race. It seems impossible for a man to be long in Chile without being bitten with the horse-fever, and the desperate riding demanded to cover any extent of ground immediately out of the main routes stimulates the habit of reckless handling of horses. The 18 kilometres (11 miles) to Puerto Montt occupied upwards of two hours, but the road was good after our late experience, and much frequented. It ascends to a considerable height, and the land is well cleared over great stretches. As it was not really so good as in Chiloe, it was difficult to appreciate the progress made; but this part was lately clothed with a fine growth of alerci, the lowest range at which this noble tree has been found in quantity. It has been compared with the Californian redwood, and the size of the timber must have vied with the giants of the Yosemite Valley. We noted one cut, about 4 feet above the ground, on which a dancing-party could have been held, apparently cut by the honest manual labour of the axeman. Indeed, we were struck with the thriving appearance of the pueblos on the way, with one exception, where all were evidently very poor, except in the fulness of their quivers, and the huts wretched. Otherwise good dwellings, surrounded with orchards and expanding clearings, told of industry and progress. It is really surprising how soon a hard-working family can rise above immediate want in these countries, if accompanied by education and ordinary intelligence, on the bit of ground allotted by the Government. As we came down from the higher land upon Puerto

Montt, the thriving, and, indeed, elegant, appearance of the place was remarkable. Here there is an Intendencia, the Intendente being over the extended province of Llanquihue, of which Osorno is a department, with a Governor only. A fine pier extends out from the plaza, which is small, and looks smaller from the wealth of foliage, which rather crowds it out. Its breweries are noted over the south; it is the centre for the steamer traffic of the whole region, many of whose officers have their homes or interests here. We not only found the road from the lake a good one for the country, but the streets were all good and fairly passable in the worst of weather; while the hotels were also comfortable, and the tables superior. Although the plaza was somewhat neglected, and the music-stand demanding attention, while the inhabitants had the usual complaint of maladministration of public funds for municipal purposes, Puerto Montt could have taught the cities of the north a lesson in this respect. A fine convent is on the higher ground, a cathedral faces the plaza, and the place evidently reaps a harvest, not only from the shipping that frequents the 'canals,' but from the rapidly developing outlying settlements.

The trees in the vicinity were not taken out by the roots on these German settlements as a rule, certainly not to the same extent as in Chiloe. But we were assured it was not advisable to do so, as the soil was so scant the removal of the roots meant baring the land, and many had been untouched for twenty years. Of late a system of boring them and soaking with a nitrate of soda solution, water being kept from entering the hole, enabled them to be burned after a time, and the period of clearing reduced to five years. But in any

case the work of clearing such heavy wooding is a serious one, and the colonists, who are mainly German, deserve all the credit they may choose to claim for the work done and the progress made. The trees about the town are redolent of the home-land, the Germans having sufficient sentiment to surround themselves with such mementoes of other days. Ash and plane trees were predominating, and the hawthorn, in rich blossom, was growing luxuriantly.

The shore was not so familiar-looking, although oysters in bunches had been thrown ashore. The large dark trochus, venus, and other bivalves, were crushed into insignificance by the huge barnacles, each a good breakfast-cup, and often in great bunches; while the huge sepiæ were here also spoiling the foreshores. Sardines were in plenty, but ignored, and the evidence of the fish-wealth that frequents these southern waters was all about, the channel between the mainland and the island of Tenglo lying off, in which sailing ships mainly anchor, never failing to be alive with fry. Crabs were numerous at low water, and a species of *Platycheles* was plentiful under stones, with a beautiful blue carapace, hobnobbing with anemones that might have come fresh from our Highland home. We had a pleasant gallop with a cultivated companion—a German-trained doctor, Breide, born in this country—to the river Chamisso. It flows from the lake Chapo, a little-known lake at no great distance, that has not yet been properly explored. The shore-road is more beautiful than agreeable as we get out towards the distillery, for the sepiæ have a powerful odour along the beach, strewn as it is also for miles by those evidences of civilization—bottles and corks—that we

do not yet find fossilized even in the recent Tertiaries. Many of the common gull (*Larus magellanicus*) are squabbling over tit-bits with the customary display of bad language of the race. 'Coal in process of formation,' remarks our comrade as we pass a bed of blackened tree-trunks under several superincumbent strata, alluvial, as all the land from here to the Cordilleras is said to be. The so-called road, or rugged path, was more traversable on horseback than the made roads cut up with traffic; but it dodged about amongst the fields of the poorer class of German colonists here located. The cultivation was good, but the fields lie fallow year about; and the fences, and consequently the roads between, change from year to year as the growing wheat is protected. Passing a great sandy bay, we crossed a projecting spur, and came down upon the mouth of the river, which here flowed into a great stretch of sandy beach covered with small growing mussels. The sea here advances like the historic Solway, and can overtake a horse. We now cut across through thickets of luma to the banks of the river higher up, where the crossing of the river is secured for man and beast by means of the customary boat drawn by a rope. In a bight of the river multitudes of small fish fry, said by the natives to be those of the peladillo, or native trout, were disporting, and the stream ran swift and pure. On the bank, peeping at us through the thickets, were the 'fry' of Chilians and Germans, some markedly Indian, and all good-humoured. Although beautiful and richly clad with vegetation, the sand is the same black, dead-looking volcanic sand brought down by the rivers from the volcanic regions. We could not stop to examine the

conglomerate on the coast cliffs, as the tide was rising fast, and we had to press our horses over the bad roads in order to be before it; for when the sea rose, it was even difficult to pass along the tops of the low cliffs, over which the sea broke violently without destroying the vegetation! The house standing out on the shore, close to the town, is evidently in a precarious condition, and an extra virulent wave may carry it off any day, erected as it seems to have been well down the foreshore to escape land purchase.

Rambles about the town are pleasant and not difficult, so long as the paths and fields are kept to. But, on the other hand, any attempt to penetrate the narrowest strip of natural scrub is certain to end in ignominious failure for anyone but a nesting schoolboy, as we found always to our cost. Only this explains the unexplored regions close to civilized centres. We did not manage to reach the river Maullin from this, and were obliged to content ourselves with a visit or two from the mouth, which is entered from Ancud by steamer. A colony near the falls of the river is reached by road from here, however, and we were disappointed not seeing it, as our friend who first explored the river gave us a graphic account of his experiences: how he lost one of his canoes before he reached the falls of the river Maullin, and his second was lost at the falls, which are 11 feet high. He was in the canoe while two men held a lasso wound round a tree to ease it over. The lasso slipped, of course, and he was obliged to take off his boots to swim ashore, where he arrived with only a few pounds of avena remaining between three of them. He was days wandering barefoot before he reached a

ranch, where he built another canoe, and tried to drag it with animals to the river, a mile away. But animals! He could only get first a cow, and then a young bull; but another bull was captured from amid the kila, and the cow turned adrift. When they tried to start, with the first jump one bull fell back into the canoe, which so disorganized them that when they did start they rushed off down the path cut through the brushwood, until at length they turned aside, broke the stick that served as a rude yoke against a tree, and disappeared in the forest. They took two more days to find the animals, and with them drag the canoe finally to its new domain. A wretched piece of green wood was this canoe, burned inside as well as they could manage; but with this they had to complete the exploration for the Government. And yet this river was running a comparatively short course from an important lake to a settlement at the mouth. How much more difficult is it in the outlying lands, where settlers can with difficulty penetrate up to the boundaries of their allotments!

This river Maullin has scarcely a 'bar' in the ordinary sense of the term, but it presents obstructions to any but small steamers, and these require skilled pilots to enter. A 'hawser-hole' in the rock near Carelmapu is a good guide when seen, and two fine headlands north and south are still better guides. These passed, the land on both sides the wide estuary are low and flat, those to the south being stretches of sand-dunes, with marshy land inside studded with lakes and alive with water-fowl. The north is little different in level, but more wooded. The sand-dunes are greatly extending over the land in the north-east gales; but we have here a capital stretch of ground

for a gallop. The white cranes, ibis in great flocks, ducks and grebes and water-hens are in myriads, the spur-winged plovers are in plenty on the grazing land between, while off shore the ubiquitous pelican and the omnipresent cormorant are all about. In the season this, like the Pudeto River, is a great haunt of the beautiful flamingo. The *Pudeto*, they say, can proceed twenty miles up the river, but in our experience we could not get vessels to proceed more than a few miles. A large bed of oysters on the north shore of the estuary is noted, but although fished with more care than at Mellinka, they did not appear to us to be as fine. They are neither so clear to appearance nor so well cupped. They receive $7 to $8 a bag at Ancud (12s.), and several launches were laden with them. On another occasion we went up the river—which is of the usual character of the rivers of the south—as far as the pilot would take the little gun-boat, to a small saw-mill, and thence took the ship's boat for some miles further, amidst a reed-grown expanse, with the usual water-fowl, but in small numbers. We do not find the common Chileno a lively individual, nor an obliging one, except when a *yappa* is certain; and this should be paid beforehand, as their faith in the laity is in an inverse ratio to their faith in the priesthood. This old settlement is more Chileno than any we have seen, and is not very bright or prosperous; yet the land is much better and easier to work than about the lake or in Chiloe settlements, being mostly either clear of trees or covered with a readily-cleared brushwood. We found the people friendly, liberal, and companionable, but jealous of interlopers, and much controlled by the priesthood.

The incumbent, however, was an intelligent and liberal man, who was devoted to his flock, and his home, presided over by his mother, was that of a gentleman. The best land here is still under Government control, and if attention were more directed hitherward, it would have a future in good hands. But the people have more education than money, and suffer from that curse of Chile, a plethora of poor women of the better class. The whole province of Llanquihue, which is very large, is beautiful, interesting, and as undeveloped as it is capable of development for the most part. Coal and gold have been tapped, but not seriously worked as yet.

XXIII

ISLA SANTA MARIA

LYING opposite the fine Bay of Arauco, where the Spaniards fought many a desperate engagement with the valiant Araucanians, who give it its name, is the large island of Santa Maria. Of course it was out of the way of the principal port. The boats at our disposal could not possibly go there, and no others could be got in the place to attempt the passage. At home we should have taken a boat and a couple of men and run over the twenty intervening miles; but we were not at home. So in the last resort we go to Lota, where the then lessee of the island dwelt, and was friendly and courteous—qualities not to be noted as exceptional in a Chileno gentleman. The hotel in Lota was naturally a fair one for the country, as Lota is the centre of the Chilian Newcastle district, the home of the Cousiño family, and, indeed, the most important labour centre in Chile. The controlling family have done everything that works in copper and coal can be expected to do to destroy the amenity of a naturally beautiful district, and everything that money and cultivated tastes could do to counteract the injury. For here is the famous park surrounding the home of

the family that is spoken of with bated breath throughout Chile as a modern Paradise. Have we not been assured by travelled Chilenos that none such can be found in the richest lands of Europe? It would be cruel to destroy this, one of their many illusions, by saying that it might be passed over if placed in a corner of one of our great English parks; that it is a pocket Paradise insufficient even to tempt its Eve to leave her beloved Paris. Let us take it for what it is; and as the boat leaves at some untimeous hour on an unnamed day, we may as well call on the managers at the handsome Administration House on the edge of the park, where we are sure of attention and civility.

The 'park' is really a hilly promontory overlooking the Bay of Arauco, on the summit of which a French château has been erected, the whole hill being turned into a *jardin des plantes*, with endless walks, rustic constructions of every imaginable device, platforms overhanging the sea, where the wooden supports have to be carefully examined ere one trusts one's European neck over them, and a general attempt made—and not unsuccessfully—to create a bijou fairyland. The place is surrounded by well-grown eucalypti; but to attempt to describe the walks, and the shrubs, and the trees growing amid the grounds or alongside the paths would produce as ridiculous a catalogue as the plants in the palm-house or the flowers in the parterres. For here it has been the pride of the family to show what the climate of this part of Chile can do in the way of liberal reception to every effort of Nature in remarkable freaks or vegetable beauty. The condor and the huaimul, the goose and the eagle, the palm and the

rose-tree, live in as great amity as the Chilena owner, the native workmen, and the English administrators. Spiders' webs of infinite delicacy and amazing extent form gateways across the paths, as if to defy comparison even at the hands of the imaginative designers of the park erections; while amid the protected grounds native wild birds call from the branches, to claim equality for beauty and interest with the best imported, and 'defy foreign competition.'

It is a beautiful imagining at the door of the workings whence the means have been drawn from the bowels of the earth. You leave it, and step at once amongst the débris of copper-smelting furnaces, coal-pits, glass-bottle works (the only ones in Chile), and all the enormous gatherings of years of the unutilizable products of the labours of thousands of men. Rails everywhere, great moles stretching seawards formed, and still forming, from the débris, and all leading into the town of Lota, with its station and Custom-house, and population all hanging on to the voluminous skirts of the presiding lady, Madame Cousiño. Vegetation in the direction of the works is impossible, even where strata of recent shells under good alluvial deposits are kicked up by the feet as the stranger advances, seeking the well-ordered plaza as a relief alike from the barren scene of labour and the *embarras des richesses* of the home of pleasure.

Like every town of the smallest pretensions in Chile, Lota has its club, liberally managed as to entry of strangers, where cocktails are in demand, and the copita of Pisco is not unknown as a *chasse café*. There is the Chilian indifference to sanitation, however, in the hotel arrangements, where, indeed, business is not

flourishing beyond the bar. Outside of one or two cities money does not seem to be made in the public entertainment way, not even in this busy centre, where much money circulates. At the public tables, besides local Englishmen, there are officers of the army and men of affairs who are merely birds of passage, for much business is conducted under the shadow of the great Lota Company, with its many different departments. On the higher ground outside rows of model cottages had been erected, but they were not kept with the care and cleanliness that their character deserved.

As this is our second attempt to reach the island, we do not trust the assertions of interested parties, but arrange directly with the boatmen to come when they are about to start, and are awakened accordingly before 3 a.m., and soon reach the pier. Seeing the distance is so trifling, we make no special preparations except a pint of whisky for the men, little of which they were eventually offered, and less of which they took. We started thus early, as we understood, to catch a special breeze, which, however, did not seem to appreciate the situation, for hour after hour passed without apparently getting much 'forrarder,' after leaving the port of Lota itself. When we approached a stretch of land at length, it only proved to be the other horn of the Bay of Arauco, and this we coasted, again passing hour after hour, with an occasional change from the flapping sail to the oars. These were mostly used standing, thrusting them before the rowers, a style common amongst many peoples as a change, when not preferably as the principal mode of operating. It was clear at length that, if we were ever to reach our destination, the oars must take us, so we settled down solidly to work in the

heat of the day, and at length approached the long, low, sandy stretch, with a slight central elevation, that constitutes the island of Santa Maria. Lying, as it does, at the entrance to the busy bay of Arauco, with strong currents setting along shore, it is a standing menace to vessels, several large derelicts occupying the beach at the long point nearest Coronel, where combined fogs and currents had thrown them, although in close proximity to the lighthouse.

We run ashore in a deep shallow bay in the immediate neighbourhood of the large house of the lessee, where it occupies the position of the farmhouse for the island. Since then it has fallen into the hands of the Lota Company, to be administered as a dependent farm. As we leap ashore a strange sight presents itself. For the beach is living, and as this was our first experience of the kind, we are curious accordingly. Rolling ashore in the miniature breakers that passed over the sands were multitudes of large octopi, from 3 feet to 6 feet long without the tentacles, and of great solidity and weight. Lines of their dead comrades were stretched along the beach higher up, as thrown there by the tide. They did not seem desirous, even if capable, of recovering themselves and returning to the deeper water, and the general belief along the whole coast they frequent is that they deliberately commit suicide. A large species of dog-fish, or small shark, added to the decaying animal matter that might have been better employed on the farm, its curious egg-cases being likewise strewn along the shore, mingled with the smaller cognate egg-cases of the skate, many of which seemed newly deposited. All was unusual to northern eyes; even the angler-fish

were distinctly different, and the smaller, quainter pediculati were noted. The great beaks of departed cuttle-fish, like those of huge parrots, blackened the edge of the sea-wash at places. There were beautiful shells of venus, and very large choros, or mussels, some being 8 inches by 4 inches, while the *Concholepas peruviana*, often brought as ornamental shells to this country, were of great size and plentiful. The limpet-like navicellæ (?), with delicate inner shelf, were sticking all over the choros, as the Hungarian's-cap shell does on the horse-mussels at home. The family of solen was also represented (*Machæra* ?), but we did not obtain them alive. We are lingering on the strangely-tenanted beach when the lady of the house meets us, and after twelve hours' starvation *en route*, we are glad of a cup of coffee whilst the more important meal is in preparation. A pleasant and amiable household (*Herrera*), this, to which we are indebted for hospitality, at this time increased by a lady visitor and two *monchas*, semi-secular nuns, who travel about and act as teachers in less populous corners. Quiet, refined women, who do not join in the more frivolous amusement of the waltz, which we manage to get up of an evening, but who prove of necessity good horsewomen on extemporized saddles when we cross the island by the hills.

The island proved an extraordinary hunting-ground, had we been able to devote time and appliances to a thorough examination. The immediate vicinity of the house was overgrown with giant thistles, reaching far above our heads, amongst which the little butterflies were numerous and gay, if not brilliant. On the lower ground amongst the marshes the water-fowl were vociferous, but difficult to approach. It was a veritable

epitome of Central Chili and its fauna. The thistles might help to account for the multitudes of small birds, but the insect-eating species were provided with a still richer store of food. For a stroll anywhere raised quite clouds of grasshoppers or small locusts, for they flew freely, and were of great variety in general appearance, differing both in size and colouring. The Indian huts about the island were extremely rude, and the inhabitants heavy and stupid looking. We offered the children much-valued pieces of silver for specimens of the locusts we were engaged in sampling, but they captured few, and did not seem to know how. These walks across the higher reaches of the island were a great treat after visiting the denser-wooded districts. The weather was pleasantly hot, the ground easily covered, the life rampant of feather and insect, the views around delightfully varied, and everything novel. A blue-barred wasp* was in vast numbers and of great vivacity and vitality, and seemed to settle in the evening on the leaves of the agave; while a still larger species with a quite blue body rushed across with the violence and speed of a small swallow. One carrying a huge hairy spider, although struck down by our stick, was difficult to secure. It goes without saying that the tucé hawk was plentiful, and the large black-headed buzzard in goodly numbers. A densely-wooded dell, where the trees where confined by the wind, which cut them pretty close when they rose above it, and which enclosed a lakelet, was a great haunt of birds of many varieties, but it was difficult to penetrate except along certain lines. The water birds *perched* on the trees growing on the water-line.

* *Odyneridæ.*

Our gallop across to the highest point of the island, and to the edge of the steep north-west cliffs, was accompanied by amazing flights of locusts; the air seemed full of them, and our horses to be walking amid clouds of the creatures. The sound of their rising and dropping again on dried leaves, such as those of the thistles were then, was most peculiar. From the edge of the cliffs we looked upon the nesting-places of the sea-fowl, for the most part quite secure. Great stretches of blown sand covered the ground at this point, and made riding difficult. On the top the serrated and sharp-leaved plant like an agave grew freely. Here and there we noted the burrowing owl sitting at the mouth of its burrow; and the larger species were not uncommon. The spur-winged plovers more frequented the fields, where no doubt they were nesting; but we never acquired facility in discovering nests in Chile.

The inhabitants, besides the family in occupation, consisted of twelve families, all living in huts of the simplest character, roof and sides being of reeds. They appeared almost pure Indians, or with little and early admixture. A very graceful appanage to the house was a tame guanaco, that went very quietly about the veranda outside, suddenly thrusting its nose over your shoulder and kissing you in the most unexpected manner if pleased; but if liberties were taken with it when out of humour, it spat in the usual style of the camel, to which family it belongs. Cattle and sheep stocked the island, with little tillage, the plough used being the usual iron-shod stick, with which the ground is tickled.

A crumbling sandstone of recent formation com-

poses most of the island, which is essentially dry and sandy-looking, notwithstanding the sluggish stream near the house and the marshy ground in the vicinity. But a good deal of a sort of peat lies near the shore, although not used for fuel, as far as we could see. We were informed of a peculiar black rock—a sort of basalt—on the west of the island, near the Mapuche graveyard, similar to the stone of which the arrow-heads we obtained from that quarter were formed. These were made with slightly-serrated edges in place of the ordinary chipped form, but not carefully polished. None of these are readily obtainable, being got from under the gravel, and consequently somewhat rubbed and injured. Whatever they might once have been, the natives are quiet enough to-day, and too few in numbers to be troublesome under any conditions. But the island probably carried formerly a considerable population. The soil and climate are such as to cause a very luxuriant growth, and the dip in which the garden nestled was a mass of foliage, with great enclosures about of mingled gorse and bramble, amongst which the huge red bees, the various wasps (?), and multitudes of a few species of butterflies, were always on the move. A large hedge of gorse also crosses the island to the west side. In favoured spots, where there is some moisture, the beautiful weeping-willow of the country has been planted for shade to the cattle, as water is scarce all over; while acacia-trees are intermingled in places, and the valueless arrayan grows naturally over the wilds. Wherever there are *vegas*, or marshy meadows, the holes of the camarones are numerous; indeed, these are not confined to any part of Chile, but are plentiful wherever there is moisture.

Much time might be spent on these interesting shores, for this is, and has been for long, a great centre for the whale-fishery, and the beach is strewn with their vertebræ, the flat bones at the end of which are used for many purposes. Being about a foot in diameter, and an inch or two thick, they form quaint shelves, and are hung up as barometers, the expansion of the damp spot in the centre being a sign of rain. Sea-birds, of course, are numerous amid such a wealth of shore-food, to which was added, as we were leaving, the multitudes of sardines and anchovies thrown on the beach at the sandy point that is such a *bête noire* to ships entering or leaving Arauco Bay. As the breakers flung them ashore or tossed them about amidst the shoals, the mass of bird-life and its wild vociferation created a species of pandemonium indescribable.

The large shells thrown on the beach of the small bay must either have come from shores well-off or must live beyond the reach of the dredge, for we did not find them amongst the few species of mollusca or crustacea obtained. The little shore-bird, that we also met on the Rio Bueno and elsewhere, was here as beautiful a golden bronze as if it lived entirely on the masses of brilliant fish ova that came ashore here gleaming like gold. We did not learn the species to which it belonged. Those ascidians, known to the Chilians as piures, were brought up by the choro-hunters; they are greatly valued as food by the Chilenos, and we have known *gringos* who could scarcely wait to remove the rough outer coating, but tore them forth and devoured them. It is really a compound ascidian, many of the strange, red-skinned dainties dwelling under the one rude outer cuticle.

Navicellæ of all sizes crowded one on the top of the other on the great mussel-shells, the delicate white inner shelf shading the rich purple nacreous lining.

We noted a marked scarcity of medusæ in these Chilian waters, and the tow-net, for the most part, did not promise them a rich feeding-ground. Over the whole shore of the island a heavy surf breaks all along, in spite of the rich growth of seaweed that must act to an extent as a breakwater off shore. This includes a long fishing-line species with pendent floats, from 4 to 6 inches in length, that is a ridiculous reminder to the good folks of the coast that such lines might be used to advantage.

A volume might be written on this interesting island if carefully worked out. We were obliged to leave many problems unsolved that suggested themselves, and the promised temperature experiments by Her Majesty's surveying vessel could not be supplied, although they worked about this dangerous corner for navigation for some time, not in the best of weather. Things have a way of *not* getting done in Chile, even to a greater extent than in the West Highlands. Still a series of observations on the currents and temperatures of this island immediately inside and outside the two coasts would be of much interest. But we have said *adios* to the gracious señorita, the kindly *monchas*, and the friendly *administradores*, and start in a fine breeze, satisfied that this time we are sure of a swift passage, as this evening breeze generally blows into Arauco Bay for a good few hours daily. This was not its intention, however, and we pass from watching the careless boatmen, with the sheet *tied* in a spanking breeze while they lolled on the thwarts, to watching

the slowly fading shore, and the slower following sea, and the slowly dying wind! The men are also slowly realizing that the oars are 'the only wear,' and we reach Lota too late for trains, too late for dinner, and just a little too soon for bed. Lying off is the Glasgow-built ship, *Ben Cruachan*, with its family traditions of a quarter of a century previous, and our own pleasant connections of a few days before; and we wonder if such splendidly built and found vessels will be produced again for the mercantile marine, or what will be the next kaleidoscopic change in the movements of commerce, to prevent such a fine vessel waiting so long for 'something to turn up.' The 'diamond ring' of Madame Cousiño on the dirty hand of Lota faded as we entered, and the beacon light below shone out, a fair example of the meretricious flash of civilization as the —— But to supper, and a truce to similes!

XXIV

THE HILLS OF NAHUELBUTA

AMONGST the lower hills of the Cordillera de Nahuelbuta, famous in the history of Indian warfare, are a series of coal-mines. A railway in the hands of the English 'Company of Arauco' starts from the town of Concepcion, and, crossing the mouth of the river Bio Bio by a long bridge, skirts the Bay of Arauco and traverses the lower hills up to the mines of Curanilahue. When the mine at Calbuco was first opened, a native remarked that he had seen the same stuff long before. It appeared that a number of them had fired the woods further down the line, but when that fire ceased the ground continued to burn with a strong smell of sulphur. So they decided that it was the mouth of the inferno, and all ran away from the place! This information caused inquiries to be made, with the result that another outcrop of coal was discovered, and a second mine started. There is no reason to doubt that coal is procurable all along this coast range, and although not of the best quality, it is sufficiently good for ordinary purposes. The fine fossils obtainable are unfortunately too friable to keep safely, and we could only certify that they were the same as those of our

own coal-measures. Our kind friends who supplied us with beautiful specimens could not, with all their goodwill, secure their permanence. Originally owing its development to the energy and determination of Mr. Wheelwright, the American pioneer of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, it gradually centred in Lota under Señor Cousiño, and in Coronel under names like Schwager and Rojas, still working on a large and increasing scale, all being under Scotch management; as well as in Lebu, where the open and turbulent bay is at present against its full development. When the Arauco Company made their line to the mines amid the hills, it centred its administration for mines and railway in Coronel, where Mr. Angus at present holds hospitable court over the station-house. As the mining region is amongst the headwaters of the streams that flow into both Lebu and Arauco, we accepted the generous invitation of the manager to join him at Colico, whence the rivers could be visited and the characteristics of the country studied. As it was likewise the festive season, more opportunities were available than under ordinary conditions. So we passed the glen where the 'Natural' Professor lived who really opened up this country. For having decided that a natural life was the only reasonable one, he repaired thither, took unto himself 'some savage woman' on the banks of the Carampangue, and lived with her in a cave. Whether he reared a dusky brood or not we are ignorant, but he had worldly wisdom enough to acquire all the land around from the Indians, which he no doubt also looked upon as a very 'natural' proceeding. No pleasanter company could have been gathered together than that in the Administration

House, with just sufficient wisdom and sedateness on the part of the responsible to balance the buoyant irresponsibility of the youth. If anything, a little less Celtic perfervidum would have improved the general situation, for Celts of various branches of the race over-enlivened the proceedings. We prepared for an expedition on the following day, as only thus could the rivers be examined.

The house-party—including merry Scotch bairns—all got mounted, and we set out on a pleasant gallop through cleared lands and beautiful woods. At this height on the higher ground the vegetation is not so dense, nor has it at any time the absolutely impenetrable character of the far south. We are pressing on for the river Carampangue, where arrangements have been made to meet us, and where three rafts have been under construction. On arrival they proved to be incomplete, and we accepted the pressing invitation of the owner of the neighbouring hacienda—a man over sixty, but looking twenty years less—to ascend to his house on the heights. It was a good mile away over very steep and rough paths, but the children gallop up and down as freely as the adults. The owner regaled the party with cherry brandy, under the shadow of the rudely stuffed puma threatening our approach, and shot on the hacienda. For the owner is one of the pioneers of the district, and owns much land, with the extensive buildings that seem demanded by the Spanish mind, while requiring otherwise a minimum of furniture or luxurious appointments.

On our return to the river the rafts were completed in a little cleared bend of the river, with blue dragon-flies in multitudes flying around, fish fry in the shallows,

and the ugly-looking bagre or silurus lurking amongst the stones. Two rafts accommodated the party, two *mozos* followed on a third to aid in difficulties, others taking charge of the horses, which were taken round to meet us down the river. The rushing of the raft down the swift current and over the many rapids was a new and pleasant sensation, and we had a splendid view of the beautiful river, which was clear and swift as a Highland burn, only with more plentiful and richer, as well as very different, vegetation. Indeed, we were forced to alter our northern opinion as to impenetrability when near waterways, for the banks here partook of that character, although recently cleared of much wooding, the kila having grown up in its place. All the streams about are gravelly and clean-looking, with insects and dragon-flies all over the surface, and the swallows in numbers skimming amongst them, as they do about most of the streams and waters of temperate Chile. The backwaters were full of tadpoles, numberless about this country, and from many species of batrachia. Insect-capturing on the cranky raft, as they flew over, was quite exciting while it spun along so fleetly, and on landing there is a shout of 'A snake! a snake!' This proved to be a new species to us, and, despite the row, was easily secured as it lay coiled and apparently indifferent on the face of the little cliff. A group of men here assured us they had come to bathe, a seemingly wild and impossible fable for a Chilian *roto;* and we all understood that they had really come hither to dynamite the water for fish, a practice only too common where so many miners and railway contractors have made the people well acquainted with the uses of this explosive.

The run had taken us over a good deal of ground, and brought us much nearer the house than where we first entered the river, so that the gallop home was as short as it was agreeable, and through delightful country.

The calling of the *chicharras* or cicadas in the early morning sent us back to spring-time in Switzerland, although the sound was scarcely so irritating and overpowering. The males were on the wing, and were large and in great numbers, distinctly different from the European. Diptera of many species were plentiful, some very large and beautiful. Excursions on foot and horseback or by train can be had in many directions from these mines, which have done much to open up the country, and around which a large population has gathered. We were fortunate in the companionship of the sub-delegado, a German-Chileno, with the scientific instincts of the Fatherland—a man of intelligence beyond a mere collector. The wealth of plants, many beautifully flowering, could be best appreciated from the extent of his herbarium. Birds were nesting, and we obtained a beautiful pair of the tortola (*Columba aurita*), with the usual white eggs, indistinguishable in this from our own pigeon. Under the stones and tree-trunks the great hairy spiders, as large as the palm of the hand, were disputing for precedence with the large yellowish-brown crickets, the quaint little frogs, centipedes of all sizes that must ruin their parents in shoes, not to say stockings, and beetles of varied hue. Snakes were more numerous than get-at-able, although a few were captured; and as all Chilian snakes are innocuous, no anxiety was felt in seizing them. But much of the rambling was

through scrub and up and down banks where the handling of a gun was precarious; for wherever the sun could reach was dried up, dusty and slippery. The trees were flowering richly, and the climbers of many species embroidering the foliage and gracefully festooning the glades. One was yellow, resembling canariensis, but the prevailing colour was red in all varieties, some in drooping bunches, others scrambling along the stems and scarcely raising their heads for fear of growing giddy to see the heights they ascended.

This was the part of Chile where nests seemed least carefully concealed, or where the birds sought human vicinage as a protection. We obtained the nests and white eggs of the huio, the larger spotted eggs of the urco, and others mottled of the filgero, all nests being simple of construction, and not very cleverly or carefully concealed. The tucés, or carrion hawks, were common enough, and must have either been very stupid not to find out these nests, or they are not so much to blame for the paucity of small birds noted to the north as they get credit for. Perhaps they are so well fed on the refuse of these collier villages as to despise such small game. Ah, here is what we want! One of the large horned beetles on the scramble, but not one of the largest examples. Being warned that they bite viciously, we are careful, but manage to get him into a match-box, whence we are assured he will eat his way, but he reaches the spirit-land safely! These fly about at night in hot haste, and bang your face properly should they hit it. 'Plenty to be had,' we are assured. You have only to leave your window open at night with a light in the room, and they gather as to an Irish wake.

We amused ourselves capturing the little blue sprigs of dragon-flies on the tops of the rushes in the evening, growing on what was lately marshy ground now dried up. A butterfly was brought us by Mr. Searle, that he had just released from a large grasshopper, or small locust. These grasshoppers, of large size comparatively, were numerous about Colico, the bodies mostly the colour of the brownish-gray walks, but the wings resembling those we have received from Australia. Ants of many species are numerous, but as a rule small.

A gallop to the river Cabrera was again through beautifully-wooded country, but not so open as about the mines. Some of the villages passed were picturesque, with fine gardens, and rich in fruit-trees. Our route was from the Minas del Peumo to the farm of Maquegua, passing in a picturesque situation the saw-mill of the Arauco Company. The latter part of the ride was more trying, although all these woods have been much cleared of the best wood. The river was clear and swift, flowing over golden sands. These were brilliant with sulphate of iron (iron pyrites) in flakes, and the banks of the river have been worked for gold in places. The curious kila spider was notable, and the small-bodied, long-legged black fellow that frequents the loose bark of trees was obtained. Fish gave no sign, but insects were plentiful, and the red and blue wasps (pelopeus?) abounded. This proved a long day's excursion, but the kindness of our friends, Finger and Machell, shortened it vastly, and gave us pleasant glimpses of how a bachelor's apartments in an opening land can be made delightful and instructive. A further raid upon a neighbouring

river next day, where there were remains of defunct workings rapidly relapsing under the vigorous vegetation into a state of Nature, revealed many fish fry in a small brook running into it. But the country by this time was all very dry—the end of January—and our bronchial tubes suffered severely by getting chilled after the violent scrambling in the heat. So that on our reaching the railway-terminus at Curanilahue, we were only able to spend a few hours on the banks of the fine river that flows down to Lebu, before retiring to spend most of our Christmas in the hotel of our friend, Monsieur Vigier, and principally in bed. The river is shallow here, with many huts of the natives on the banks, whilst others clamber up the hillsides, for it is a mining village and populous. We had been assured that the once plentiful fish of the river had been exterminated by dynamite. But this proved an exaggeration, as we saw many half grown in the water, and an angler we encountered next day had just taken six or eight fine trucha (perca) from this river.

It was pleasant to watch the life on the shore, whether of birds or insects, wasps (pelopeus) being especially large and brilliant in blue, yellow and red. There were two nests of these Hymenoptera on the stone pedestals at the side of the front steps of the Administration House at Colico, unnoticed, apparently, by anyone. They were made by a common large bluish wasp, of baked earth, in the shape of conical cells, to which caterpillars were brought by the 'lady superior' and stuck on, alive but paralyzed.

The European community amongst these various mines, scattered over this hilly region amongst beauti-

fully flowing streams, a marvellous wealth of vegetation, a temperate climate, and an entire absence of all the commonly accompanying disagreeables, in the way of animals and snakes and insects intolerable, that are looked for under the circumstances in new lands, is to be congratulated on its position. If the various ventures, from a business point of view, have been asked to carry more money than was justified either by prospects or results, and the share capital does not stand above par, that is not the fault of the industry. The flight of the 'glow-worms' in the evening is too short, and the duration of the light too uncertain, to enable one to inquire deeply into the reasons for the want of prosperity of a great company with industries of such marked value to the whole country. Whether the Chilian Government wish to starve the company into selling the railway to them at the lowest possible rate, as the officials assume, or the company desire to irritate the public into forcing the Government to purchase the railway at an enhanced price, or it is merely the usual dilatory, dishonest and short-sighted system of the Government, that refuses to pay anything they can possibly slip out of on any pretence whatever, we know not. But there is perpetual friction all round: the company having their hands tied by their agreement; the Government refusing to pay up the guarantee; and the public asserting that no facilities are forthcoming, and that the railway is worked as a private mining venture regardless of the public convenience. The position of the company is somewhat anomalous, and it would be well for all concerned were the line completed to Lebu, and worked independently of the mines, but with a view to their encourage-

ment and development. Meantime, poverty means extravagance, here as all over the world, in great concerns.

Carampangue is quite an important pueblo and station on the river of that name that runs down to Arauco; it is not only pleasantly situated, but well built. Laraquete is another station near the mouth of the river of the same name, but somewhat dead and alive, as the long wooden mole that was formerly a shipping-place for the coal of the company is being taken down, and ships no longer lie off, waiting for cargo, in the exposed offing. In the summer it could only be worked from 3 a.m. till 10 a.m., when the south wind arose; while in winter months the north winds pretty well closed it. Here, for the first time in Chile, we saw our pretty stag's-horn grass in plenty. The river is full of *Atherina* (peje-reyes) in the season, very large and fine, cauque being in plenty, while robalo of large size were taken also. They tasted uncommonly well to hungry men when done *al campo* in the rude outhouse of the Italian by our Greek friend. Masses of skate eggs, small, were spread over the sands at the river-mouth. These sands are all golden, with sulphate of iron in quantity, and give brilliance to the shore, which is very extensive and rich in life.* Under a stone within the influence of the tide we obtained a specimen of the small octopus (*Rossia macrosoma*?), which must, however, be seldom taken here, or on the coast, as no one seemed to have seen it previously. Hymenoptera allied to the bees and wasps were numerous, and a

* This pyrites was in fine flakes, and when the tide rose floated on the surface so as to cover the water with a rich coating in the calmly rising waters.

stroll along the sandy beach with the pleasant herbage in patches showed yellow 'sand-bees' in little colonies in chosen banks, a huge, red-bodied, wasp-like form, and a yellow-bodied bee—the first of this colour we had noted. The usual bee (moscardon), being the large red, much larger and more brilliant than ours, seems specially characteristic of Chile down to the Straits. The river runs from the hills of the Nahuelbuta Cordillera, and we first reached this station in September, 1896, from inland. Starting from Lota under the auspices of the company—who are bringing power from the Chibulingo Falls to work their mines electrically, at a cost of $75,000, which is expected to be recouped in two years from the saving effected—we passed through much land grown with eucalypti. The Casa Calbuca was situated in a prominent and picturesque situation on a hillside, but belonged to the same great hacienda of Cousiño, which extends to near the town of Concepcion northwards, and deep into the hills landwards. The road across the hills was occasionally rough and difficult, and great stretches of land formerly in forest had been burned, the black spectres of trees standing solemnly all about, although much cleared land surrounded them, as the ordinary scrub, half-burned, as well as the charred remains of the smaller trees, had been removed to form the occasional fences. The lizards are darting away under our horses' feet, young frogs well grown flop off in the lower grounds, while at the same time the hoofs of the horses sink in the spawn of others. Numberless tucés with insolent indifference rise and sail off to a small distance, tordos are many and active, and the brilliant red-breasted loicas enliven the bright and pleasant scene. That

stiff but wonderfully beautiful and strange flower, the cardona, a species of bromelia, grows on the higher ranges in clusters. The so-called 'Nile lily' is scattered wild over the country in suitable situations, while the elder and the cherry trees are in blossom all along. We scramble along the edge of the stream at length, through kila and colihüe and many flowering shrubs, and then suddenly find ourselves under the spell of the noble fall, perhaps 100 yards high, leaping gaily, as if ignorant and indifferent to the pipes near by that are about to rob it of the bulk of its life's blood.

A charming country to investigate, where you can ride from the Chilian 'roads' to the European station-house and take the train; where you can pass from the cacti and cardona of the mountains to the water-cress-beds below; where your fellow-travellers receive packets of arrowroot made from the roots of the very brilliant crimson plant yuca, scattered all over these lands of Lota, and flaunting their gay flags that point to the delicacy below; and where, as you swirl past the black-browed rocks, the pelican of the north and the cormorant of the south sit in solemn conclave, and seek to evolve some system of the universe by which all this 'fooling around' in the neighbourhood can be explained.

XXV

THE NEWCASTLE OF CHILE

As you arrive in the dusk by the steamer, and are with difficulty got rid of on to the mole of Coronel, where the sea is always as rude and more unreasonable even than the boatmen, you stumble over young and old at the fishing. For they have come, they have come! and there is wild excitement around the Bay of Arauco. All the shore is alive with lanterns, presupposing bearers, and the pier has a surplus crowd equally busy. They are catching fine peje-rey, or sand-smelt, in numbers, and beautiful and brilliant they are exceedingly, with their silver waist-belt and their yellowish facings around the fins. If there is excitement ashore, there is still greater in the water, for the fish we have foreseen have come, but in a manner absolutely unforeseen, and formerly to us inconceivable. The tow-net off the port had shown us some delicate little globules, which we pronounced unhesitatingly as the eggs of sardines or anchovies, although of a species unknown to us. Now *both* have come. Little sardines, of some 4 inches in length, but evidently full-grown and ripe, that have been throwing their ova outside; and anchovies, with their richer blue hue and strange

jaws, up to an inch or two more in length, many even $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches. But not for these do the good folks fish from the pier; nor do they require, for they are rushing in the wash of the waves in multitudes all over the beach. Millions upon millions day after day are thus flung ashore, and left for the myriads of gulls and sea-birds, or the crustacea that crawl out of the sands (*Corystes* and *Amphipoda*), yet cannot eat enough to prevent the air being polluted for miles. These should provide nourishment for the large mining population around the bay, who are at present in very poor circumstances and badly employed; but they have quite another storehouse! For outside chasing these, and the cause of their apparent suicidal tendencies, are multitudes of big fellows—mainly a species of horse-mackerel—that take less trouble to cook, and provide more plentiful nourishment more readily. Look from the pier when it is lighter, and you will better understand the situation. Great crowds of the little fellows, with terror in their fins, are rushing about, while black shadows sweep around them, the splash of a tail or the momentary rise of a mouthful of teeth telling of their whereabouts. How can bait entice these in face of such a storehouse of food? The people don't ask, and don't trouble, about bait. A bundle of hooks tied together around a heavy weight at the end of a cord is all their fishing apparatus. They are fishing at a venture. The instrument is hurled over the shoal of small fellows, and simply dragged ashore; and here is one who has actually captured in this primitive fashion upwards of seventy large horse-mackerel in little over an hour blindly. The whole shore is alive with such fishermen, and in a few days the

vicinity of the miners' cottages, and the roofs, are covered with the drying 'tigers' whose greed has led them straight into the jaws of death. The *Atherina* keep farther out, and are more active and vigilant; so they are fished for with bait, as they are tender and delicate, and have a market value unknown to the other species. But the others provide a plentiful and rich, if somewhat coarser, food for the multitude. It seems almost incredible, but from Talcahuano down to Chiloe, and how much farther we know not, spread over five or six months in the year, these *inundations* of sardines and anchovies take place over some 400 miles. The sardine, being of a small species, is naturally not so delicate as the young of the large sardine of the Biscay and Cornish coast; but the anchovy, when properly treated, is as delicate and agreeable as the best Mediterranean. It is quite incalculable, and almost unimaginable, the vast quantity of good food thus thrown on shore over such an extent of coast for such a period of time. Yet the people of the towns are much in want of fish-food, and readily pay a fair price for it. The average *fresh* fish of Santiago was to us uneatable, while much tinned material is imported to a country thus teeming with fish-life. The large corbina and the congrio, two of the finest fishes on the coast, are readily procurable when the waters are teeming with fry; and only the absence of a population of fishermen along this great extent of coast prevents a plentiful supply. One good Scotch fishing-boat, with its two miles of herring-net, has more meshes than are to be found from Valparaiso to the island of Chiloe. Little material and little work is wanted to provide adequately for the immediate

coast population, and yet even they are not sufficiently provided with this valuable food.

As we leave the pier and wander up by the shore plaza—here the centre of life—to the house of entertainment, a weird and melancholy sound comes down the wind, 'like some lost spirit in its agony.' All that is uncanny, from a vampire to a were-wolf, is suggested, and you start involuntarily when a figure in front and almost beside you answers in the same key. It is a very dangerous animal, say many—one that is greatly feared in the cities by the respectable *gringos* —for it is a little Chilian policeman, or 'protector of the peace.' These are merely wailing around to keep their courage up in the hours of darkness, or calling some other son of Belial of the same persuasion to their aid. As they are not half paid, are often in arrears of what is due, and are drawn from a questionable part of the population, they cannot be expected to be as immaculate as a bench of Bishops. When the head of one of the departments in a prominent town is under surveillance and kept a prisoner—in the town itself as prison—on account of malversation of funds, why should the underlings not follow such a virtuous example? They cannot build a grand house, as he is doing in a neighbouring town, awaiting his liberation, but they can at least invest in an extra dose of aguardiente. Their whistles are made from the shanks of sheep, and naturally wail out their sad experience of the 'cruelty of circumstances.'

Miners in no part of the world are noted for a high standard of life and morals; so the vicinity of Coronel is not exempt from the rudeness of a rude section of a somewhat rude people. One cannot pick up a news-

paper without seeing several attacks by bandits, generally accompanied by brutality and murder. On one day such attacks were notified from Francisco de Limache to Talca—three or four in one district—by bodies of ten or a dozen bandits, while girls and even children were brutally abused and murdered. In two cases the police were defeated, two being killed. It is scarcely to be wondered, therefore, that in bad times Coronel should have its share. A silent reinforcement of military proved lately to be necessary to prevent a threatened attack on the place by brigands; and there have been shown us the photographs of eleven brigands in prison here who are to be shot. One of them coolly confessed to twenty-eight murders; one woman confessed to three, including the Judge of Letters of Santa Juana; indeed, all have confessed, so there is no question of their guilt. But also there is no question in the mind of the public that they will all escape! In a country that has not advanced in population *de facto* in twenty years, they cannot afford to lose such valuable and dashing citizens. Probably the hero of *twenty-eight* will stand for the Presidency!

Here we are in June, the heart of winter; but, although cold and frosty for this country, the weather is beautiful. It is what is called the verano de San Juan, or summer of St. John, an interregnum like the Indian summer of the Northern Hemisphere. So we can gallop over to the point of Pechuco, where the new lighthouse has been erected, with dioptric apparatus from Chance and Co., and where the dead mine of Schwager and Co. has remained buried beneath the sea since the night the waters broke in upon it. Another great shaft is being driven to reopen this

seam in a different quarter well under the sea. But you have only to turn aside from the mines and the miners' cottages to find the solid Scotch manager and his amiable and hospitable Glasgow lady living in the midst of flowers and fruit and beauty. For the climate is such that the proverbial tickling process is all that is required to make the land roar with laughter: with eyes of pansies full of merriment; roses blushing, but not unseen; and the eucalyptus towering aloft with its sweet savour amid the native evergreens. The whole vicinity of this Newcastle of the coast is full of shafts that were, or are, or are about to be. Coal outcrops everywhere amid the well-cleared lands and the rude native huts and farmhouses. For here we are still amid adobe- and reed-built shanties so soon as the cottages of the miners are passed.

What a quaint effect that patch has on the faces—temples—of the women; and we ask ourselves if we are still here in the 'teacup times of hoop and skirt, or *when the patch was worn.*' But no! this is a universal cure for headache amongst the poor women of Chile, who obtain a *medicated* circular patch of paper, which they stick sometimes on one, sometimes on both temples, and which no doubt is as good a cure as most others when accompanied by the faith that moves mountains, or, reversing the usual process, turns them into mole-hills. In these regions advancing señoras can always be distinguished at a reasonable distance, for they have a peculiarly disagreeable scent with which they perfume themselves, while their faces are painted, and Madame-Rachelled, and powdered to the last degree. The consequence is that *gringos* who come to Chile for the first time are apt to take all the best people for

questionable characters, and other *gringos* who have been long in the country deny that they would make a mistake. The mantilla—or, as it is more justly termed here, the *mantua*—is universal amongst the middle classes, although a few of the higher are adopting European costume entirely. This is a very convenient covering, and an evidence of position, as great sacrifices will be made to obtain a beautiful silk one, always black. Not until a woman is married is she understood to wear one *embroidered;* but this is a necessary part of the marriage trousseau. Once we get among the cottages, or the semi-Indian huts on the hills above, of course the mantua is beyond the aspirations of people who do not wear any head-covering or covering for the feet; nor, indeed, are such required amid these fields or shores.

Many a pleasant and interesting scramble can be had around Coronel, either on foot or horseback. The 'hedgerows' are represented by rude growths of many varieties of plants, all alive with insect life: Diptera or Hymenoptera of graceful and elegant species, and butterflies as tenderly tinted as they are small and tenderly made. Lizards climb up amid the foliage after insects, and frogs of rude dimensions and with a chronic cold, regardless of the lesson of the fable, are still endeavouring to emulate the larger terrestrial animals that browse amidst the moist meadows. Amidst the hills the paths are very pleasant even on foot, with the beautiful copigüe clambering even in June amongst the dwarf witch-hazel or the arrayan. They assure us the ripe seeds of the copigüe are agreeable to eat, but it seems a sort of desecration to destroy anything with such possibilities of beauty for only a fragmentary

nourishment, however agreeable the flavour. A great stretch of marshy lake full of water-fowl, deep in reeds, and in which the cattle will persist in wandering, intervenes between these shore-hills built on coal and the true coast Cordilleras that shut in the view landward. The view is not over really rich land, but one whose climate with care will produce anything, and where the yuca-plant that formerly produced so much arrowroot in the vicinity of Tomé may still be had in plenty to secure at least an agreeable addition to the local diet.

Along the line from this is the station-house of La Posada, where many a pleasant day has been spent from Coronel with many a pleasant company, strolling over to the little lake, where there is a little 'hand paddle-steamer': for is it not on the vast lands of Madame Cousiño, where all is rich in evidence of great and varied resources? The whole coast here from the river Bio Bio to close to Coronel is formed from the black volcanic sand carried down by the river—a sand which takes long to form soil, which seems to be devoid of worms, and over which litré and other scrub grows. This sand extends past Coronel and on to near Lota, where, within a few yards, a white sand takes its place, evidently disintegrated sandstone. A peculiar little beetle scrambles over this sand amongst the vegetation, and the borders of the lake in the summer time are rich not only in vegetable, but in insect life. A herd of tame guanacoes wander over the neighbouring park; in the lake are many fresh-water mussels and fish of several species, from the universal bagre and peje-reye to little imitation minnows and peladillo. These little fish are vegetable-feeders, and are used as bait for the peje-reyes. They seem to represent the

dace or the minnow of the Northern Hemisphere. The water and vicinity were alive with beautiful dragon-flies of many species, from the large swift blue-barred to the little blue threads that hardly hang together, and the dainty little fellows a little more robust, but half the length, and of varied hue. After the dragon-flies, in number both of individuals and species, came wasps, of great activity and fury when seized. The smaller red-bodied fellows were exceedingly passionate, and, like the dragon-flies, they greatly frequented a species of wild thyme. The very small butterflies, rich in hues of chocolate, with the most exquisite bloom, were also numerous. With the boldo-trees* all in bloom, and the air full of life, this is a very delightful corner—where the water has made even the black sand rich, where the cormorants may be seen diving in the drenched fields at times, and where life owes more to the sun overhead and the mild atmosphere than to a soil that is arid until the mould of vegetation accumulates.

When the ova of the small fishes are developing the sea is full of the little creatures, but the temperatures in this Bay of Arauco we could not understand. In the beginning of February we found the water in the bay in the forenoon, on the surface, several degrees lower than the air, while the water at the bottom, from 12 to 15 fathoms (whether inside the bay or outside the point of Pechuco so as to be in the run of the current) was 5° to 6° higher. Thus, surface, 19° C.; air, 22·30° C.; off bottom, 28° C. In the fresh-water ponds in the plaza it was 27° C., but at the surface of the sea inshore 20° C. Whether this peculiarity of bottom temperature arose from the entry of a warm

* *Boldoa fragrans.*

current from the north underneath the colder southern current, or from local volcanic disturbance did not appear. This latter is unlikely, as no sign of injury to fish-life was visible, the natural consequence of any such disturbance in a comparatively shallow bay.* Around the shore in summer was a worse visitant than the stinking shoals of small fish, for at times the sea was covered with thistledown from Santa Maria Island, and the air about Coronel often full of it, showing how readily mischief can be spread from one little centre. The harvest had commenced in early February, and although the Indians grow mainly pulse or beans of a kind on their small holdings, the wheat of the neighbourhood was being cut *near the head*, and the long stubble left a capital cover for 'partridges.' The advance of the reaping-machine is slow, the dragging of a delicate machine by oxen over ground that is never rolled having a very different result from horse-traction.

These seas demand more careful attention in the way of temperatures, but the depths immediately off shore, 700 to 800 fathoms, make working the bottom difficult. In sounding for the proposed telegraph cable to the Straits, a great *trench*, or valley, was noted down the coast at a great depth; but the bottom is much broken, seems to have been frequently changed during this century by volcanic action, and is difficult to work out with exactitude. The instruments in use are not always of the latest type, and altogether they await both more knowledge and more intelligent interest in a subject of much importance to the country.

* The Bay of Arauco is normally warmer than that of Valparaiso, the cold Antarctic current passing for the most part outside the island of Santa Maria, and striking straight into the northern bay.

We saw about Corral the sea covered in the beginning of March with a yellowish vegetable material, which we were assured was covering Talcahuano Bay and 'killing all the fish there.' The officers traversing the coast compared it to the well-known 'painter' of Callao, which colours all the ships black, and is very dangerous to life, although its absence during any year presumes fevers and sickness to follow to an exceptional extent. We have known of men who fell overboard, or went over for a swim at such times, and were with difficulty rescued; yet from the best accounts, the Callao phenomenon is more the result of submarine volcanic action, when the water is full of sulphurous fumes and gases. We have known something similar to the Talcahuano phenomenon through the vast development of a vegetable sea-growth with an evil smell, and Pierce, in his paper on the herring, notes similar stretches of vegetable production in the Scottish seas, near which he found herring notably absent.

Talcahuano is a much more secure bay than Coronel, and the best perhaps on the Chilian coast; but the absence of the coal-supply of the Bay of Arauco keeps it somewhat dead and alive, in spite of its close connection with Concepcion. The great festival of St. Peter, which is held on the water, attracts a multitude of visitors. Our interest in Coronel was human and English, as here and around are many good fellows, and the gathering that swooped down upon Concepcion for the Jubilee celebration showed a superabundance of talent bred in the North, if still fostered, along with their patriotic devotion, on this gay Pacific coast.

XXVI

CHILE'S SOUTHERN CAPITAL

WHAT a crowd of memories cluster around the name of Concepcion! The town on the bay, now called 'of Talcahuano,' but formerly 'of Concepcion,' was the city of valour, of desperate struggle with the Indians, with famine, with earthquake, until at length it was moved from what is now Penco to its present situation in the embouchure of the river Bio Bio. The long bridge over the river would be remarkable anywhere, and the general view from it reminds one of the Lower Seine. The little village of Agua de las Niñas round the corner looks snug and picturesque, and is the fashionable suburb; while the evergreen brushwood around the city generally, more especially where all is exceptionally green after the long rains of the early spring, is pleasantly agreeable to the eye. But the quantity of rough ground around this really fine capital of the South of Chile, as around every other city in the country, strikes one as remarkable. Indeed, in spite of a plethora of *Escuelas de Agricultura* and *Quinta Normales* to teach the science and practice of agriculture, more are ready to teach it than to practise the drudgery of an art that is not to the fancy of a ruling race.

Those who have read Darwin's account of the destruction of Concepcion by the earthquake of February 20, 1835, will naturally be surprised when dropped at the handsome central station, whether they come from the port of Talcahuano or south from Santiago. The merchants of Valparaiso discovered they were somewhat too far away from the expanding south, and set about making Concepcion their half-way house, with the result that in a comparatively few years one of the finest cities in Chile has sprung up anew on the banks of the Bio Bio—a noble, if shallow and unsatisfactory, river, with its huge mouth like a 'right' whale that can swallow little. It has a striking plaza, handsome, well-paved streets in the commercial centre, a good market, fairly supplied with fish from Talcahuano and vegetables from the vicinity, and an admirable system of cars to the gardens outside and the Quinta, as well as to the suburbs. With telegraphs and telephones, the best hotels out of Valparaiso, a good club, and a prospering community of *gringos* showing a good example, Concepcion has forgotten that the earth shakes, that large stone edifices fall, that a solid basis has not yet been provided by the agriculture of the region, and that Chile has not yet risen to the proper appreciation of her duty to the races and the industries that are keeping her head above water. However, here is Concepcion risen, not like a phœnix from its ashes, but as from the corpse of 1835, into a spirit of beauty and grace. Flour-mills beat the frontier and the south for the needful trigo; great warehouses are full of the latest products of civilization, from raiment to electric apparatus; piers and docks, floating and otherwise, cater for her in the port of Talcahuano,

and she threatens to prove a more vigorous and prosperous centre than Valparaiso itself if she can only aid in developing the resources of the undeveloped regions of Araucania, the undaunted and repopulating. Tomé, on the Bay of Talcahuano, is the centre of a great wine trade, her stores being filled with an inferior wine grown around this district, the large casks being floated out to the ships in the harbour. The wheat in the vicinity is not very good, as the natives do not change their seed, and consequently the climate does not get fair play, for the soil is not of the richest, any more than the seed. We found much sand in the vicinity, in which martins were burrowing in the nesting season ; and the granitic hill-face over the splendid but somewhat out-in-the-cold alameda is crumbling away into a similar sandy product, which, however, grows good vegetables and plants. This alameda is very wide, very extensive, finely grown with great poplars, and with winding paths alongside up this hill, which is a public park ; but as it is away from the business centre, and alongside a dead-and-alive neighbourhood of dilapidated houses, it does not seem much frequented at any time. The plaza has usurped its place in public favour, with the broad streets extending out from it.

In Puchacay garden you can sit under vines and fig-trees if you so desire, or under the pear-tree and cherry blossoming in September, oak-trees and brambles alongside, and the maritime pine coming into cones, while you drink native lager beer, all well pasteurised, as is the custom throughout Chile. As we look out into the other little enclosed garden with surrounding veranda, where our amiable Scottish hostess dis-

penses hospitality, and her German husband information and the wise advice of an experienced South American traveller, the humming-bird is flitting about the central evergreen, the diucas chattering about the climbers on the veranda, and primroses, violets, and lilies of the valley—all much battered by the late hail and rain—look up with familiar simplicity from amid the rose-bushes. Ranunculi are numerous in the gardens, and the Nile lily is a 'common object of the country' wherever there is water, and often where there is none. Amidst the pulse and simple culinary produce for the people in the market, there is a good array of well-made baskets, and vegetables such as cabbage, cauliflower, leeks, lettuce, artichokes, pumpkins, fine large carrots, radishes, and new potatoes, or the unfamiliar nuts of the Arauco palm, with which to fill them.

There are gas-lit arches across the principal streets! So we reach the plaza to inquire into matters, only to find the band playing, a great illumination afoot, and the first firework screens being erected. All the lamps around the plaza have arrangements, with such names as Bulnes, Carrara, Rodes, and Cochrane. These are fixed to the lamps for the occasion only, and removed till wanted next year. For if you wait through the great occasion you will find the last great illumination is *A los Heroes de* 1818—to the heroes of 1818—for this is the famous *diez y ocho*—the 18th—in memory of the date so fortunate for Chile, May 18, 1818, not to say several other notable 18th's. It is held on September 18, the date of the installation of the new President, when the general spring cleaning takes place, the towns get painted afresh, and a time of

excitement ends in a scene of dissipation. For a Chilian gets honestly drunk, and the police have a quaint trap like a sentry-box on wheels, in which two drive around, leaping off and securing inebriates who are obstreperous. But on such an occasion no punishment ensues, for there is hardly any possible crime on the *diez y ocho*—all is forgiven. Even Cochrane, the mighty, has his name stuck in a corner amongst the native heroes like O'Higgins, for although Chile belittles, she cannot ignore the labours of the great *gringo* in her cause. But she naturally resents his demand for payment of her debt to him, a silly way that *gringos* have, who do not properly appreciate the honour of giving their skill, labour, and means gratis to the plundering oligarchy that flourishes as a republic! Tar-buckets are lit all over the hill park above the alameda, where earlier in the day a great gathering of the youth of the place occurred, and where the precocity, energy, vitality, and general devilment of the youth contrasts to their advantage with those of our Continental neighbours.

The music in the plaza is above the average of Chile, where the love of music of the people is somewhat greater than their skill or delicacy of performance. The soldier loves a proper noise, and generally gets it, the big drums seldom going amissing even on a 'great drunk.' But they are off, and the ladies disperse to their homes, while the gentlemen drop into some one or other of the cocktail pits, where liquors of many lands fight for pre-eminence, but where whisky is steadily fighting its way to the front. It has now got the length of a struggle between noted home blends. And the chatter of the diucas, and cooing of the native

pigeons, the splashing of the green-billed water-hens and rustling of the 'partridges' and Californian quails in the aviary alongside, are drowned in the strong Doric of Kilmarnock, as the *cacha* is thrown for a 'special' Scotch. For throughout Chile, the dice-box is in general use, in a score of ways, from poker to Chicago, to decide the honour of paying the score. In principle it is superior to the system in vogue at home, where each of a party of youths insists upon 'standing a round,' or an American 'shouts' in his turn. For each, having risked paying, may be considered to have paid, and is under no moral or sentimental obligation to go further. We much fear that in practice it does not greatly reduce the national liquor bill, if we are to judge by the Chilenos who frequent the haunts of English and Germans, or Basques, who pretty well control and 'stimulate' this progressive town.

From the hill park over the alameda a beautiful view is obtained of the noble stretch of river, looking its best when in flood. Even then the stakes marking off the sand-banks are all over the river, showing its shallow character; only flat-bottomed boats ply here, and the owner of the Canadian canoe had to 'give it up,' as he was always running on a sand-bank, light as was the draught. We can see the bay seaward, with Talcahuano, Penco and Tomé on its shores, where Concepcion of old was 'levelled with the bracken.'

The final pacification of Araucania, in 1884, removed the 'frontier' far south. The succeeding development by colonization otherwise gave that impetus of which Concepcion took prompt advantage. A town on a flat

plain, little removed above the river, is not in the most healthy situation ; but it is not obliged to draw in its belt. So many houses have half a cuadro or more of extent, and with gardens inside, from which noble trees occasionally shoot up over the house-tops, that it is more picturesque than could be expected. The plain is relieved by a few small hills, like 'kames' left here and there, but really with a rocky basis covered with a humus from the red sandstone ; which hills are generally untouched and bare. The older and picturesque district beyond the market, to the west, is built of wood and roofed with tiles, green with age and verdure. Eucalypti shoot up here and there, and plum and peach are in bloom in the gardens. Poplars, and an occasional dainty weeping-willow, so richly green, relieve the eye ; and the *venidas* near the stations have a more modern look, with their rows of oak and elm ; while between the old and the new, as if to reconcile them, the cathedral rears its dominating tower.

Here and there civilization has a barbarous aspect, with its roofs of galvanized iron over factories, stores, and workshops, although such light covering on a wooden erection is wiser in this land of earthquake traditions.

The peculiar arrangements and general friction between the Government and the Arauco Company prevent a proper connection between their lines. The consequence is that goods are generally transhipped at Concepcion in place of going straight through—a very serious drawback. It demands all the strength of the three horses to drag our cab through hopeless mud at the entrance or exit to the Arauco station, and to

foot-passengers it is prohibitive ; but the little ways of the railway people of Chile, like those of the heathen Chinee, are peculiar. The habit of station-masters is not only to put up freight-cars to hire to the highest bidder, charging the regular rate over and above, and pocketing the difference, but to stop any goods going forward without his having received a proper *yappa*. One English house set its face against all 'bribery,' and yet, probably through its subordinates ignoring this regulation, it had secured a Government contract. It would seem a simple matter to forward Government goods to the central department, but the station authorities knew otherwise. They had not received the customary tip, and consequently had no waggon empty or suitable. The pertinacious Briton hunted around until he had found an empty waggon with all requisites, and directed his men to load it up with his goods. This was done in presence of the objector, who said nothing until it was completed, when he simply wrote upon it in chalk, 'To be returned to the shop for repair,' and directed that this be done at once. There was nothing for it but to remove all the goods once more and pay the mulct demanded, the additional cost of loading and unloading being put down against the experience gained, the lesson being to do in Turkey as the turkeys do, and swallow alike your pride and your principles. 'Touch not the cat but with a glove,' nor a Chilian in business without a *yappa*. This southern capital of Chile is 300 odd miles distant from Santiago, but not a yard distant in 'ways that are vain,' say the merchants.

XXVII

THE REAL 'ENGLISH OF THE PACIFIC'

Of all the races that have found a continuous abiding-place or temporary abode in Chile, the English are the most prominent, the most prosperous, and the most numerous amongst *gringos;* at the same time, their position is the most unsatisfactory and least influential socially and politically. Perhaps they may claim the position of 'splendid isolation' that the nation does at home in Europe, but with poorer reason and more unhappy results. One is struck with the complete absence of combination for a common purpose, and the want of general agreement to better their own standing, or serve in any public way the little State that has been to them on the whole a kindly nursing mother. If we compare them with the quiet, unostentatious, hospitable Basques, whether from the French or Spanish side of the Pyrenees, they show socially and as a people to marked disadvantage. Whatever individual jealousy there may be amongst Germans also, they act as one man in support of their countrymen. The English, on the other hand, are a prosperous body of free-lances, succeeding by minding their own business, it is true, but callous and indifferent to their fellows. They

have carried to the West Coast of South America that spirit of miserable snobbery that all Thackeray's subtle analysis fails to make them appreciate, and that seems to be inseparable from the race and ineradicable. They have had the ball at their feet since the independence of Chile, that many Englishmen of courage and capacity, besides the great Lord Cochrane, aided and helped to make an accomplished fact. Their commercial houses of old standing are still amongst the most respected and most worthy of confidence and respect in the republic. It would be invidious to mention names of firms, mostly of Glasgow origin, whose careers have been irreproachable for a couple of generations, yet we look in vain for the beneficial influence of our strong and forcible race upon society and politics.

Let us follow a young man of early maturity as he is contracted for a term of years to proceed to Valparaiso, the commercial centre of the country. He lands in a country with freer ideas of sexual morality, accentuated by the conditions of a great seaport of most unenviable notoriety. At a time of life when he demands wise restraint and calm self-control, he is pitchforked into the midst of temptations hitherto undreamed of, without the controlling influences of the social life he is accustomed to at home, and unaided in any degree by those who treat him as a commercial machine to be utilized to the utmost. He may be occasionally asked with supercilious condescension to drink a cup of tea with one or other of his employers, whose family keep him at arm's length, as not yet on the same social scale. He may be, and in these days most probably is, of better and wider education, of better

family and truer culture; but he is only a junior employé. His rooms are devoid of home comforts; he misses the kindly fireplace to which he can draw with his book and his pipe. The restraint of an uneducated female population incapable of intellectual conversation, and whose unbending may be looked upon as a danger-signal, makes him feel still more the loneliness of a situation that soon becomes intolerable to one full of vitality, seeking companionship, and in the hey-day of vigorous youth. 'Homes' in the proper sense of the word are not open to him; he goes out with his cigarette or pipe for his evening stroll along the few beats that this strangely-built city on a hill-slope permits. Bars are numberless, and in these he can, at least, meet his fellow-countrymen, and enjoy converse with his kind. But one cannot enjoy such hospitality without an expenditure that leads to more or less conviviality; and the coast is noted for its freedom of opinion as regards the best means of alleviating thirst, and cosmopolitan liberality towards all forms of the cup that cheers and inebriates. Even to the young and vigorous there is a lining to the stomach as well as a bottom to the pocket; and if the drawing-room of the patron is not open, the sound of the music of the national *cueca* or the waltz may be heard, where the society is more free and easy, if also more enticingly dangerous to youth. The patrons must necessarily shut their eyes to consequences produced by their own snobbish indifference. As the language and the ways of the natives become more familiar, the freedom of opinion as regards the relations of the sexes induces many a kindly and honourable youth to 'accept the situation,' and form temporary alliances with some of

the otherwise good and kindly women that custom and poverty drive to seek the semblance of a home, and even a nominal protector. All this, of course, is very wrong; and although 'all the world and his wife' may accept it as quite reasonable and natural in Chile, there cannot be two moral laws. We do not seek to excuse, but merely to state conditions. Meeting only the less self-controlled and poorer classes of native women, the English soon profess a general disbelief in the female virtue of the Pacific coast, a disbelief that the conduct and conversation of the average Chileno does nothing whatever to remove. Even if they were not Romanists, and entirely controlled by a priesthood whose character unhappily will not bear the most superficial examination, the average Englishman would not marry into the native families with whom he is brought in contact. For the most part, the extravagance of the life they are gradually led into prevents them marrying their own countrywomen until they reach mature years and attain responsible positions. By this time, as a rule, they settle at home with a competence, or at the other end of the business. If they remain perforce, it is to set up a barrier of snobbery around their home, to do as they have been done by, and form an item of some petty clique that clothes itself with respectability and religion, in the hope of covering the soiled raiment of its youth.

All this is essentially English and essentially wrong. Other nationalities show a very different spirit. With them, the home of the head of the establishment is open to all the youth, often night after night. There is neither ostentatious display nor patronizing airs in the homes of the Basques. Music and dancing may form

an occasional divertissement; they do not demand wild conviviality or a semi-orgie in order to find agreeable amusement after the labour of the day. We do not assert that their youth are more moral or less human than our own; but they are not driven forth and held at arm's length. If they follow the windy ways of men, they do so of their own initiative, from natural bent, not from force of circumstances. They no more remain as a permanent addition to the population than the English, retaining the mountaineers' craving for their distant home; but they maintain a kindly and beautiful spirit of brotherhood amongst themselves, that makes them one of the most valuable and respectable elements in the State. No doubt this Southern race has also more kinship in spirit with the Latin races they have so long dwelt among, although retaining their natural characteristics, and a robustness of intellect as of body that enables them to meet Englishmen with friendly cordiality.

The young Englishman starting in the pursuit of wealth, having set foot in Chile with a certain feeling of antagonism that is both racial and religious, often retains this unsympathetic attitude to the end. He rarely fails to inveigh against the country and the people whose hospitality has provided for him a comfort he would probably in vain have struggled for at home. Going out at an early age, as a rule, he soon forgets the conditions he left behind him, takes his morning gallop as if to the manner born (although he probably did not know a horse's head from its tail when he arrived), and abuses his cheap cigarettes and dear whisky to his infinite satisfaction. He never ceases to inform strangers of the immorality of a

country he has done his little best to increase; of the poverty of a country that clothes and lodges and feeds him luxuriously; of the brutality of a country whose sons, and especially whose daughters, treat him with courteous generosity and liberality. Much of what he says may be true, but it is not new, and it in any case is not nice. Our host may not be perfect, but he is our host; and he may with equal justice retort that the guest is not an angel, and should be the last to throw stones. We have more regard for the harum-scarum spirits who drop cant, and at least frankly acknowledge that Chile is 'naughty, but it's nice.' When, after a more or less lengthy probation, our countryman returns to the old land, he finds it not what he had painted it to himself, or the varnish has got rubbed off somehow. He discovers that the new youth are neither ignorant of cocktails nor halves of 'special Scotch'; that the streets of our cities after dark are thronged with weak sisters as frail as, and even less refined than, those of Chile, and often without the excuse of dire poverty or an exciting climate to account for their little ways. He may find that home commerce is not quite immaculate; that those he meets in society and business do not at least cover their rudeness and essential vulgarity with the suavity of Old Spain. Let us acknowledge that Chile is not immaculate, and look at the warts on our own purple face. Chile 'is very young yet,' but Old England cannot lay that flattering unction to her soul and retain her name in popular story.

Certain it is that returned West Coasters, accustomed to the freedom of Chile, do not take kindly for a time to the home ways, and, if they do find their way out again, are in a better frame of mind to accommo-

date themselves to the country and the people. As a rule, however, they continue apart, and fail to amalgamate or intermarry with the people. Yet of all the races of Spanish origin, the Chilian takes most readily to English ways, while justly rebelling against English manners and English airs of superiority. A proud, pushing, progressive race, with great faith in their own future, they naturally demand to be placed on a footing of equality; and when they choose to mingle in our more violent games, and join in the 'sport' that is an essential element in our national life, whether at home or abroad, they are quite able to give a good account of themselves. For, apart from the official and dilettante classes, the native Chilian is robust and hardy. He is almost invariably an admirable and bold horseman, and the fighting life of the nation has shown him to be courageous and enduring.

While, therefore, the English of the coast make few efforts to appreciate the good qualities of their hosts, and often acquire only the most perfunctory knowledge of their language after many years' residence, engaged in the subsidiary branches of commerce, and continue to talk slightingly, if not contemptuously, of those they do not seek to understand; their countrymen of other classes provide the natives with more than sufficient reason for a return feeling of contempt. Not only have the colonization schemes, elsewhere referred to, thrown hundreds of Englishmen upon the country at a heavy cost to the State, many of whom were life failures at home, if not even members of that indefinite 'submerged tenth' coming more and more into evidence; but that intolerable class of 'beach-combers' and loafers swoop down upon it in multitudes. Insolent

and shameless, useless to themselves and a nuisance to the community, they seek to trade upon the name of Englishman, as if they had a right thereby to a subsistence without a *quid pro quo.* Their countrymen are soon obliged to become callous and indifferent to their claims, and ashamed of the brotherhood of impudent vagrants, who are thereupon thrown upon the known kindly and easy hospitality of a poor but generous race. An extensive and lightly-populated country, with little more than 100 inhabitants to every mile of coast-line, these wandering vagabonds have a wide area to cover, and an apparent excuse for their 'passing' destitution. But the Chilian has as much right to judge of Englishmen from this extensive sample as the English have to abuse the 'lazy and useless' Chileno, who at least earns his living and makes no claim upon them for alms.

While, therefore, there are a large number of honourable and capable gentlemen of English birth in Chile, while as merchants and traders they hold a justly honoured place, as a race we are apt to display to the eyes of this people of alien blood an extra large percentage of our worst qualities. A sympathetic and honourable English gentleman, who speaks their language and has a proper regard for their prejudices, has no cause to complain of hospitable, and even generous, treatment. If they do not make an effort to avoid injuring Chilian natural feelings and national sentiments, do not seek to communicate with them in a tongue they best appreciate, never fail to scoff at their manners, their customs, and their institutions, they cannot expect to get into touch with all that is best and most admirable in the national life and char-

acter. Descendants of Englishmen who have 'assimilated' are to be found amongst the foremost names in the political as in the commercial arena. Let them drop their insularity and become citizens, and they find themselves received with open arms. It is true that there is great jealousy amongst the better classes towards the successful *gringos*. But one special reason is that they leave the country, and carry their capital along with them, and, if family men, remove from the country a much-needed possible addition to the population of the republic.

Altogether, a survey of the English colony in Chile does not provide any special reason for national satisfaction other than in our predominance in commerce and skill in withdrawing a gathered income from its shores. If Chile, on the other hand, has shown skill in inducing English capital to return in slump sums—capital that may never revisit the home-land except in a short-lived annual percentage—she may think she is only recovering in *Condors* what she had previously permitted to depart in *cents*. We have done much to aid in developing the country along certain defined lines; but we have done little or nothing to ingratiate ourselves with the people, or to aid in raising the moral tone of those we affect to despise. While individually administrative, we have not shown capacity or desire for combination to advance the welfare of the English colony we utilize or the republic we agree in adversely criticising. Less snobbery and cant amongst the elders, and more friendliness, would improve the youth and elevate the English colony. Less air of superiority, and an honest effort to enter into sympathetic touch with the men, as they readily enough do with

the women, of the country, would conduce to a better feeling between the races, and be mutually beneficial. If religion continues to remain a serious stumbling-block between them in the matter of intermarriage and social amalgamation, it need prove no barrier in social and friendly intercourse. Any want of reciprocity here is on the side of the English; the Chilian homes are not as a rule closed against English gentlemen who are above taking improper advantage of their introductions. But the English in Chile commonly remain like a bed of cabbages in a Chilian flower-garden—self-satisfied and self-aggrandizing, usurping all the nourishment they can obtain, and neither specially ornamental nor specially interesting. They might do much better for themselves and the character of their country if they did more for their countrymen and more for Chile.

XXVIII

UNCONQUERED ARAUCANIA

AFTER three centuries of dauntless combat against imperial Spain, Araucania has become absorbed by republican Chile. The last rising of the Indians was in 1884, but it was very partial, and did not enlist the sympathy of many of the tribes. The fighting was as desperate as of old, but it was against modern weapons, against modern strategy, and opposed to the hardened veterans of the Peruvian War. The Araucanians had previously taken sides in the War of Independence, some of the tribes supporting imperial Spain, while others espoused the cause of the republic, so that it was no longer a national struggle, but more a local revolt. So long as Chile maintained the traditions of Old Spain, and sought to coerce the Indians by brute force, they failed, as did their Spanish ancestors. Not until Colonel Saavedra employed tact and judgment in the occupation of the country was any real progress made in the incorporation of this territory—an *imperium in imperio* in the heart of the country—in the body corporate of Chile. But how different was the country occupied by Chile to that sought to be coerced and conquered by the

Spanish conquistadores! and, still more, how different were the conditions! A comparatively open and thickly-peopled country; from all accounts, a people given to agriculture, with little defence against the weapons of their hardy assailants, and the simplest weapons of offence against the steel armour of the time. Stone clubs and stone-headed arrows could have availed nothing against the Toledo blades, the arquebuses, the cannons, of the invading race, then the finest infantry in Europe, and, when they first dashed at Araucania, skilful, bold, and resolute horsemen, hardened in war, and full of the confidence bred of constant success. If, however, they made an easy conquest of the lands down to the river Itata, over which the Incas had previously exercised a controlling influence, they found themselves among a different race when they reached the neighbourhood of the Bio Bio. We have seen that now it is for the most part a sparsely-peopled forest being cleared, which cannot give any idea of its character at the time of the attempted conquest. For the purpose of administration, the country under the Indians was divided into three naturally-arranged great territories—'Butal-Mapu'—that of the coast, between the Cordillera of Nahuelbuta and the sea, Araucania proper; that of the plains; and that of the skirts of the Andes. The tribes were called respectively Araucanians, or those of the coast; Huilliches, or those of the plains; and Pehuenches, or those of the pine-lands (*pehuen*, pine; *che*, people). A fourth tribe, independent of Araucania, but pledged to it in war, extended from the river Tolten to the river Bueno, and from the sea to the Andes. The coast tribe were fishermen,

and this industry was apparently much better organized and conducted by the Araucanians than it has ever been by their successors. The Huilliches were 'herdsmen,' says the historian, but more likely agriculturists; while the Pehuenches were huntsmen. As this was also the native land of the potato, and the inhabitants at the date of the invasion are stated to have been exceedingly numerous and comfortable, it is more than probable that much cultivation existed.

Down upon this land came Pedro de Valdivia in 1550 with 200 horsemen, the coasts having been previously explored in 1544, and the sea held by the Spaniards. His march after reaching the river Itata was a continuous combat. He managed to make a raid across the river Bio Bio, and return with 1,000 carcases of guanacoes, which shows they were then domesticated. In the battle near Penco, which lasted three hours, and in which the constant charging of 100 horse could not break a single compact body of the enemy, every Spanish soldier was wounded. But as the Indian weapons were only arrows, *macanas* (a stick with a sharp stone), and clubs, they were eventually obliged to retreat, but not until the Spaniards had been at first driven back, and forced to dismount and fight on foot. The sturdy valour of the Spaniards in these constant combats was equalled by their cruelty. In a subsequent battle at Penco, Valdivia cut off the noses and hands of 200 prisoners and sent them back to terrorize their comrades. After this desperate struggle, in which the Indians lost severely, there came a truce, during which Valdivia crossed the river Bio Bio with 170 horse and pushed on to the south. Keeping to the coast as much as

possible, he reached the river Imperial through a very populous country, and at the junction of the Rio de las Damas with this river founded the famous city of Imperial, amid the charming vegetation of the river-banks, the most beautiful they had met. The conquerors, however, whether from cruelty and greed, or, as they assert, through the bigoted determination to convert or exterminate, treated the natives—who were then prepared to receive them with consideration—with their usual barbarity, while multitudes were employed in the gold-washings of this rich alluvial district.

With Imperial as a base, Valdivia again in October of the same year continued his march to the south, over a land they had come to look upon as a paradise, lying between the rivers Cautin and Tolten. The chronicler asserts that all the land appeared a pleasant flower-garden or flowering shrubbery, and so rich that nowhere had the Spaniards seen any similar, either for its fertility or its wealth of fruits and herds. It is important to learn that no one could go to the summit of any hill without seeing hives (*colmenares*) of natives, who did not leave a hand-breadth of land waste on the meadow-land of Cautin. It was infinitely divided into small portions, each under a Cacique independent of the others, while some of the ranches were from 400 to 800 feet square. A great many ranches had fifteen doors, which meant the Cacique could have fifteen wives; and the Spaniards were greatly taken by the beauty of the women, above all the American races they had seen. In fact, they lived in comfort and in a certain civilization, carefully breaking up the community so as not to have poisonous centres for the

spread of disease, a system no one can deny the advantage of. Through this community the conqueror passed with his 200 armed men and a large body of Indian auxiliaries from the north, reaching the river Tolten without show of hostilities; there the natives, who had threatened to oppose their passage, and met them with showers of arrows, were cowed at sight of the horses, as had always hitherto been the case for a time. Here they first met signs of the wealth of the Indians in silver from mines in the vicinity. These mines to this day have never been discovered. They caused the founding of the city of Villa Rica on the lake of that name—a city that held its own with desperate valour for fifty years, when it was captured by the Indians after a famous and prolonged siege. The town of Valdivia had been previously founded, the Spaniards having been favourably received; while the entry to the great valley was betrayed by a slighted Indian lover, in return for the lady of his choice. Thus, the great conqueror Valdivia passed through the land, established famous cities, and proposed to crush into slavery and ultimate extinction this native race that owned these beautiful lands, as happened to the unfortunate Incas of the north. The Indians were divided amongst the conquerors, as they now considered themselves, Valdivia retaining for himself the 40,000 between the river Cautin and Bio Bio along the coast—the present department of Arauco. The whole Spanish population only reached 1,000, yet they forced the Indians to work at the gold-washings, pushed across the Andes by the pass of Villa Rica, founded the town of Osorno, while exploring towards the Straits, which they meant to reach, and altogether

displayed that courage and daring which so markedly characterized the Spanish leaders of those days in their mingled passion for gold and empire, which their real or pretended zeal for Rome enabled them the better to exercise. The enforced labour of their men was supplemented by taking exclusive possession of their women, and the whole population began to suffer the usual sorrows of actual slavery. The insolent pride of the men made them vie with each other in the crowd of Indian pages that followed them, while the Castilian women equally demanded a train of women slaves to follow them to the churches!

Their time of pride was short. In the household of the conqueror Valdivia himself was trained the coming leader of Araucania, who really made it a nation, and first bound together the Caciques. A horse-boy (*palafrenero*) to Valdivia, Lautaro learned to understand and manage the animals that had at first caused consternation, not unmixed with admiration as to superior beings, amongst the Araucanians. Flying from Valdivia, he joined and stirred up the insurrection, which immediately became general throughout Araucania. Valdivia, with but fifty horse and a body of native auxiliaries, set out from Concepcion to crush the insurrection, of which he knew not the extent. He advanced towards the fort of Tucapel, which had been the first destroyed, and when he came in sight of it he found it in ashes. Here the Indian army, under Lautaro, fell upon his party, and a desperate struggle, lasting for hours, ended in the complete destruction of his army and his own capture when attempting to fly. His horse-boy had shown a genius for war, and, strange to say, had evolved from his inner consciousness that

form of battle, the half-moon, that we English have also learned to respect in the case of the Kaffirs. They showed no cruelty to the prisoners, simply cutting off their heads, which, after the conduct of the Spaniards towards them and their families, cannot be called otherwise than magnanimous. Valdivia offered to Lautaro for his life 2,000 sheep (which shows how rapidly this animal had increased), while promising to depopulate the recently-founded towns, and withdraw all Spaniards from the country. It is possible that Lautaro had not power to grant the life of the common enemy; and in any case their knowledge of their *Christian* foes was not such as to induce them to accept such promises. He was tried in the midst of the chiefs, and at an arranged signal one of the Indian leaders suddenly gave him a blow with a club on the nape of the neck, so that he might die before them all. His heart was cut out, the points of their arrows coloured with the blood, and then, being divided into fragments, it was eaten by the assembled Caciques, so that they might all have one heart in the struggle against the Spaniards.

This was the commencement of the struggle that lasted 300 years, and during which the Spaniards continually penetrated the country and built forts, only to be driven forth once more, and the forts levelled. The horses multiplied with great rapidity as well as the cattle, and in another generation we find this race to be superb cavalry and lancers, fighting on horseback with skill and their never-failing courage. But the natural result of constant wars and cruel raids, in which the Spaniards introduced their peculiar ideas of civilization, changed the aspect of affairs. Their large ranches

were never built with a view to great permanence, and in face of frequent destruction by fire declined, in place of advancing in stability and importance. The regular destruction of their harvests of maize and other grain, contemporary with the increase of cattle and sheep, changed them from cultivators to herdsmen. The conquest of the Incas down to the river Maule had swept away great bodies of the northern tribes, both by war and pestilence; still, they could not pass the Bio Bio, whence the Araucanians always drove them back. But this pestilence seems to have entered the country and caused much loss of life, and the same happened during Spanish times. The greatest pestilence, however, was Spanish cruelty. Thus says Medina: 'As in the period before the invasion, hunger and plague greatly diminished the number of the inhabitants that peopled the territory, and similarly the Spanish conquest caused the extermination of the greater part of those who were brought under the yoke of the invaders.' He calculates that, allowing for all exaggeration, the Indian population at the time of the invasion was 500,000. 'But as every able-bodied man was a warrior then, as now, they all turned out, and only left the women and children behind. These were called by the Spaniards contemptuously *la chusma* (the rabble), and in their raids *arriaban como carneros* (destroyed like sheep).

At present the Indian population of Araucania are not considered to be more than 50,000, and, sturdy and hardy people as they have proved themselves to be, seem to suffer in the presence of the new race and under the new conditions. A curious species of consumption, without a cough, is said to be prevalent in

the district of the Rio Bueno. The Indians suffer from a constant sweating sickness and loss of appetite, and families are rapidly swept away. An old writer thus describes their appearance, which has in no way changed: 'In stature somewhat less than the ordinary Spaniard, but very strong-chested; arms and legs well formed and strong; hair always smooth and long; the women especially have their natural hair for adornment only, and cultivate it carefully to its full length, even in some to below the waist. It is black on head and body, but rather different from the mulattos or the other Indians of America; for, in spite of their dark shade, they incline to red, as displaying abundance of blood. The head and face are round; the countenance inflexible (*cerrada*); the nostrils *roma*, but not so much as the Ethiopians; the beard thin, aided by pulling it out when idle. The palm of the hand and fingers are short and thick, the foot small and strongly made. Altogether, the constitution both of body and countenance is the most suitable indication of courage and fortitude.' The Indians on the banks of the river Imperial were always noted from the first appearance of the Spaniards as being reddish, both of countenance and hair; and these red natives of Boroa use *s* for *r*, saying *suca* for *ruca* (house). They were also always remarkable for their amiable and pacific character. The language is considered 'elegant, rich, and beautiful,' according to one authority; and Olivares considers it 'formed to suit their proud genius; more harmonious than copious, for each article has one name only, and each action a single verb to distinguish it; withal, by using words with many syllables, the result produced is sonorous and

harmonious.' Yet this intelligent and capable race were in the Stone Age, in so far as they only seemed to work silver; no iron or copper or bronze has been found among them. Whether this silver was local, as believed by the Spaniards, or obtained from the north, is difficult to say; but it is curious to note the marked difference in character of the Araucanian silver-work from that of the Incas of Peru. It is mainly phallic, as might be expected from a race extremely natural, and yet to this day highly moral in their way and according to their lights; which means they show a far superior practical morality to that of the so-called Christians alongside. The large silver breast-plates of the wives of the Caciques tell of the number of their children, and thus publicly boast of their family of boys, or large family of both sexes. The crescent ear-rings, the great silver sun as a breast-pin, the hieroglyphics on their hanging metal tablets, all speak of a nature-worship. The silver studs on cuffs and collars, and long woven bands with which they ornament their heads and busts, are peculiar to this people, and both beautiful and effective. Bracelets formed of a multitude of minute silver beads are delicately attractive. The silver stirrups of the richer Caciques, the long silver bugles threaded and hung with little silver bells, are all of a character especial to the people of Araucania. Silver they wisely choose as best suited to their dark, beautiful hair, which they carefully wash and keep tidy, and as suiting their dark complexions and favourite indigo-coloured clothes. At the same time, their bands are made of wool dyed red, elegantly made in a rude loom in the open air with neat and cleverly-executed figures in black or yellow.

They have, indeed, reached considerable skill in weaving, and their silver-work is made with sufficient art to excite wonder they had not advanced further in metallurgy. The silver cups of the rain-makers—in which, having slain a black lamb, they run the blood, and then throw it up towards heaven with various incantations—are simply made of beaten metal. During our visit this ceremony was still performed on the frontier, with happy results for the weather prophet.

The Araucanian youth were brought up to privation and hardship, and trained to war. They are still extremely skilful in fishing and hunting, far more so than the interloping races. They have always been noted for swimming and skill as boatmen. We have seen how readily they took to the horse, and, under the horse-boy Lautaro, slew the great conqueror Pedro de Valdivia himself, who had too soon calculated that these men could be subdued and enslaved like the milder and more refined races of the north.

The death of Valdivia was the commencement of their heroic age. In a very few days the whole country was in arms, from Villa Rica to Angol the forts were abandoned, the garrisons falling back on Imperial and Valdivia and Concepcion, at the two extremities and the centre of Araucania. Lautaro, the late horse-boy, although only about twenty-two years of age, showed unquestionable genius for war; for in the Battle of Marihueno that followed, when 180 Spaniards under Villagran, with 2,000 auxiliaries and 6 cannon, were engaged, he practically destroyed them. He employed the ruse of Bruce at Bannockburn, and had 2,000 women and boys with poles, as if

waiting as a reserve to join the battle, and for the first time employed *lazoes* to drag the horsemen from their steeds. In this way Villagran narrowly escaped, and only twenty men, all wounded, succeeded in reaching Concepcion. Yet this was the best-appointed body of men that had then entered the country. So thorough was the defeat, that when Lautaro, pursuing them, crossed the Bio Bio in march upon Concepcion, the women and children were put on board ship and sent north, while Villagran and the male portion—mainly old men, boys, and wounded men—marched to Santiago with all speed. He soon returned south, however, and commenced a war of extermination. The milder Indians of Imperial, who had taken refuge in the Lake of Budi on an island, were annihilated—man, woman and child. He employed bloodhounds in the war as auxiliaries, and these are said to have killed more than 1,000 of these Indians of Imperial, especially women and children, at the same time that starvation and plague were busy among them. This only produced the second destruction of Concepcion by Lautaro, who even went so far as to make three gallant attempts on Santiago itself, until he fell in his twenty-seventh year in battle at Chilipirco, 'the most valiant, steadfast, and determined of all defenders of American soil from California to Chiloe.' The town of Lautaro has been named after the native hero; and his love-tale with Guacolda belongs to the epic glories of Chile, and has been sung by Ercilla in his famous 'Araucana.' Ercilla accompanied Garcia Hurtado de Mendoza, the new Governor of Chile, this same year, 1557, in his brilliant campaign, during which he penetrated through to the Gulf of Reloncavi for the

first time, returning to winter in Imperial, which had been isolated for four years. He rebuilt all the forts, and established others, at the head of a splendidly appointed army direct from Peru, consisting of 600 mounted men, 1,000 horses, and 4,000 auxiliaries. Yet he just escaped annihilation at the hands of Caupolican, another famous Indian leader, and successor to Lautaro, in a battle immediately after landing at Penco. During this campaign, after a severe battle, he hanged thirty Caciques, one chief requesting to be hanged on the highest tree, that his countrymen might see he was dying for his country. A bloody and successful campaign appeared to have ended the war for ever—a beautiful illusion, says Lara, that every Captain-General who arrived in Chile held for nearly three centuries.

When Francisco de Villagran, again Governor after Mendoza, attacked the native fort of Catiray, the Indians had prepared the same surprise as Bruce at Bannockburn, digging holes as pitfalls for the cavalry; and when the horses stumbled into these, they fell upon the riders and completely defeated them. This was the signal for another general war in 1563, during which Villagran died, and was succeeded by his brother Pedro de Villagran, who soon found matters as lively as ever, even Concepcion being again besieged by the Indians for two months, with the fort of Arauco abandoned and the whole coast devastated. Again rebuilt, at the head of a great army, by Rodrigo de Quiroga, the war continued, in spite of renewed barbarities and atrocities on the part of the Spaniards, Bernal del Mercado—otherwise a brave soldier—cutting half the feet off his prisoners to infuse terror

among them! By 1570 the Spaniards had been repeatedly defeated by capable Indian chiefs, now erecting forts, using the captured cannon, and otherwise advancing to meet the increased skill and greater armies of the Spaniards. These undoubtedly showed a heroism that rose higher the more desperate their condition. In this year, 1570, hard pressed as they were by the Indians, a new enemy appeared. Concepcion (now Penco) was destroyed for the first time by an earthquake, and a great wave following, as described on the last occasion by Darwin in 1835. The shocks on this occasion continued for five months, the earth opening on the first occasion and pouring forth black sulphurous water. This was followed by a further earthquake in 1575, which destroyed all the great southern towns of Valdivia, Villa Rica, Osorno, Imperial, and Castro in the island of Chiloe. A general war of the Indians of the south followed this, the Spaniards suffering continuous defeats.

To show the indomitable spirit which actuated these warriors, when the successful Indian general in chief, Millalelmo, died in 1570, he ordered his body to be *burned* that he might rise to the clouds and continue fighting the dead Spaniards who dwelt there! At the same time he desired them to elect his successor, that the war *below* might also continue. In 1598 the new Governor, Loyola, prepared to enter upon a new campaign from Imperial, but was called to the help of Angol. On the way thither he and his whole company were destroyed, the arms, horses, treasure, and even the archives of the Governor, falling into the hands of the Indian generals. This was the signal for the rising that ushered in the *destruction of the seven*

cities in 1599. Chillan was burned, Valdivia utterly destroyed, Concepcion menaced, Angol isolated by the evacuation of Santa Cruz, and Imperial, Angol, and Osorno besieged. The siege of Imperial lasted sixteen months, a story of heroism equal to most. The Indians by this time were largely cavalry, so freely had the horse multiplied; while herds of sheep and cattle as well as pigs had increased enormously. On arrival of the Governor, Francisco de Quinones, with an army of 400 men—after severe fighting—he found the great and rich city of Imperial in ruins, a handful of men, women and children, in the last extremity with starvation, in the fort, and these only begging to be taken away to a place of safety. They were carried to Angol, but this also was now untenable, and they proceeded to Concepcion. If the defence of Imperial was prolonged and heroic, that of Villa Rica, then isolated on the lake of that name, immortalized in Chile the name of the dauntless commander Beltran. At the first rush the city was captured after desperate fighting, and the population and garrison driven into the fort, where they with difficulty stood the continuous determined assaults. For three years they held out, until all were slain, starved to death, or captured when seeking food. Only twelve starving men and ten women fought at the final assault, when the fort was burned under them. One of the captains captured was for thirty years a prisoner among the Indians; while the city thus destroyed in 1602 remained a desert until reconstructed in 1883, during all which period the country was practically closed to the invading race in this direction. It is curious to note that Villa Rica might

have been succoured in 1600, when Colonel Campo was starting to its relief from Osorno with 200 men, but news arrived that the English corsairs had occupied Castro in Chiloe, which diverted his expedition thither.

The struggle around Osorno and the south was continued with the utmost heroism on both sides. The Spaniards were now in great numbers compared with what Pedro de Valdivia had at his command, and both at Osorno and Valdivia reinforcements arrived direct from Peru. In defiance of all their efforts, however—the descriptions of the defence of these towns reminding one of the harrowing tale of the defence of Jerusalem, so dire were their extremities—Osorno was finally abandoned in 1604, and the remnant sought Chiloe. On the march twenty-four women died of hunger, and the remnant of the nuns of Santa Clara went to Santiago, where they founded a convent at the foot of Santa Lucia.

All the results of fifty years had disappeared, and not only was there no sign of domination in Araucania, but the north had suffered severely as well, and the Indians were now capable of meeting their enemies in the field in a manner impossible with their stone weapons of half a century before. They had learned much from their oppressors, and horses and animals in the half-century had become so numerous as to be of little or no value. The cities destroyed were much finer than those of the present day, as the natives were employed as slaves in their construction, Valdivia having been all of stone, Osorno of brick, containing factories for stuffs and mills for flour. The country was also becoming a somewhat mixed population.

The Indians had taken many prisoners, and, 'the spoils to the victor,' the Spanish women were absorbed amongst them. On the other hand, it is stated by Lara, but surely understated, that the population of Chile at the end of that century had only increased to 3,000, of whom 1,000 were half-breeds. Their cruel system of enslaving the natives caused constant risings, and 2,000 soldiers were kept to continue the war against Araucania. But it was decided by the Spanish King, after the fall of the seven cities, to make the river Bio Bio the frontier-line, and to enter on a war of defence. This was a great feather in the cap of the resolute race of Arauco. The war was to be carried on by the Jesuit Luis de Valdivia; but no progress was made, and the Indians shrewdly twitted the Spaniards as to their fair talk and false and cruel conduct, wholly at variance with their 'word of God.'

Fourteen years of failure were followed by a new attempt at conquest, commencing by the usual raid amongst unarmed people, in which the harvest and food were destroyed, thousands of animals killed, many Indians beheaded, and 250 made prisoners *without losing a man!* This was avenged in the years that followed, until, in 1641, a Parliament was called by the Governor of Chile, in which he acknowledged the independence of Araucania. In the midst of the seventeenth century, however, the greed of a strong-willed wife of a Governor brought about another general rising, and in 1655 even Santiago was in terror. The Indians made 3,000 captives, destroyed 400 farms between Bio Bio and the Maule, and carried off more than 400,000 head of vicuña, horses, sheep, and goats. The Jesuits alone calculated their losses

at $224,000. By 1656 Spain was again driven north of the Bio Bio. But she was incorrigible. Between 1670 and 1681, at a time of truce, the Governor Henriquez made 14,000 natives prisoners by raiding, and divided these amongst his followers.

The advent of the rising nations of Europe in the Pacific had a distinct influence upon the fortunes of Araucania. Valdivia, although to the south, had remained under the viceroyalty of Peru direct; and after its destruction the Dutch, under Vice-Admiral Herckmans, had penetrated thither, up its good open river, to the great alarm of the Spaniards. Peru accordingly had sent a great fleet to rebuild it, which was done in 1645, and it was garrisoned by 900 men. They also fortified with forty-five cannon the island at the mouth, to provide against further attempts by the Dutch or English. But in 1676 it was formally placed under the kingdom of Chile, although the establishment and fortification had cost Peru $900,000. The island of Mocha having been found a convenient rendezvous for these 'pirates,' where they could provision and refit, the inhabitants, to the number of 700, were removed to the present Concepcion, where they were given land, houses, and flocks and herds. From this it was called San José de la Mocha, of which the only remains are near the waterworks of the new town of Concepcion, removed from Penco thither after the great earthquake of 1764.

At the end of the seventeenth century Araucania was still more costly to Spain than all its colonies. Up to then it had cost Peru $34,000,000 and 40,000 soldiers—Spaniards, Peruvians, and half-breeds—and the King of Spain, in 1703, ordered the raids into Araucania to cease, barbarously inhuman as they had been.

The eighteenth century saw the same conduct as formerly on the part of the Spaniards in their so-called commercial dealings with the Indians, during which these exchanged their woven ponchos and cloaks for metal-work and other civilized articles; but the merchant adventurers, being also commanders of the troops, committed all manner of excesses, and stimulated a partial rising in 1723. The fighting was not in favour of the Indians, but the Governor dismantled all the forts that had again been erected south of the Bio Bio, and removed them to the further shore, making a line of forts from the Cordillera to the sea at Concepcion. In 1762 a new dodge was tried by the then Governor—to get the Indians to live in towns, and thus be more controllable. Three army corps were sent with materials to oblige the Indians to erect their own dwellings; but they again rose secretly and suddenly, and drove the three corps across the Bio Bio. The fighting continued in a desultory fashion until 1770, the Pehuenches from the Andes swooping down on Chillan in addition, and, the whole kingdom of Chile being in dire straits, the only safety lay in another peace with the Parliament of Araucania, which virtually was the end of the struggle between *Spain* and the race it had displayed indomitable courage and tenacity and endurance in combating—qualities that should have raised it to the highest rank as a nation, but for the cruelty, lust, and bigotry that accompanied them. The Indians showed a far higher spirit at all times. In 1723, Vilumilla, the head *toqui*, warned the missionaries to leave, as there was to be a general rising, although he thus gave notice to the enemy, contrary to the swift, prompt, and unanimous

custom of these people, who rarely found traitors to betray their movements, and fought for fatherland with equal unanimity and self-control.

Spain, the world conqueror, had fallen back utterly beaten behind the Bio Bio, after nearly three centuries of warfare. Yet the people north of the Bio Bio had now much Indian blood in their veins, and it is questionable if the hardy Chilian soldier of to-day does not owe more to Araucania than to Spain. When Valdivia conquered the country in the footsteps of the Incas, he found 'it is all an inhabited place (pueblo) and a sown land or a gold-mine, rich in herds as that of Peru, with a fibre drawn from the soil; rich in food-supplies sown by the Indians for their subsistence.' Three hundred years of warfare left it half a desert, with the two races half amalgamated, and language apparently the principal difference between the masses — with the exception that the Indian remained the nobler race, more honest, harder working, and purer living, according to their code. The Mapoche, as they call themselves, 'the people of the soil,' found themselves drawn into the War of Independence in 1810; and after the Battle of Maipu, in 1818, Castille still held out in Concepcion on the frontier of Araucania. Then ensued a civil war in which the Indians were induced to join, and were led by the royalists, who committed atrocities never known to the Indians themselves, led by their own Caciques. The strange anomaly, not unknown in other lands, succeeded, and the Indians were induced to fight for their tyrant King against the republic. When General Búlnes entered Araucania, there were many women in the seraglios of the Spanish captains, who had been

taken from all the towns of the frontier. Henceforth it was no longer a war of Araucania against Chile, but a local civil war, in which Araucania was often found a convenient asylum. The Indians took sides in the rising of 1851, in which they acted more as allies or participated as citizens of the republic, the further rising of 1859 again drawing the tribes into the struggle. Colonel Saavedra undertook the gradual absorption of the country into the republic; and this would have succeeded sooner but for the stupidity of his soldier accomplices, who returned to the old ways of brute force whenever possible. The heroic age of Araucania had passed; its crowds of warriors had disappeared; it had gradually assumed more and more the character of its oppressors. Yet it had valour and intelligence enough to make terms with its increasingly powerful neighbour, seeing it retains its own customs and much land; its ranches are still built lightly and open as of old; its Caciques still marry as many wives as they can comfortably maintain; and they still ride with free carriage the *vegas* of Imperial and the hills of Nahuelbuta. But the land of Araucania since 1884 has been colonized from all Europe; its 50,000 natives are scattered over a wide territory; its name no longer pales the cheek of the dwellers north of the Bio Bio. Aguardiente is crushing the spirit that defied the chivalry of Spain; chicanery is accomplishing what brute force tried in vain; and it is questionable if this noble race will long retain even its present standpoint, or show other result than the Chile it has hardened to combat and given character to with its blood.

XXIX

ACROSS THE ANDES—A RACE HOME

We have had enough of it, and Christmas is the climax. Not even the kindly effort to 'make believe very much,' with a real Christmas-tree and a true Northern welcome, can reconcile us to the fraud. No, it is not Christmas—this of Valparaiso! We feel inclined to welcome the wind that comes with a breath cooled over the snows of the Cordilleras; but it gathers no good on its short path, and blinds, with its shaken apron full of sand and dust, our already sufficiently short-sighted generation. Valparaiso! Thou vale of paradise! Who would christen you so to-day? Whether through greed or necessity, or an injudicious mixture of the two, the tough clay skin has been removed from the face of the hill up which the town has been built, with the result that every wind that blows chokes the inhabitants, and every shower that falls chokes the drains.

The heat of late has been 'very tolerable, and not to be endured,' while the wind has been undoubtedly too 'feeding,' so we break the friendly British bonds that bind us even here, and rush for the land from which 'mountains divide us and a world of seas.' As

we hasten down Cochrane Street to secure our passage, the name suggests Straven gingerbread, and strengthens our determination to seek the land of cakes (including gingerbread) by the swiftest route. That is neither by the Straits nor the Isthmus of Panama—at present fever-haunted—but, now that the passes are open, by the Andes.

The rival transport companies seek to charm the unwary by wonderful stories of the comfort and security of their routes. There is little to choose between them, and imagination is their noblest attribute. But let this much be said, that the mules employed are plentiful, reliable, and good, the men civil and attentive; and the only trouble in the case of an open pass arises from the *puna*, or oppression caused by the rarified atmosphere at the greater heights. Many do not feel it at all; some do not seem able to get acclimatized to an atmosphere above 8,000 feet; while those attacked may suffer either in oppression of breathing—the most common sensation—headache, and bleeding at the nose, or, in the case of pedestrians, collapse of the legs.

But we are skirting the beautiful suburb of Villa del Mar, and soon leave the extensive open unprotected Bay of Valparaiso, and wander up through the hills, with fine peeps of the higher Andes, and glimpses of green glens, with pillar cacti keeping silent watch over scant herds, and a general sense of want of cultivation and want of irrigation. If water seems scant, Limache tells of beer; for here one of the best of the northern breweries is situated in a flourishing little town, some two-thirds of the way to Quillota, where we meet the river Aconcagua. This we have to follow throughout

most of its course from the high Cordilleras, towards the peak now so noted for Fitzgerald's mountaineering feats, which gives the river its name, as well as the province it dominates. The 'Scotch convoy,' that has softened the strain of parting from Valparaiso, ushers us into a flowery path, for everyone *en route* has huge bouquets; and, although the land generally is bare and dusty, wherever vegetation springs it is vivid and luxuriant. The English and German tongues and faces amongst the swarthy-faced, Latin-tongued Chilians are more in harmony and less paradoxical than this same vegetation to Northern eyes. For the harsh cacti form a stiff background to graceful acacias near at hand; and the fruiting plum-trees are kept in countenance by the reckless-growing brambles, all gaily in flower. Comparative barrenness is, however, the feeling always left on the traveller on the route between Valparaiso and Santiago, the two chief cities of Chile, which line we are traversing as far as Llai-Llai, the halfway stoppage both for the Andes and the capital. Here the trains meet, and time is always allowed for a good and substantial, while at the same time a very moderate-priced, meal. For the cuisine and the station restaurant arrangements of Chile are much superior in many ways to those at home. So one is not surprised, but only greatly pleased, to have a last opportunity to say 'Adios!' to many good friends from the far south and the neighbouring seas, who seem to be concentrating Chile in this mountain rest-and-be-thankful, to leave a pleasant impression of a pleasant land as we depart. At Llai-Llai we are 94 kilometres (58 miles) from Valparaiso, and from thence we continue to Los Andes, at 135 kilometres

(84 miles), a quite prosperous and agreeable town, some 800 metres (2,625 feet) above the sea-level, where the large, straggling, comfortable hotel receives you for the night, but where many remain, as at a sanatorium during the summer; and whence pleasant excursions may be made amongst the mountains, with no lack of pleasant companions from many lands, all with most multifarious experience. For it is in these quaint corners that the wandering world of to-day concentrates, and you have only to wait at Llai-Llai or Los Andes long enough to believe that you have really met all your acquaintances, and heard the inner private history of the whole world, great and small. The danger is that you are apt to become contemptuous of anybody under a Duke, and to look upon the ascent of Aconcagua as a trifling performance; for it, too, becomes shockingly familiar as you proceed, like Majesty to the sentry at the Palace gates.

At Los Andes, in the early morning, we get into the little train of the Transandine Company—a Yankee enterprise, with Britishers as servants—and commence to crawl upwards. The passengers across are, as a rule, more natives, or foreigners of any race but British. For our countrymen and women prefer the sea-voyage by the Straits, while the travellers of Latin descent love not the ruder part of the sea that so continually blusters around Los Evangelistos. We leave Los Andes in its summer plumage, and pass through myriads of butterflies and moths, fluttering from the long grass and reeds into the patches of potatoes in flower, or Indian corn. For in this distance of 135 kilometres (about 84 miles), we have jumped into a still more mixed range of products, the pillar cacti still

peering at the traveller from the rocks and hills, and refusing to give way to the temperate vegetation. All the high valley is richly scented with a species of wild-thyme, and we soon get in among the mountains, the train stopping at the Salto del Soldado, or Soldiers' Leap, a rude rocky platform over the boiling waters of the Aconcagua. Here carriages are waiting. One is startled with the amount of insect and animal life here, away from the drier conditions of the lower country; the ascent to the Cumbre, or the culminating point and boundary with Argentina, being very rapid from the Chilian side. The distance from Los Andes to the Cumbre is a stiff ascent of 65 kilometres (40 miles); while on the Argentine side the descent to the same elevation at Mendoza—some 830 metres (2,723 feet)—is 175 kilometres (108 miles),* or nearly three times the distance to be traversed. We are therefore not so far from vegetation, and the scenery is picturesque. The swift Aconcagua must provide fish food even in these gorges, for beautiful divers in fine plumage, but in shape a species of cormorant, swim up even against the great current of the river, and enliven these wild solitudes. Little running birds, like our landrails, or the tapeculo of the South of Chili, spin across the road and seek the shelter of the herbage. This is a great road for the passage of the very considerable traffic in Argentine cattle, a traffic that seriously exercises the mind of Chile, which thinks its own extensive lands ought to produce at least all that it requires for its own consumption. It has now levied a duty of several dollars apiece on imported cattle,

* These figures are all roughly approximate, authorities differing somewhat, but to no serious extent, so far as the ordinary traveller is concerned.

with a view to stimulate its own breeders; but the great drove we meet on its slow and toilsome course, and the skeletons bleaching on the higher paths, have escaped this duty. These poor animals from the broad pampas do not take kindly to these wild mountains, and many are shod, as used to be the case with the droves that toiled from the remoter highlands into England in the old days. They must not be compared with the shod animals from the North of Spain that reach Falmouth and other ports for our navy. These have been mostly draught oxen, and shod for the roads of Spain, presided over by St. James of Compostella.

At the posada of Juncal we stop for breakfast, and exchange the coach for mule-back. And here the scene so picturesque and lively, that is fast disappearing both from Spain and its once dependencies, greets the traveller. Scores of mules are being laden and saddled, some for the passengers and others for their luggage, and one wonders at the patience of the animals, and the skill of the men, who under European influences are prompt, and under any influence are skilful at this operation. Ere a movement can be made, we all slip into our saddles; and then the order to start is given by letting loose the bell-mare, that canters through the assemblage, and is instantly followed by all the mules, anxious not to be far behind their recognised leader. It is a gay and pleasant scene, as we canter out of the precincts of the posada, where we have breakfasted well at 2,222 metres (7,295 feet) over the sea, the motion of the good and well-trained mules being not unpleasant. The rivers we had passed on the coach-road had all been whitish, as became melted snow-floods, some being much whiter

and clearer than others, such as the Rio Blanco, or White River, which joins the Aconcagua from the north. And yet we not only met, but saw, comparatively little snow on our ascent, coming within a circle of peaks that were little but scoriæ, and that might have been recently tumbled out of a giant furnace. Still, here and there during the stiff ascent, three several species of flowers followed, up to the edge of the Cumbre itself. The pack-mules, and another large drove that have joined us at a hard canter or trot, proceed by the long corkscrew path that leads to the ridge; but the horseman who guides our party takes short-cuts, at a perilous angle, amongst the loose stones of the mountain slopes, and we are glad to find ourselves on the proverbial sure-footed mule, that has evidently no anxiety as to its safety.

This consciousness of its own powers is one of the most trying and aggravating characteristics of the mule. Knowing this, we watched our animal with a mixed feeling of curiosity and trepidation at times as we sought to guide it to the safer side of the path, away from the crumbling stones of the edge of the steep descent, whose check to the downward movement of ordinary gravitation was somewhat too distant to be thought of with equanimity. But the mule evidently enjoyed the contemplation of the height it had already attained, with a consciousness of its power in playing with danger that only youthful memories enabled us to sympathize with. Have we, too, not raced along the parapet of the bridge over the Tay, and swung outward round the intervening lamp-posts, with thoughtless indifference and enjoyment? Have we not, like these mules of the Andes, strolled along the

cliffs of the Hebrides, and, with gun under our arm, looked down with heedless delight on the breaking waves and the restless flights of blue rock pigeons? It is fear that causes danger, and habit that removes fear; and we gradually become conscious that a mule has no nervous timidity, unless transmitted to it from the timid rider.

As we reach the summit of the culme, a keen wind blows, and the straw hat, so welcome in the heated gorges below, becomes a more than nuisance as the descent begins on the other side. We pause a moment to look across to the opposing desolate, barren, precipitous range, between which and ourselves runs the Rio de las Cuevas, some 2,000 feet below. In leaving beautiful and picturesque Chile, we commence by gazing on nothing but wild desolation. But as the fierce wind strikes us, and our mule commences to follow the leader, not down the winding road, but down precipitous paths, over crumbling sandy débris from the rocks, our unaccustomed bodies and minds demand concentration on the work before us. At first you ask if they really meant it, until you find them right under you and some 50 yards below; so you permit your animal to take its course, and endeavour to arrange yourself for the new programme. So accustomed are the populations on both sides of the Andes, and more especially in Chile, to sit a horse under any and every condition, that no action of the animal would surprise them. They seem to think nothing of gradients; and there is one of the men actually galloping on this slope, at an angle of at least 45°, after the hat of one of the party! Mules never fall, they tell you, but a friend's mule had fallen with

him several times the day before on the winding path itself, so such overconfidence is often misplaced. We consoled ourselves with comparing our well provided and arranged transit with the entry of the conquistadores amidst these wilds, and thankfully gave them full credit for the personal courage that is not yet absent from the Spanish race.

Our breathing had been difficult for some time ere reaching the Cumbre, frequent deep respirations being required to replete our lungs; so when we at length scrambled down to the road 2,000 feet below, and started on a gallop for Las Cuevas, we hoped to find relief, as well as security, in the Posada de las Cuevas, situated close to the Custom-house that represents more especially Argentine civilization in this direction. For the telegraph-line that accompanies us represents more particularly the civilization of the United States.

Las Cuevas, on the river of that name, situated amid universal desolation, found us trying to hum the 'Barren Rocks of Aden'—only more so! The forty or fifty mules released from their trappings are off at a hard trot; and shortly after, as we scan the mountain-side, we see them all ranged along about as high as the Cumbre, apparently feeding satisfactorily. What they got at that height was difficult to conjecture, although amidst the huge rocks and loose stones scattered about Las Cuevas itself we noted many flowers in patches, especially a species of stonecrop growing freely, and a curious plant like a squashed cauliflower, all about. This latter had a quaint purple bell low amongst its green leaves, that were so 'sair hudden doon,' a flower so dark as to be little noticeable, but very pretty when examined. They were new to us. But a stranger, a

more desolate place than Las Cuevas, 10,200 feet over the sea, in which to find a good dinner, with flowers on the well-set table, a good bed, and good company for the evening, would be difficult to conceive. Yet here we met cultivated men, and exchanged news of mutual friends stewed up in Africa, and had a *soupçon* of the home society we were hastening to meet. For a body of English engineers and surveyors had been located here for some time, not with the view of communicating with Mars, but of eventually completing the railway system across the continent, by means of tunnelling through these higher regions of the Andes.

The river here was of a reddish hue, as were the hills about towards the mouth of the valley. The difficulties with the Custom-house, with which we had been specially threatened, proved imaginary; but we did not enjoy a night's rest such as we had anticipated. Ever and anon we had to wake up and fill our lungs afresh by deep respirations, whilst our English companion did not know what the *puna* meant, either on the Cumbre or in the valley. We were thankful when the carriages came in the early morning, and we started down the desolate but interesting valley along the Rio de las Cuevas, equally with ourselves bent on a journey to distant Mendoza, for it is the main origin of the river of that name. The road is fairly good, and we speed along gaily, until at a height of 2,780 metres (9,125 feet) over the sea we cross the Rio de las Cuevas over a natural bridge of rock, more than sufficiently wide to permit the passage of the four-horsed carriage with safety, and yet high over the rushing torrent of the river. Having crossed this famous Bridge of the Incas, we stop at the Baños del

Inca, to which in the pre-Spanish times the famous Peruvians are said to have come, to enjoy the advantage of these celebrated baths and their curative influence. But where are they? We see water bubbling out of the banks, we cross strange streamlets running leisurely over the edge of the rocky platform on which the station we have unyoked at is built—where are any signs of baths? On the shore below us a teat-shaped rock pours out from its apex a stream of boiling water, only a few feet above the torrent of cold water that sweeps below. We are reminded of the river at Carlsbad, with its hot stream bubbling up in the midst of the running water, but without the busy community that has arisen around the famous Bohemian baths. A slippery path leads down towards the natural bridge, and we follow it, while remarking on the enforced sobriety required for the purpose. A boiling hot rivulet glides down the rock beside us and runs across beneath our feet, and a quaint rude balustrade before us leads under the shelter of the great bridge we have so recently crossed. And here, beneath this natural shelter, rudely and simply constructed at 9,100 feet over the sea, are the baths we have heard so much of. No doubt they are hopelessly isolated for many months in the year, but they are deserving of more attention than the worthy doctor in charge seems prepared to bestow upon them. In the principal bath the patient can sit in one degree of temperature, whilst another pours up from below, and yet a third and different temperature falls on him from above! Besides the thermal baths, sulphur and chemical baths are obtainable, and the visitor gazes around this strange communication with the internal

fires, dreaming of the stately Incas, the rude conquistadores, the Spanish Dons, the recuperating ladies, and the sensation-hunting *gringos*, who have here laved their limbs in the flow from the boiler of the Andes.

Flowers are plentiful, and grow luxuriantly around this resting-place, and a species of gorse attains some size; but, as we recross the bridge and descend the valley, we find a gradual decrease of vegetation, owing to the scoriaceous character of the rocks boiling up all around at the summit, with a slanting débris to the valley below. Suddenly there is a break in the continuity of the barren range to the west, and, as the opening expands to our view, a wonderful sight appears that demands no imagination to evoke admiration and delight. Through the break, on the summit of a further slope, appears a magnificent Gothic cathedral of gigantic size and great beauty, and as it gradually unfolds we come in sight of the women folks ascending to the sacred fane, that procures this marvellous freak of Nature the name of the Cerro de los Penitentes, or Ridge of the Penitents. The scattered rocky peaks and points standing up through the sloping débris of the ascent, with the stoop of a toiling wayfarer, are marvellous imitations, and must have greatly impressed the imagination of the early Spanish pioneers. We could well believe the enthusiasm invoked in the breast of a toiling monk at such a vision, as if beckoning him to find in these new lands a more human realization of the glorified possibility.

From this to Punto de las Vacas the vegetation virtually disappeared on this barren side of the great Cordilleras, where we feel as if Nature were in its

infancy, naked and unashamed. Thankfully we reach the foot of the hot valley, and follow the course of the river sharply to the left, only to throw open to our vision a further valley of desolation, with the peaks of Trepuntanas in the distance, and in the foreground across the river a vast level moraine. Our cattle muster a short gallop, and soon reach Punto de Vacas, where the mountains are still as barren as ever, but where we meet the Transandine train for Mendoza. Here also is a bright-green field—although studded with huge rocks—which relieves the eye, and may explain the suggestion of cows (vacas) the name implies. It is indeed a relief after the long gazing at the hopeless-looking productions of Nature's efforts to raise so high above the sea what is virtually a 'new world,' unsoftened by time. At Portillo, the entrance to the pass, there is a very pretty lake of a beautiful bluish-green, resembling that of a hedge-sparrow's egg. A dwelling here is a noted resort for consumptives; but it does appear a hopeless place to live at, even for the sake of prolonging existence. From Punto de Vacas, 8,200 feet over the sea, the country does not improve along the line of rail. We still pass the strong, well-built stone huts provided all along this old-time pass for the post-runners in the winter. For it is wonderful for how short a time, and how seldom, the Andes post is really stopped, although the runners must have many a trying experience.

Still following the wild yellowish-brown torrent we reach another Rio Blanco, on a dirty soapsuds river, about two o'clock in the day. The river cuts through a tremendous depth of gravelly moraine (?), and this moraine keeps increasing in width, and in the evidence

of water-action having equalized it all over, until we reach the station of Uspallata, where we first, at 1,800 metres (5,905 feet), feel relieved of the effects of the atmospheric pressure. Before we reach this station, where we cut off a sharp bend of the river Mendoza, on turning from the river we leave the old Uspallata trail that gives its name to this pass over the Andes. The old trail crosses higher up the river Uspallata, which here joins the Mendoza, and takes a more eastern course. Here we meet local rain after the heat of the day, but it is not until long after Uspallata is passed, and the valley has narrowed to a gorge, that we once more meet the cacti we had left behind us on the Chilian lower range. Where the river was broad and shallow at the exit from Uspallata, a few long grasses and other vegetation showed on the banks as a curiosity; but passing the gorge the river was still a roaring torrent between mountains of gypsum, and cutting through moraines of the same.* About 50 kilometres (over 30 miles) from Mendoza we are enticed to believe that a change has commenced. Poplar and larch trees, alfalfa fields, and cattle in plenty, usher us into the centre of a fine hacienda in the midst of general greenery. A cormorant diving energetically in the midst of the current of the swift river, and a smaller diver busily engaged, point to fish at this side of the mountains for the first time. But all this is only an oasis in the desert amidst the surrounding ridges and peaks of volcanic scoriæ; so soon as we leave it the land reverts to sterility; and even Cacheuta, where there is an important restaurant, is a

* Darwin has given a very full geological description with a cross-section through the Andes along this Uspallata Pass.

desolate-looking place. It is noted for its very hot sulphur baths, called Baños de la Boca del Rio—Baths of the River-mouth. The river here has apparently cut its way through rock, under the shadow of the Cerro Cacheuta, and this forms the real entrance to the dreary, solemn, volcano-crowned valley that stretches continuously from Las Cuevas. A noble, bold, and striking entrance it is; and from it the Andes slope rapidly away and disappear as we approach the fine city of Mendoza, amidst vast stretches of vineyards, a rich vegetation, and a population of 120,000, some 2,700 feet over the sea.

Like most towns of Spanish origin, Mendoza is well laid out, with plazas and avenues of trees. With plenty of room in a new country, there was no need for restricting building lots, and there was plenty of room to choose your company in the Hôtel National, where a good dinner, with wine, was served for 3s. 9d., and the change received was a good introduction to the currency of the country. It was also a rude awakening to the financial condition of Argentina compared with that of Chile. A good gold basis and plentiful silver coinage in the one case, with large notes guaranteed by Government, gives place to a very different order, or want of order, of affairs. The dollar notes of the province of Mendoza, value about 1s. 5d., do not pass current in the neighbouring province of Buenos Ayres. The silver of Chile is exchanged for wretched nickel coins. Even these are so scarce that notes of 10 and even 5 cents are current, although how responsible signatures can be added to paper of the value of less than an English penny is difficult to conceive.

From Mendoza to Buenos Ayres we traverse the pampas, and as the gradual descent of upwards of 2,700 feet is along 650 miles, it is quite imperceptible. When the cultivated neighbourhood of Mendoza is left behind, we pass through a great extent of miserable scrub-land, which continues for an hour after San Luis has been left behind. Here it seems a little less hopeless; we did not expect ostriches to be seen on the horizon so readily; yet great uninteresting stretches, devoid of any life but the plentiful life of insects, lowers one's opinion of the value of these famous prairies. Reaches of burned ground, to kill their embryos (*saltos*), or prevent the progress of the devastating locusts, meet the eye everywhere; but not until we approach Fraga do we come upon land capable of carrying cattle with safety. Everywhere there is here a marked absence of water, and if wells are sunk the water is salt!

The busy centre and station of Las Mercedes may be considered, as to actual distance, half-way between Valparaiso and Buenos Ayres. It is the junction for Cordova, and the long carriages suitable for the straight run across the plains are here hooked on to the train. Throughout, the passengers jumping in and out at the different stations denote a mongrel population of all nationalities, but largely Italian and Portuguese. They are of all stages of progress towards comfort, but as a rule there is no sign of real poverty. Occasionally one of the more picturesque natives, with his broad sombrero, his broad silver-studded belt, and his bold carriage, enters; but the colonists are in the majority. The heat is great as we leave before midday the bright and busy Mercedes, again entering a

scrub-covered plain, dry and waterless, but with a few cattle now visible. The land bordering the rail all along is humming with grasshoppers in myriads, with a sprinkling of other insects tumbling into the cars as they rise in haste. But it would be hard to traverse such another extensive region and see less of interest, either near at hand or far away. In the vicinity of Mendoza they were cutting barley; as we near Buenos Ayres they are making hay—a simple process in this dry land, where it is thrown into huge cocks on a species of sleigh with four oxen, and drawn right off to the big stacks. The land is evidently more valuable here, as well as nearer a rich centre; so the great haciendas, leagues in length, give place to more numerous and smaller holdings, often fenced off into fields. But with better cultivation came the enemy, and, as on the Chilian side, the thistle usurped whole stretches of land, evidently following some special crop, as the next alfalfa-field might be quite clear of it. Maize is only now flowering, with New Year's Day at hand; and yet the coming harvest was calculated, and the European exchange had been already affected at the prospect of a heavy exportation. This must mainly proceed from the vast extent under produce—neither from the heavy production nor the natural richness of the soil. They are collecting labourers to combat the locust plague, and a Commission has been at work for some time, with little result so far. A poverty-stricken Government does little for this vast land, where struggling colonists from Europe are rapidly surrounding themselves with comfort, in a climate that demands little protection for either inhabitants or stock.

In Buenos Ayres the traveller is in a European city, the finest in South America. Handsome avenidas lead to many gay plazas, broad streets are laid with wooden sets, and bordered with trees; and smart policemen in the whitest of spats look disdainfully at the traveller the worse of the wear of the Cumbre, and the still more trying days and nights in the dust-laden train across the pampas. Neither steam nor electric cars can compete with the cheap horse-flesh of this wide land, but otherwise we are in the centre of the latest civilization. The palaces of the city are noted for their splendour, as well as the banks and other public buildings; and a wandering Englishman looks at them with added interest, not to say chagrin, as he thinks of the good money from the old country they represent, money little likely ever to return to the owners.

But Buenos Ayres could scarcely avoid having large ideas, with its boundless pampas, and the Rio de la Plata, which, when joined by the Parana, seems also boundless as the ocean. It is difficult to appreciate the fact that you are in the river on the way to the handsome, well-built town of Monte Video, in a good Italian steamer that touches nowhere except San Vicenzo, in the Cape Verde Islands, on the way to Europe. This route disturbs one's ideas of the sea gathered on the regular lines of communication. For it soon gets into the barren waters. Yes, barren waters! For some leagues off the coast of Argentina dragon-flies in quantities come on board, although all of one species; and even for days many moths and a few butterflies continue to seek our shelter. Then the dolphins follow the insect life and

disappear; and during the days in which we plough the central Atlantic not even a little petrel nor a flying-fish accompanies our silent march. For the steady pumping of the engines and the lapping of the waves seem rather to add to, than to break, the monotonous silence. Rarely a sail or a steamer appears on the horizon. We begin to question the English command of the sea on a ship where not a word of English is spoken by anyone on board; and the great Italian steamer has even broken through the world-wide rule that the Clyde commands the engine-room.

About seven days out from Buenos Ayres the flying-fish recommenced, being then about the size of herrings, and continued thus for a day or two, when they were replaced by a species about the size of tinned sardines. As a rule they rose from the water singly or in pairs, of their own accord, showing no sign of fear or pursuit by larger fish or dolphins, which were markedly absent. When they did rise in flights they showed very graceful and bright in the sunlight. A long study of this, the only life in view, assured us that these little creatures did *not* rise and take advantage of the wind, but almost invariably started and flew for some distance close to the water against the wind—a true flight—curving, when tired, to one side or the other, and frequently ending in a half-circle from whence they started. A quite voluntary and true flight, continually proceeding over wide ranges of sea, where no predatory fish were visible, and no sign of their presence or evidence of alarm existed on the part of the graceful little sea-farers.

San Vicenzo, whence the Spanish fleet lately started, is an English settlement on a Portuguese

island. A great ocean cable and coaling centre, here English is 'the only wear.' The English colony is said indeed to number about a hundred ; and the contempt of the black and bronze swimmers, who surround all vessels, for anything but good English silver does not point to the poverty that is more in evidence ashore. At least, the brazen effrontery and seaport morality of the female element is only excusable on the ground of abject poverty. The mixed company of Italians, Germans, and Spaniards on board the shore boat is ignored by the negro boatman, who addresses us at once in English : 'The English feed us and clothe us and house us, sir ; without the English we were all starving.' We feel depressed and deeply disgusted with our run on shore, where coral and alabaster work, feather flowers and curios from the African coast, cannot throw a gay covering over the essential brutality and depravity of the population. On the day after leaving the Cape Verdes we came across a gay shoal of dolphins, the first we had seen for seven days ; and birds, that had been absent for ten. A strange lack of life on this stretch of ocean of upwards of 2,000 miles !

How different do the gay Canaries show from the barren volcanic Cape Verde Islands. Towns and villages throng the green hillsides, and sunlight glints on softened peaks as we race for the entrance to the Mediterranean. Weather fine, sea smooth except for a moderate ripple, and little or no ground-swell, but an equal absence of bird or fish life to what we experienced in mid-Atlantic. Not a sign of the wild gales that seem to have followed immediately before the end of this month of January, nor of the sand-storms

that blinded the Cape steamers from off the African coast.

As the steamer slips along in the early morning, with a bit of moon gilding the waters, a glance from the cabin-window shows a glint of a lighthouse ahead on the African coast. For we are sneaking back to Europe by the south, with the swift route to Genoa, and so avoiding the sudden change from the tropics to the cold gray seas of the North, and the boisterous ways they have of ushering in the year. Soon the African light is on our right wake, and the yellow light of Tarifa is close ahead, pointing to the great glaring, blinking eye of Gibraltar further along. Daylight comes to introduce us again to Europe, where the true flag flies!

A prominent island on the other side of the Straits is the guide to Ceuta, nestling beyond it on the Berber coast, the far-away Atlas Mountains forming a dreary background. But we take more interest in the changing forms of the famous rock, as it changes from a rude lion couchant towards the entrance, to a cock-nosed cliff nodding at Ceuta, a memento of the island of Arran, as we overhaul its quarter, and a great, solid, important-looking mass when abeam, looking fully conscious of its own value. The snow-clad Sierras of Spain lack human interest as we think of its well-deserved collapse amongst the nations; and even the point whence Colon set out to discover America fails to elicit enthusiasm. Are we not fresh from the land that Spain has demoralized, from the relics of a purer civilization she destroyed, from the evidences of noble races she annihilated? If, as many evidences go to suggest, our earliest germs of civilization came from

America, have we not returned in exchange the most poisonous germs of our wasted and misapplied culture? We cannot wax enthusiastic over Christopher Colon, and all that his patrons did to blast a world seeking salvation along its own more picturesque lines.

Skirting the shores of Catalonia, we think less of the sturdy race that has raised Barcelona to one of the first cities of the Inland Sea, than of the former repute of her ladies! Why should the troubadour sing of the women of this somewhat rude mountain race:

> 'A Frenchman I'll have for my chosen knight,
> And a Catalonian dame'?

But, after all, why should he also continue:

> 'A Genoese for his honour bright,
> And a Court of Castilian fame'?

For the repute of the Genoa of to-day does not run in the particular direction indicated, although there is still an aroma of glory around the name of Castile, and its Golden Fleece is the most coveted of decorations.

Ah! this is more interesting — these schools of porpoises in a line, that might well be mistaken for the undulations of a great sea-serpent; while the occasional head of a dozing turtle points to an ease of self-aggrandizement that is most provoking in these restless times, and shows the marked advantage in this connection of an impenetrable hide. But this beautiful coast of the Riviera we are skirting, with its constant succession of towns and villages, the scattered houses climbing up the 'steepy mountains,' and its streets wading knee-deep in the sea, is also aggrandizing itself with marvellous facility. It has but to lie in the sun,

and shelter from the wind, and the wealth of the North pours down upon it. But here is Genoa!

A snug but pretty little harbour, after the great emporia of South America, or the funnel-stocked harbours of our home centres of commerce; but still full of memories of old, of the palaces of her Princes, in contrast with the funicular railway that runs up her steep slope to the picturesque and commanding Righi Hotel, and the overhead system of electric tramways that traverse her old-world streets and new-world suburbs. Its shops are full of the products of Argentina, to which Italian workmen proceed to work during the harvest, returning in time for their own. Italy is indeed too much like unto Argentina for sympathising Englishmen. Its miserable paper money is of poorer material and more wretched dimensions. Its two-lira notes represent the Argentine dollar, and can scarcely bear handling, while its one-lira notes, of the nominal value of ninepence, are sadly depreciated currency. The silver of their great King Victor Emmanuel will not pass current amongst themselves, even as tokens; although declared somewhat inferior to recent issues, neither do these latter truly represent the actual value, any more than our own shilling. A country that thus repudiates its own coin is in a bad financial condition indeed. Its miserable matches also bear the stamp of the Excise, as in the Western Republic; and the double tax, both on flour and bread, is more than a half-starved populace can bear. No wonder its people crowd to Argentina, where starvation at least is unnecessary for those who are able or willing to labour.

Still racing homeward by this the shortest route, we cross the northern end of the 'purple Apennine,' here poor and barren, yet with evidence of laborious effort on the part of the struggling Piedmontese, and vines, vines, vines wherever suitable. Picturesque, but not naturally rich, is this land of Piedmont, to which Italy *rediviva* owes so much. There is a rude resemblance between Turin, with its fine corsos, and traditions of a recent capital, lying under the shadow of the Alps, and Santiago under the shadow of the Andes. But it is more compressed and European, and less expansive. Houses of adobe will not suit this climate. Yet there is less snow visible on the Alps this latter end of January, in the heart of the winter, than on the higher Andes at the beginning of the month in the heart of summer. Quaint villages, with their church spires, nestle in rocky valleys, as we approach the entrance to the tunnel of Mont Cenis, and one wonders at their existence in such nooks. Yet it is not cold, with snow generally absent, and we can examine the weather-worn rocks of what is really the 'old world,' and feel we are not amid the piled-up cinders of the new.

The train emerges from the tunnel several times into open valleys, with pretty villages and the never-absent church spire; and the passing of the heart of the Alps in this the heart of winter is a much simpler and less toilsome operation than that of the Andes in the heart of summer. Had South America been in the hands of the vigorous, enterprising race that has developed the vast lands of the United States, what a different story there would be to tell! Paris is little colder than Turin, and London milder than either,

once we have left the staked vineyards behind, and traversed the whitewashed orchard lands of England. For although the braird is already showing in the 'pleasant land of France,' her hedgeless fields look cold, and the sun 'tints the blythe blink it has in our ain countrie.'

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